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MAN MONDAY'S FISHING

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF

ROBINSON CRUSOE on his legendary island had his man Friday to keep him company; and I resemble old Crusoe to the extent of spending a good deal of my time on an island, and having a Friday of my own. But Monday is his real name; it is tattooed on his forearm according to the custom of his land. If he ever forgot it, as absent-minded persons are rumored to do, he could roll up his sleeve for a glance at the six blue letters printed on his brown skin.

Monday is a Cook Island Maori, a handsome old fellow, still straight and powerful for all his age. He comes from Atiu, an island where missionaries settled early in the last century and, as he once told me in a moment of confidence that his father had been a cannibal, he must be very old. But his shoulders are still broad and unbowed, his head still carried high, and his brown face scarcely wrinkled by the years. Long ago, in the course of a little unpleasantness aboard a whaling vessel, he lost an eye, and that handicap, coming in middle life, put an end to his career at sea. He returned to his island, laid aside the godless ways of the whalers, and became a deacon of the Wesleyan Church.

Several of the younger men of Monday's village had shipped for a voyage or two on the whale-ships, and now they proposed to build a boat, keep a man on the watch offshore, and put out when their chance came. Monday thought well of the idea; he helped them build their boat and forge its equipment of lances and harpoons. At last she stood ready on her rollers under a shed close to the beach; the lines were coiled in their tubs, and the new irons hung from the rafters above—bright, razor-sharp, and greased with coconut-oil. Then for a long time no whales appeared.

Most of the young men were keen; the sport of the thing appealed to them, and they knew that a single whale would enrich every member of the boat's crew. One Sunday, just after the service at the little church, a boy came running out of breath to announce that a dozen cachalots were blowing within a mile of the

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reef. It was a difficult moment. In Polynesia Sunday is observed with a strictness unknown elsewhere; the sabbath-breaker feels himself threatened with disease and death. A hasty meeting of the deacons was called, and Monday found himself standing out alone against his more orthodox colleagues. His logic was simple. Aboard a whaling ship one day was as good as another; the boats were lowered away whenever the lookout shouted "Blow!" If the young men considered themselves whalers, they should follow the custom of the white man. But the other deacons were not convinced, and the boat's harpooner, who was the son of one of them, announced that he was afraid to go. Monday's blood was up.

"You are fools!" he declared, "fools wasting words!" He turned to the boat's crew, awaiting the verdict anxiously. "Come. I am old but I will go with you and harpoon your whale."

There were one or two doubters at the oars as the boat was pulled up to windward. Their fears increased when a great bull-whale broke water close ahead and Monday planted an iron deep in the massive back. Three hours passed while the boat dashed through the drenching whitecaps, running along the arc of a great circle. Atiu was a blur on the horizon, obscured by clouds, when the whale stopped, wallowing as though exhausted, and the old man gave the word to close in for the lancing. Monday was a whaler once more; he had forgotten everything but the chase. He thrust the steering oar into another man's hands, sprang to the bow of the boat, and seized a lance. But the men pulled up half-heartedly; as they drew near two of them sat paralyzed with fright. Monday turned aft in a rage, roaring out words that fell strangely from a deacon's lips. He thrust deep as they drew alongside and snatched up a second lance. "Now," he announced, "I'll show you how a *man* kills a whale!" Next moment he leaped across a fathom of water to the monster's back, brandished his lance, drove it home, and disappeared in a welter of pink foam. The boat's crew backed away in a panic, with awe on their faces as they saw their leader pull himself aboard over the stern. Then the whale went into his flurry and died, reddening the sea.

As a rule, in native eyes the end justifies the means, but this incident, reported by unfriendly tongues, cost Monday his position in the church and made him a pariah among the elders. He had outraged public opinion; he had indulged in conduct and language unbecoming a deacon of the church; and worst of all, perhaps, he had succeeded in killing his whale and towing it ashore to be tried out. When I first knew him, in Tahiti, he had been an exile for many years.

His establishment as a member of my household was accomplished by imperceptible degrees. About five years ago, I remember, I needed a new laundress, and an old woman who lived in a little palm-leaf house not far away volunteered to wash my clothes. Her name was Akakoro, she told me; she was an ingratiating old party, fond of a yarn, a tin of salmon, or three fingers of native rum. And she was a number one laundress. On Saturday nights, as I sat reading on my verandah, I used to hear a discreet little cough and look up to see her squatting on the steps with my bundle at her side. Then, if there were any hints of encouragement, in the shape of a cigarette or a move toward the shelf where the bottle stood, she would settle down for a yarn.

I used to be aware of three or four children who played on the beach in front of Akakoro's house, and I knew that her husband lived there—a dignified old fellow with a white mustache, who had a habit of sitting crosslegged in the shade of a hibiscus tree, gazing out hour after hour over the ocean. But I didn't make his acquaintance till one evening when I walked home from dinner at a friend's house.

There was a sound of angry shouting as I drew near. An old man stood in a patch of moonlight on the beach. With one hand he held my bicycle, which I had left under the house, and in the other he swung the formidable club that Akakoro used for beating my soapy clothes. He seemed to be haranguing someone who had taken refuge in a thicket nearby. "Thief!" he shouted. "You are young and I am old, but come out of your hiding-place!" The club whistled menacingly through the air. It struck me that the lurker showed great presence of mind in not accepting this invitation. "What's the trouble?" I asked. The old man snorted.

"I don't know who he is," he explained; "but a moment ago I saw him making off with your bicycle. He dropped it when I shouted, then he ran away and hid like a girl!"

After an unsuccessful beat through the thicket I shook my benefactor's hand. "Do you live nearby?" I asked.

"I am Akakoro's husband," he informed me with dignity; "Monday is my name."

A fortnight later I had one of my evening visits from his wife. Her house, she said, was getting old, and the roof leaked. She and her husband had talked it over and agreed that my place needed some one to look after it when I was away. What would I say to their building a house on my beach, under the pandanus trees? She had noticed a lot of old boards under my house; they would be just the thing for a floor. With a family living there when I was away in America, no one would dare to steal the coconuts or break into the house.

That was the beginning of relations which have lasted to this day. Little by little the tribe of Monday has made itself indispensable to me, until I wonder at times whether they live with me, or if the truth is that I live with them. Old Monday is a very fair cook. Without consulting me, he established himself in my outdoor kitchen and one day, as I was setting out for my usual lunch at a Chinese restaurant, Akakoro suggested that I stay at home, as Monday had amused himself by preparing a meal in the white man's style. Yes, he understood a bit about cooking. From that day I ate at home. Akakoro took to making my bed and sweeping the house, while the washing fell to her small granddaughter. The other children began to weed the lawn, collect the coconuts, and keep the beach clean—light duties that native children perform automatically. The old lady, in mysterious ways of her own into which it seemed indiscreet to inquire too closely, accumulated a stock of ducks and fowls, which bred rapidly under her care and soon furnished more eggs than we could eat. Monday loved to potter around at night with set-lines and a spear; on three days out of five he provided me with a fish or a fat freshwater eel. In fact, he came very close to being the cook of one's dreams—a cook, that is, who both cooks and provides the food. Akakoro's land, far up in the valley, furnished us with fruit and native vegetables, and a duck or a chicken was to be had any day for the catching—a difficult job, but one the grandchildren regarded as sport. And Monday, as I said, was a keen fisherman.

I should have used the present tense, for he is still a keen fisherman, and the tribe is still with me after nearly five years. Not long ago I made a little summary of the relationship, balancing my contributions against what they do for me. I provide bread for all hands, as well as tea, and coffee and sugar. I also pay the clothing bill, though twenty dollars a year would cover it with money to spare. I furnish soap, as well as an occasional tin of salmon or beef when fishing is dull. And one more item: a quart of rum each Saturday night. Spread out over the week and shared by two appreciative throats, this is surely not too much. The only money that changes hands is four dollars on the first of each month, paid to the granddaughter who washes my clothes, though there are

times when I suspect that it goes to augment the supply of rum. The other side of the ledger would make an account too long to itemize here. The Tribe of Monday, in brief, provides me with food, service, friendship, and entertainment without end. It was Monday, for example, who suggested that we go in for bonito-fishing.

II

The offshore fishing for bonito, the old manly sport of Polynesia, is dying out. The modern Kanaka, enriched by vanilla-planting and made lazy by the ease of buying a tin of salmon or a loaf of bread, has lost the enterprize of his fathers. The women no longer wait at evening for the return of the sea-going canoes; nowadays they thrust their feet painfully into high-heeled shoes and hobble off with their husbands to the nearest cinema. But old Monday comes of a sturdier generation.

I think our tame frigate bird must have given him the idea. I would like to say more about Lala, strangest and most beautiful of pets. She used to perch on the tall dead stump of a palm, gazing out to sea on the watch for boobies or noddy terns. We fed her, of course, calling "Lala! Lala!" and tossing bits of fish high in the air to be seized before they touched the ground, but we encouraged her to be self-supporting as well; and to see her after a booby was to realize that Lala pursued the slower bird as much for sport as for food. All hands used to assemble on the beach to watch her, and one day, when she launched herself into the air and headed for a dense flock of birds circling beyond the reef, Monday turned to me, a glitter in his single eye.

"Bonito!" he said. "A big school! Two men cannot paddle a canoe fast enough to come up with them, but if we had a little boat with an engine, like the boat of your friend's yacht that passed last year, we could fill it with fish!" He said no more that day, but Monday—as I have discovered since then—is a master of the system we used to call "dropping" when I was a child. Someone told me that the constant dropping of water would wear away the hardest rock, and I remember how fruitfully I applied the idea to parental unreceptiveness where such things as baseballs and new bicycles were concerned. It worked in those days and now, used still more skillfully, it worked on me. One day it would be, "Salt bonito is delicious, better than salmon. We can salt dozens of them when we get our boat." And another day I would come on the old man sorting over a lot of pearl-shells. "To make our hooks," he would explain, "when the boat is ready. The neighbors will open their eyes when they see us come in loaded with bonito!" The modern native, fishing for minnows in water three feet deep, looks on a bonito as the New England gunner regards a wild goose.

At last I weakened, as had been inevitable from the beginning. I subscribed to a paper devoted to motor-boats, sent for catalogues of engines, and began to amuse myself with sketches of a small sea-going boat. I found a builder who entered into the spirit of the affair, and guaranteed to produce a boat light enough to be rowed in an emergency, and seaworthy enough for fishing offshore. Finally the boat was finished and the engine installed. A short trial in the open sea, swept by the trade wind, convinced us that she was a success; and, best of all, the motor actually started and ran.

While our boat was building, Monday prepared our fishing-tackle—an arduous task. For some weeks I saw little of him; he was rummaging about the island, in search of certain pearl-shells in shades difficult to obtain. Then I came on him one day, squatting in the shade by a little stack of shell, and old hack-saw blade in his hand. He was cutting out our lures, and a week later I saw him polishing them with the fin of a small shark. They were pretty iridescent things, made in imitation of a flying-fish,

and fitted with tufts of white horsehair and barbless hooks of bone or brass. I noticed that the lures he allotted to me had brass hooks, needle sharp, while his own were all of bone and dull. "Brass hooks are better for the white man," he explained, "but for Maoris bone is best. This is bone from a pig, but my father told me that men's bones were best of all, harder and taking a better point."

I filled a pipe and lay down on the grass, admiring the skillful way he fitted and polished and lashed. Monday is what used to be called a jack-of-all-trades, a type growing rare at home. He can build a house, adze out a canoe, or plank a boat. Fishing and all that has to do with ships and the sea are second nature to him; he understands a good deal about native agriculture, and has some knowledge of rough medicine and surgery. Yet a man at home who had spent all his working life at operating a single machine would be more than half justified in calling old Monday a savage. Civilization, in fact, has penetrated little deeper than the tattooing on his strong brown arms.

Musing over the idea of human progress, I glanced at the old man intent on his work. His sole garment was a pair of knee-length dungarees; in spite of his age his back and shoulders are magnificent. His arms are covered with tattooing from shoulder to wrist, and the numerous blots prove that there was a day when Monday was no laggard in love. His people, since the early missionaries taught them to read and write, have developed a curious custom. When a young man becomes the lover of a girl, his first thought is to visit the village tattooer and have his sweetheart's name printed on his arm, in letters half-an-inch high. Later on, when the old love is discarded for a new one, the tattooer is visited again, and this time his task is a double one, for in addition to the new name to be inscribed, there is the painful job of blotting the old one out. Monday had undergone this operation at least a dozen times, and I was amused to see that the large "AKAKORO" on his right forearm, was the only surviving name. He tied his lures in a little bundle, wrapped in a leaf, and sighed as he rose to his feet. "I am going to the mountain for our bamboos," he said.

Our rods were a pair of strong, flexible bamboos, thirteen or fourteen feet long and fitted with stout lines of equal length. When I slowed the boat to about four knots, just fast enough to make the trailing lure dash and skitter in imitation of a flying fish, I realized that our outfits were a sort of primitive fly-tackle. But that wasn't till more than a fortnight after all was in readiness.

Day after day old Monday sat on the beach, scanning the horizon impatiently. The weather was calm and clear with light catspaws from the north; Lala sat sluggishly on her perch and croaked for fish, which even her keen eyes could not detect offshore. Our boat rode to a slack painter on the glassy lagoon.

III

Then one morning while I was writing some letters long overdue, Monday called to me from the steps. "The frigate bird's gone!" he said; "lend me your glasses; there must be fish outside." Five minutes later he came up the path at a shambling trot. "Bonito!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

Our engine rose to the emergency; it started like a race horse, and as I opened the throttle the tiny propeller whirled till we were foaming along at all of seven knots. Monday's one eye was better than my two; we were half a mile beyond the reef before I was able to distinguish what his eager gestures had been pointing out—an appearance like a dense swarm of bees on the horizon four or five miles away. Little by little as we approached, the moving specks took form. Some hovered high above the sea—plunging headlong — rising — plunging again. These were the boobies. A cloud of smaller and darker specks swept

back and forth close above the waves—noddy terns slanting down to seize the small fish on which the bonito feeds. Finally the spray and lunge of the fish were visible. Monday was all excitement.

"Slow the engine!" he said.

We were in the midst of the swarm of feeding birds. Their animation, their fierce energy, was a wonderful thing to see. Hundreds of boobies darted this way and that overhead, scanning the water eagerly for the rising fish. When the moment came they dropped like stones, and the sound of their plunging was continuous. Sometimes two of them came down together and rose to the surface to dispute their prey with locked beaks and spasmodic wing-beats, heedless of the approaching boat. The beautiful little noddies, with sleek dark plumage and snowy caps on their heads, were all about us. The French sailors have a pretty name for them: *Soeurs de Charité;* it fits their costume, but not the eager fierceness with which they flutter in companies just above the sea, alert to pounce on the harried schools of little fish. Then I saw my frigate bird, the long red ribbon of identification streaming from her leg, darting in pursuit of a booby—no mean flier in the air, but helpless when pitted against Lala's incomparable powers of flight. A series of plunging splashes close to the boat showed that we were among the bonito at last.

While I steered back and forth in the midst of the school, Monday tried the first of his lures in a long skitter on the waves. No result. Suddenly he leaned over the side to snatch at a small fish that struggled weakly at the surface, half cut in two. "Mullet!" he exclaimed; "they'll take the yellow shell!" The new lure had scarcely touched the water when the line snapped taut and the old man sprang to his feet. A fat, steel-blue fish of six or seven pounds left the water, described an arc through the air, and landed thumping in the boat. I heard a grunt of satisfaction. "*Mea tano!*" muttered the fisherman, which might be translated "That's the stuff!" Watching over my shoulder, I forgot to ply my own rod.

Monday stood poised facing the stern, knees bent, legs wide apart, and his left foot slightly advanced. His grip on the bamboo was so firm that I could see the muscles of his shoulders bulge. When a fish struck, it seemed to me that the butt of the rod moved no more than six inches, but the movement was so sharp and powerful that bonito after bonito flew through the air, hit the old man's chest or extended arm, and fell flopping and quivering into the boat. There was little unhooking to be done, for the blunt point of bone usually dropped from the fish's mouth half way, allowing the lure to fall back into the sea. Once or twice the hook stuck and had to be disengaged; sometimes a fish missed the boat altogether and went splashing into the water alongside. Ten minutes passed; thirty or forty bonito covered the floor of the little cockpit aft. Monday laid down his rod and turned to me—dripping with sweat and breathing fast. "I am old," he said apologetically. "Try your luck while I steer."

The fish must have sounded at that moment, for the birds ceased their activity and went trailing off uncertainly to leeward. I was flicking my lure in the wake of the boat when there came a swirl greater than any bonito could make, and a tug at the rod that nearly tore it from my hands. The old man's eye was quicker than mine.

"A tuna!" he shouted; "Hold him! Ah! Hold his head up! If he gets it down he is gone!"

It was a yellow-fin tuna, a fifty-pounder, and he thrashed and plunged like a porpoise while I strained at the rod, bent double and threatening to snap. Monday was fumbling in a frenzy for his gaff, under the half-deck forward. Finally he emerged with it and came aft with a bound that nearly capsized us. Next moment his arm shot out; he yelled in triumph as he swung my tuna over the rail, transfixed

on the big hook of steel. It was a smallish tuna, as they run in the South Seas, but a magnificent fish for all that. The body, deep at the fore-end and tapering in easy lines to the sharp sickle of the tail, was eloquent of speed. The pectoral fins fitted into shallow depressions where they could lie flush, one sweep of the sharp propeller aft would shoot the body through the sea with the speed of a torpedo.

"Your hook is badly bent," Monday was saying; "another minute and we should have lost him." He was steering the boat toward the land. "It is useless to stay out longer," he went on. "You saw how the school sounded? That was because the big fish had risen among them. It would have been the same if the larger fish had been bonito of the next size—those we call *toheveri*. Fish are never at their ease when bigger fish are about."

We were six or seven miles offshore, and the view of Tahiti in the morning sunlight was unusually fine. For once, no clouds hung over the interior of the island, and the central mountain, visible in minute detail, stood like the dorsal fin of a vast sleeping shark. That, in fact, was how the oldtime natives conceived of the island; they recognized the head, the tail, the gills, and the lofty triangular fin called *Orofena*. Dark-blue sea, turquoise sky, snowy line of reef, rich green of the wooded land—all the familiar elements of a picture I had admired a hundred times were here, but their beauty was as fresh as though I saw with the eyes of the discoverer Wallis, on that June morning, one hundred and fifty-nine years before, when his ship drew near the land. There, a little to the east of us, was Matavai Bay, where the *Dolphin* ran on the coral shoal which still bears her name. The slender white shaft of the lighthouse on Point Venus marked the spot where Captain Cook set up his telescope to observe the planet's transit in 1769. Bligh sailed in through yonder break in the reef to load the *Bounty* with young breadfruit trees, and a few years later the *Duff* dropped anchor in the same historic bay, to offload the first eager cargo of South Sea missionaries. The usual thoughts, futile but always fascinating, played in my mind. To know what one can know to-day, and to have been with Wallis, or Cook, or even Bligh! Sea and land are unchanging, but the last of what Mr. Havelock Ellis has called "the beautiful old civilization of the Pacific" is long since gone, its secrets preserved, its mysteries uninterpreted. Old Monday's voice sounded across a century and a half.

"Next time," he was saying, "I shall steer while you try your hand." I shook my head.

"I could never learn to fish as you do!" The old man smiled as he stuffed tobacco into his short clay pipe.

"When I was young," he remarked, "I was counted a good bonito-fisherman. You see now why I made my hooks blunt? We used to go out three in a canoe, and oftentimes we paddled half a day before we could come up with a school. Then the man in the stern dropped his paddle and took up his rod while the other two worked furiously to hold the pace. Five, or at most, ten minutes was as long as we could hope to keep up, so you can understand that we had to pull the fish from the water as fast as possible. Nowadays the young men have lost the art. Once the bonito was counted the noblest of fish, and his pursuit was the sport of our chiefs."

So it was in the old days through all the scattered island groups of Polynesia. I thought of a book I had been reading, written by an American who knew and loved the South Seas. William Churchill was our consul in Samoa in the days when brave old Slocum sailed around the world, and his insight into the native mind is nowhere better illustrated than in a passage on the language of bonito-fishing—a passage so curious that I shall quote at length:

> The Samoan . . . has his own Basakrama, the language of courtesy to be used to them

of high degree, to chiefs and bonitos. One does not say that he goes to the towns which are favorably situated for the bonito fishery; he says rather that he goes into seclusion, he withdraws himself. He finds that the fleet which is to chase the bonito has an honorable name for this use, that the chief fisher has a name he never uses ashore. He will not in so many words say that he is going to fish for bonito, he says that he is going out paddling in the courtesy language; he even avoids all chance of offending this gentleman of his seas by saying, instead of the blunt vulgarity of the word fishing, rather that he is headed in some other direction. He does not paddle with the common word, but with that which he uses in compliment to his chief's canoe. He will not so much as speak the word which means canoe; he calls it by another word which may mean the turning away to one side. In this unmentioned canoe he may not carry water by its common name, he must call it the cool stuff. He will not mention his eyes in the canoe; he calls his visor the shield for his chestnut leaves. Even the word for large becomes something else in this great game. The hook must be tied with ritual care; it is called out of the common name for hook; no bonito will take a hook which has not been properly tied; the fastening is veiled under the name for land. There are many rules to observe; their disregard is called stepping over the bilges, from the most unfortunate thing that the fisher can do. He may hail the bonito by his name (*atu*), or he may call him affectionately or coaxingly old singed-skin. If he has the fortune to hook his bonito he must raise the shout of triumph, Tu! Tu! Tu e! not his whole name but one of its syllables; he triumphs as over a foe honorably slain in combat, but he avoids hurting the feelings of the other gentlemen of the sea. The first bonito caught in a new canoe he calls life; the first bonito caught in any season bears a special name of uncertain signification, and he presents it to his chief. His catch he reckons by a special notation; to his numerals he adds the word body; he counts them as one-body, two-body, three-body. Parts of the gentleman have specific names of their own; his fins and entrails are called in terms nowhere else employed; the tidbit of the belly part, which the fisher must give to his chief, is called by the honorific title of the chief's abdomen. And if the rites were not duly observed, if the hook was not rightly tied, if the fisher was so incautious as to mention his eyes, if one of a hundred faults was committed and the fishing was in vain, then the fisher acknowledged his ill success abjectly by saying that he was conquered. Such is the language Samoans use to the gentleman of the seas.

To my mind there is something very pretty in all this—symbolical of the wholesome, ancient, and widespread respect for human food. In America, when the head of the family takes up his knife to carve the Thanksgiving turkey, a trace of the same sentiment may be observed; and it is a part of man's contradictory nature that the keenest sportsman is oftentimes the greatest lover of the birds and beasts he kills. Respect for the food we eat and gratitude for seasons of plenty are relics of primitive religious feeling, and verge very closely on religion, even to-day.

The Hawaiians, once, like their southern cousins, a race of fishermen, shared the Samoan respect for fish. Here are some quaint words of advice from old Hawaii, to be found in a footnote in one of Fornander's volumes of folklore: "Don't say, 'I am going fishing.' Say instead, 'I am going to the woods.' Don't hold your hands behind your back. To do so is an indication of weariness, and the fish, being very considerate, do not care to burden you further. Don't indulge in dirty language or in smutty tales before going fishing. Even the fish are averse to dirt. Don't walk on a net when it is spread out; don't step over a net when it is bundled. It is the house for the fish when it is cast in the sea, and the fish prefer it clean."

IV

It was noon when we came putt-putting in through the pass. As I snapped the switch and Monday made the painter fast to our buoy, a few yards from the beach, I saw his wife standing in the shade of a pandanus tree, hands on her hips—regarding us with a faintly ironic smile.

"Well," she called to her husband mockingly, "what did you catch?"

He made no reply but continued to knot the painter in his unhurried way. Old Akakoro was impatient.

"The fire's going," she went on. "I suppose I'd better go and open a tin of beef for lunch." Then I heard Monday's deep, deliberate voice.

"Wait!"

He covered the engine with its little hatch, stepped aft and took up the sponge to mop a few spots of blood from the thwart. Then he began to toss the fat bonito into the shallows at the old woman's feet. She gave a loud, explosive "*Auél*" and I saw three or four native neighbors, who must have been on the watch close by, approaching at a trot. When the last of his thirty-odd fish had been flung out, Monday stepped into the shallow water alongside and waded ashore, carrying the rods and dragging my tuna by the tail. I knew precisely how he felt, and I admired his composure at this really great moment.

Relieved of all burdens, he and I led the little procession to the house. As we passed under Lala's perch I heard a feeble croak and glanced up at my distended frigate bird, dozing in the sun with half-closed eyes. As usual, now that we had plenty of fish, she needed none. I halted for a moment to admire her rich plumage of white, salmon-pink, and black shaded with chocolate. Monday was touching a match to his pipe.

"What do you think?" he asked contentedly. "Aren't you glad we got our boat?"

PORTRAIT OF A CLERIC

BY ELMER DAVIS

ON Morningside Heights in the city of New York a great Gothic church is rising, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It was begun as long ago as 1892; but in a whole generation the exertions of the pious—the prosperous and pious, for this is an Episcopalian cathedral—sufficed only to complete the choir and crossing. For years this fragment towered magnificent but incomplete, the product of an effort that seemed to have spent itself.

But now the nave is building, the transepts are in prospect, there is more than a hope that before long the whole immense edifice will be completed, clear up to the cross that tops the spire—five hundred feet above the pavement, the cathedral boosters will tell you, six hundred and fifty feet above tidewater—one of the three largest cathedrals in the world. Inevitably, it will be a monument, a monument to the bishop who achieved in a few weeks of driving effort what three previous bishops had failed to accomplish in three decades. And he achieved it in accordance with the best of precedent—the twelfth-century precedent of the great age of cathedral building, when the whole community was united in one grand endeavor; the Scriptural precedent of the man who, when his invited guests failed to arrive, sent out into the byways and hedges and dragged everybody in.

This was the great inspiration of the Right Reverend William Thomas Manning, Episcopal Bishop of New York—to sweep the whole twentieth-century community of New York, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and about one per cent Episcopalian, into a great twelfth-century crusade for the building of "a house of prayer for all people." It was—or is so far—the crowning achievement of a brilliant career. Bishop Manning, after all, is more than a cathedral builder. He is the champion of orthodoxy, defender of the faith, doughty upholder of the Virgin Birth, supporter of the Volstead Act, corrector of dogma and morals, extirpator of heresy; and withal an ecclesiastical statesman, if not in the thirteenth-century tradition, at least in that of the seventeenth. Bishop of the most opulent diocese in the most elegant of churches, he is still young as bishops go, and brighter glories may lie beyond. Enthusiastic after-dinner speakers have called him the First Citizen of New York, the First Churchman of America; without eliciting his visible disapproval, they have suggested him for the as yet nonexistent office of first Archbishop of the American Episcopal Church.

Upon what meat doth this our Bishop feed, that he hath grown so great? I reveal no guarded secrets, nor am I a psychographer to uncover the hidden springs of action; I merely study the public record open to all. But from this record one or two rather curious conclusions emerge. Notoriously the right reverend bishop owes his episcopal rank to that right irreverend layman, Mr. William Randolph Hearst. Moreover, Doctor Manning regards his church (when it is politic so to regard it) as "part of the ancient historic Catholic Church"; and certainly it was in a Catholic spirit that he drew all New York into the building of a cathedral which is alleged

to embody the community's spiritual aspiration. But for the method which made the cathedral possible he is indebted to that notable Protestant sectary, the Reverend Doctor Billy Sunday.

II

Doctor Manning is presumably cognizant and approving of his biography as it appears in *Who's Who*. In the American version of that volume the place of his birth is not mentioned; in the English *Who's Who* it is set down that he was born in Northampton, England. Tradition says that he came to this country with his parents in boyhood and lived in Nebraska and California before going for his secular and theological education to the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee. Hagiography has neglected those early years, though there is a legend that the future bishop once sold groceries. But it seems curious and ungrateful that the English birthplace should have been omitted from the American *Who's Who;* curious, since Doctor Manning has never made any secret of his Anglophile sympathies; ungrateful, since if he had not been born in England he would not now be Bishop of New York.

In 1903 he came from Nashville to New York, as vicar of one of the chapels of Trinity Parish, a small, slight man, with no particularly impressive pulpit eloquence to overcome the handicap of his stature, but a man with a good record, sound in theology from the conservative point of view, endowed by marriage with the modest wealth which a metropolitan clergyman always finds useful. Within a year he was made assistant rector of Trinity Parish, whose burdens lay heavy on the aged Dr. Morgan Dix; in 1908, upon Doctor Dix's death, he succeeded in due course to the rectorate.

Now Trinity is the wealthiest and most important parish in the country; its rector is the most powerful vassal of the Bishop of New York; with the vicars of his nine chapels bound to him by subinfeudation, he is a bigger man than many provincial bishops. Years before, the mere prospect of this succession had led Doctor Manning to refuse bishoprics in the comparative wilds. But he happened to inherit his fief at a moment when Trinity was feeling the claws of the muck rake. By ancient grants the corporation held much property in downtown New York, which the growth of the city had turned into slums. A tradition of two centuries held that Trinity's business was nobody else's business, and now magazines and newspapers were making a great noise about these private matters, alleging that Trinity's tenements were unfit to live in and that some of the tenants were persons quite unsuitable as residents on ecclesiastical property. In short, Trinity real estate had become a scandal.

Manning cleaned it up—without noise; indeed, with a pious pretense (in deference to the memory of his predecessors) that there was no need to clean up at all. Nevertheless, he did clean up; he ended the secrecy of centuries; he took away a reproach. And, incidentally, he left no doubt of his admirable feeling for etymology. A rector was a ruler, and the new rector of Trinity was going to rule.

It was different when he spoke on matters outside of Trinity Parish, with the prestige, little less than episcopal, which his position conferred. He became a leader of the Anglo-Catholic party which wanted to change the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church to the American Catholic Church. His defense of the "historical and unbroken continuity" of Catholic tradition made the Low Churchmen his enemies; and they beat him, at the diocesan convention of 1915, for delegate to the next year's General Convention—the first time in all history that a rector of Trinity had been defeated for an elective office. It was predicted, then, that the defeat would make him a bishop. But as matters turned out it took a good deal more than that to make him a bishop.

For in the next few years there rose the

question of the Congregational Concordat—an arrangement by which Congregational preachers, having received Episcopal ordination, might minister to Episcopalians. To the Protestant mind there seems nothing so very terrible about this, since the Congregationalists had to become a sort of sub-caliber Episcopalians before they could be trusted with these ministrations; but it roused the ire of Anglo-Catholics—all but Manning. He was beginning to be deeply interested in ecclesiastical unity, and to his Catholic brethren it seemed that he was forgetting the ancient principle that ecclesiastical unity could be attained only by everybody becoming Catholic. When Manning came out for the Concordat, his Anglo-Catholic friends whetted their knives for the lost leader.

In 1919 Bishop Greer died and the rector of Trinity was nominated for his seat. So was Doctor Stires of St Thomas's, the Low-Church candidate; so also was Suffragan Bishop Burch. Burch was the long shot, for all that he had been Greer's assistant; he had come late to the priesthood, having spent his early life in the godless occupation of editing a newspaper. None the less Burch was elected—partly by the votes of the rural clergy who rather distrusted that urban potentate, the rector of Trinity, but partly by the votes of High Churchmen, who deserted Manning because they felt that his catholicity was not to be trusted whenever a visible advantage appeared to lie in flirting with Protestantism.

Also, by this time Manning had many enemies, within and without the Church. Some of them, outside especially, were highly to his credit. From the beginning of the war he had been outspokenly pro-Ally and pro-English. Many people dislike his war record; but unless you hold that the Germans were right, or that a clergyman has no right to support any war, it is hard to find much fault with it. If he was anti-Bolshevist, it has yet to be proved that conservatism is a crime. If he had an opinion, for publication, always on tap, so did all men prominent enough to get their opinions published. If he was infected by war hysteria, so was everybody else during the war—not least the radicals and pacifists who invented the term as a reproach for their enemies, most of whom are war-hysterical still.

He served as volunteer chaplain at Camp Upton and apparently would have gone to France if the age limit had not barred him; and if he was rather ubiquitous around town in his khaki uniform, why, a good many men were ubiquitous in uniform on the internal front who were kept out of the trenches through no fault of their own. Yet Manning made enemies—perhaps because he seemed just a little too virulent for a man of God, but partly because he was English-born and honestly believed that England was on the right side.

Now granted the fact, whether you like it or not, that foreign-born Americans are apt to retain some fondness for the Old Country, it does not appear why a privilege conceded to an American born in Italy or Ireland or Germany should be withheld from an American born in England. But New York is a peculiar city with peculiar institutions. Every New Yorker has, if he is wise, two fatherlands, his own and Ireland. Manning, the most prominent Anglo-American, inevitably incurred the hatred of the Irish and the abuse of the Hearst newspapers; but it took a grotesque episode just after the war to seal and ratify the enmity that was to be the making of his fortune.

III

The war had ended in integral victory, and in that month before the Peace Conference met integral victory seemed to promise an integrated world. The one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moved seemed visibly at hand; in that millennial dawn our returning army, victors at Armageddon, must be welcomed as triumphant crusaders. Accordingly Mayor Hylan

appointed a Committee of Welcome which included about all the prominent citizens of New York; which included among others, and in no obscure position, Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

If it had been meant as a joke it would have marked Hylan as a greater man than Aristophanes; but, like all Hylan's humor, it was unintentional. He saw no reason why Hearst who had made Hylan did not deserve a chief place on any of Hylan's committees. But other citizens saw much reason why Hearst, with his familiar war record, was out of place on this particular committee. They resigned, one after another, with roars of disapproval; Doctor Manning resigned, roaring if anything louder than the rest. Those who resigned got up a rival organization, the Citizens' Committee of Welcome, on which Manning was in the foreground; and they proclaimed a mass meeting in Madison Square Garden to speak out the public reprobation of the iniquitous Hearst appointment.

That meeting turned out to be a grander jest than the appointment itself, the first forewarning of the great political discovery of 1919, that the millennium had been indefinitely postponed. Three or four thousand indignant patriots rattled around in the great open spaces of the Garden, their fiery fulminations interrupted by raucous shouts of "Hurrah for Hoist, de woikingman's friend." For Mr. Hearst's astute lieutenants had not only brought in several hundred deep-lunged civilians to offer a minority report; they even had on hand a detachment of the returning heroes who had caused all the hullabaloo, soldiers and sailors in uniform. And when an exasperated chairman demanded that all who sympathized with Hearst leave the hall, the heroes in uniform led the recessional. They may have come only from near-by training camps, they may have marched out to be fed at Hearst's expense; none the less they marched out, the meeting fell flat, and the Citizens' Committee of Welcome fell with it, never to rise again.

But from its ruins there was to spring, in the fullness of time, a Bishop of New York.

Bishop Burch died suddenly, little more than a year after his elevation. Again the diocesan delegates must elect a bishop, and again Manning was a candidate. Having failed through too much Protestantism, he had lately been very Catholic. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant of the Church of the Ascension—a radical, a pacifist, a Low Churchman, everything that Manning hated—had preached a sermon on divorce; and Manning had replied with a denunciation of Grant's views as no better than approval of free love. Grant was more or less of a maverick; but among Low Churchmen there was an uneasy feeling that Manning was already a little too episcopal in his pronouncements for one who was still a mere rector (if the rector of Trinity can be called a mere rector). On the other hand, High Churchmen welcomed the returning prodigal. Doctor Carstensen, very high, observed that the diocese needed a bishop who would ride some of the straying brethren "with a curb bit." Everybody knew he meant Grant as the wild horse and Manning as the bronco buster.

At this moment some malignant spirit inspired the unhappy Grant, who knew well enough what was in store for him if Manning were made bishop, to warn the diocese against electing any but a native American. There may have been some echo of that feeling but, coming from Grant, the suggestion would probably have been laughed off. Fortunately for the Man of Destiny, on the day of election it was no longer a suggestion from Grant but an order from Hearst.

That day the Hearst papers carried a huge black editorial headed: "Is An English Bishop Necessary? Why? Is There No Fit American?" It was illustrated with a picture of benighted African heathen rolling over and slapping their thighs to welcome a British explorer, and the Episcopalians of New York were asked if they meant to roll

over and slap their thighs before Manning. In all solemnity, they were warned that this election would decide whether they were an American Church "or only an institution for pro-British propaganda." To make sure that the message reached the delegates, it had been telegraphed to every one of them; for good measure, newsboys were stationed at the door of the Synod House to give papers to all who entered. It was Hearst's reply to the Garden meeting, and a reply in kind; the meeting had been a flop, and so was the editorial.

This was a heated election; Catholic and Protestant factions in the church were ready for a fight. Chief among the Protestants was Dr. Leighton Parks of St. Bartholomew's, who denounced Catholicism of all sorts and asked if America was to remain America or become "a Roman Catholic Irish republic." The question had some point in those days, but it is rather hard to follow the tortuous logic that connected Ireland and Manning. At any rate, one of Manning's supporters countered by reading the Hearst pastoral from the platform, and from that time on the only question was whether the Low Churchmen feared Manning more than they hated Hearst.

The Protestant vote was divided between Slattery of Grace Church and Stires of St. Thomas's; on the second ballot Manning, supported by the High Churchmen, had a long lead. To unify the Protestant forces Stires withdrew, and then came the break. That Hearst editorial still rankled; some of Stires's supporters felt that it was not that they hated Catholicism less, but Hearst more; on the third ballot, Manning was elected. As surely as any Ghibelline nominee of a medieval emperor, he owed his see to a secular potentate. But one doubts if Mr. Hearst got much satisfaction out of it.

IV

Once a Bishop, Doctor Manning began to behave very episcopally. He had opinions, and though he has never pretended to such omniscience as Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, he has this advantage over Cadman, that his opinions can be enforced by acts—when it seems expedient. The qualification is important.

For while our Bishop can be strict, he knows how to temper justice with mercy, or at least with caution. Perhaps, indeed, he is not by nature authoritarian at all. A psychographer might explain his tendencies toward autocracy in terms of his small physical stature, the compensating gesture of a man who has to stand on a box in a group photograph to look sufficiently impressive. If Napoleon had been six feet tall, Europe might have enjoyed unbroken peace after the Treaty of Amiens. But I am no psychographer; I can only report what our Bishop has done and said.

He supports the Volstead Act as zealously as any Methodist, but with the un-Methodist qualification that he does not regard temperate drinking as a sin. He is against it, but for social reasons. But go back a decade, and one finds evidence that he is a prohibitionist for other reasons as well.

In the diocesan convention of 1916, when Doctor Manning was still rector of Trinity, there appeared a resolution pledging the clergy to personal abstinence, support of existing excise laws, and work for local option in New York. (The Eighteenth Amendment, then, was only a millennial dream.) This proposal was the work of the Reverend James V. Chalmers, rector of a poor parish on the upper East Side, the most active of the few prohibitionists in the diocese. Chalmers was used to introducing his resolution, vainly, at every convention. Once more he introduced it, and supported it with a speech about the evils of drink among the poor; but obviously without much hope of its adoption.

Then up rose the powerful rector of Trinity, unknown as yet to the public as an outspoken dry, pleading for the resolution as a stroke of ecclesiastical states-

manship, to put the church in line with a moral movement. (Yes, the dry cause was still so regarded, in 1916.) "We have been asked," he said, "to do this for the poor; but I say we must do it for the Church and the power of the Church."

They did it. One recusant who dared to mention the miracle at Cana of Galilee was literally howled down. These Episcopalians had no such convenient dogma as comforts the evangelical sects, that the wine made at Cana was unfermented grape juice of the kind Mr. Bryan used to serve at diplomatic dinners; for they all knew on authority it was real wine. Nevertheless, the man who mentioned it was howled down and the resolution adopted by acclamation. It was Chalmers's resolution but Manning's victory; they had done it, not for the poor, but for the power of the Church. Manning had had the foresight to recognize that the water wagon was a band wagon, and he had swung the Church aboard.

On divorce, he has always held the Catholic position—that there is no such thing. A few years ago he appealed to Congress for a federal divorce law, with a pretty strong intimation that his idea of the proper law was no divorce at all. But a little later he was urging the churches to unite against divorce, and last spring he had so far weakened as to advocate love and forbearance in the home as the best remedy. One cannot help wondering if our Bishop, reflecting on the history of prohibition, is beginning to lose his faith in the efficacy of the secular arm.

But where his own arm can enforce obedience that arm is powerful, as none knows better, now, than his old enemy, the luckless Grant. In 1921 Doctor Grant's engagement was announced to a lady who had two ex-husbands living. The Episcopal canon permits remarriage to the innocent party in a divorce for adultery, but Doctor Grant's fiancée had secured her second divorce on the unhallowed ground of desertion. Naturally, Bishop Manning forbade the clergy of his diocese to perform the marriage. There was much sympathy for the pair held apart by sacerdotal authority, especially as they were unwilling to be married by a city clerk or a Presbyterian. After years of vain waiting for the Bishop to relent, the engagment was broken.

Meanwhile the martyred Grant was in more trouble. He preached a sermon which seemed to cast doubt on the divinity of Christ. Bishop Manning promptly ordered him to recant, resign, or be tried for heresy. Liberals of all faiths and of no faith at all rallied around the menaced Grant, champion of religious freedom against dogmatic intolerance and episcopal tyranny; they were all set for a fight but their hero ran out on them. He replied to the Bishop in a long letter which sounded as if it had been written by a highly competent lawyer. Expert theologians read it through and remained in doubt whether Grant had recanted. The one thing sure was that he had not resigned.

Well, then—a heresy trial? In that excited period, men said it would split the Church. Would the Bishop risk it? The Bishop announced that he would—against any clergyman whose denial of the divinity of Christ was "clear, courageous, and unambiguous." This was hint enough for the prudent Grant, whose further utterances could not possibly be described by these adjectives; and the equally prudent Bishop, having enforced what Mayor Gaynor used to call outward order and decency, did not see fit to search the underbrush for latent heresy. In due time Grant resigned on the plea of ill health, and Doctor Manning was left in the serenity of one who has seen four-and-twenty leaders of revolts.

The iron hand in the velvet glove caressed, about this same time, Dr. William Norman Guthrie of St. Mark's in the Bouwerie, who had taken to adorning his services with eurhythmic dances and picturesque bits of assorted sym-

bolism. One Sunday, when barefoot girls danced in his edifice, the police reserves had to be called out to handle the crowd. The Bishop ordered him to desist from these pagan practises, and when he was stubborn, withdrew episcopal ministration from his parish. St. Mark's threatened to secede from the Church; once more excited liberals rallied round the persecuted victim; but once more they had picked a poor hero. Guthrie's dances, however satisfactory to the religious sense of Aztecs and Hindus, seemed a little inappropriate, even to Unitarians, in a Christian church. Presently the vestry of St. Mark's came down like Davy Crockett's coon, and the offending Guthrie came down with them.

Meantime another issue had been met with Christian tolerance and diplomacy. Doctor Manning has always been a Fundamentalist and frank about it. Proclaiming that there is no conflict between faith and science, no harm in evolution, he has still declared that "Christianity stands or falls with the facts about Jesus Christ, His supernatural birth, His bodily resurrection, His ascension into Heaven. If these things did not happen, the Christian gospel ceases to have reality or meaning; the whole truth of the New Testament disappears."

In 1923 the bishops uttered a pastoral letter laying down these basic dogmas, and pointed the declaration by threatening to try for heresy an obscure Texas rector who was suspect on the Virgin Birth. Thereupon Manning's ancient foe, Dr. Leighton Parks, told his flock of St. Bartholomew's that the bishops had no authority to fix dogmas, that there was Scriptural justification for denial of the Virgin Birth, and (most unkindest cut of all) that if he wanted to know about this much-talked-of Catholic tradition he would ask no Episcopal bishop, but Cardinal Hayes.

Was Doctor Parks tried for heresy? He was not. He had frankly told his flock one reason why he would not be tried—that Bishop Manning's delicacy would restrain him from proceeding against an old antagonist. Perhaps this explains the immunity which Doctor Parks actually enjoyed, but bishops were stayed by no such personal scruples in the great age of the Church. St. Bartholomew's is a great and rich parish, where heresy might be supposed to be more dangerous than in Texas. But Doctor Parks had not personally and explicitly denied the Virgin Birth; and Doctor Manning was getting ready to build a cathedral.

V

Through the war years it had been understood that whoever was bishop after the war would have to do something about the cathedral. But great and good men had been trying to do something about it for thirty years, with no noteworthy result. There was plenty of Episcopalian money in New York but most of it was still *in situ;* it was not flowing into the cathedral. What was to be done? Well, there was Scriptural precedent, when the chosen people had shown themselves unworthy of everlasting life, for turning unto the Gentiles.

How was it to be done? The Reverend Doctor Billy Sunday had shown the way. When that powerful vessel of the Spirit preached in New York in 1917 he had had only partial support from the Episcopalians. Doctor Manning was one of many who had held aloof—quite reasonably, for he did not believe in that kind of religion; quite honorably, for he merely remained silent, offering no obstacle to the good work, if any. But no thoughtful man could overlook the lessons of the Sunday campaign as it actually worked out.

It was known that many evangelical clergymen held about the same opinion of Doctor Sunday's kind of religion as did the rector of Trinity but, not being the rector of Trinity they, did not dare stand aside. They had to go with the crowd, and shout louder than anybody to avert suspicion. In other words, the

evangelical clergy could be stampeded; they dared not stay off any band wagon which proclaimed itself the vehicle of the Good Cause.

Quite as important, the newspapers could be stampeded. Few New York editors and publishers felt any sympathy, temperamental or intellectual, with the Sunday evangel; but they knew that many of their readers did, so the newspapers ran before the great wind of that revival. What was possible to Billy Sunday ought to be easy for the Bishop of New York; and it was.

It remained to find a formula, and the Bishop found it in a phrase in the constitution of his cathedral—"a house of prayer for all people." What did that mean? In the twelfth century, the great age of cathedral building, it could be taken literally; for all people, then, were loyal to the One Church; a whole community could be united in a great common endeavor to build a Gothic cathedral, because a Gothic cathedral in those days expressed the highest aspirations of all men.

But twentieth-century New York is not Gothic; twentieth-century New York is split up among a hundred religions, and only about one per cent of its inhabitants belong to Doctor Manning's church. The other ninety-nine per cent had to be dragged in somehow. The Catholics could not be counted on for much more than benevolent neutrality, but then Catholics as a rule are not wealthy. There is much Protestant money in New York and more Jewish money; and Jews could be flattered, Protestants could be coerced—if it could be made to appear that it was not Manning's cathedral, not an Episcopalian cathedral, but everybody's cathedral, "a house of prayer for all people."

It was an act of faith to believe that a twelfth-century campaign was possible in twentieth-century New York; but it was an act of genius to put it over, and put it over by sheer assertion.

No one could doubt our Bishop's Americanism after observing his truly American approach to this problem. He began to talk about the size of his cathedral, five hundred feet above the street, six hundred and fifty feet above tidewater, one of the two or three biggest cathedrals in the world. "New York," he said, "needs and must have a building to represent religion on a scale equal to the structures which represent the other great interests of our life, business, educational, social."

After Bigness, Organization. The job of raising the money was entrusted to a firm of professionals, willing to raise money for any good cause for a fair fee, plus expenses. The whole town was organized, committees in every parish, in every sect, in every industry, rival committees which were to meet and report each day at a pep luncheon while the drive went on. The evangelical clergy lined up for the good cause; the newspapers took it all at face value. Non-Episcopalians, unfellowshipped in "the ancient historic Catholic church," were allowed to take the lead; Elihu Root, a Presbyterian, headed the general committee. For this is not our cathedral, it is your cathedral, everybody's cathedral, a house of prayer for all people.

In the enthusiasm of getting started, nobody asked what that meant. It would have been indelicate and at times hazardous. For while Episcopalians are not numerous, even in New York, they are rich and powerful, not to be lightly offended; and the example of Billy Sunday had been followed with such success that everybody was climbing on the band wagon. This time, at last, it was Manning's own band wagon.

The drive started with a great mass meeting in Madison Square Garden. The lesson of that anti-Hearst meeting had been taken to heart; no danger, this time, of an empty house; thirteen thousand tickets had been distributed among the Episcopal parishes (another idea borrowed from Billy Sunday). The theme announced by the brazen trumpet of episcopal declaration was taken up by

the muted strings of a hundred minor pulpits and the dulcet woodwind of sob stories contributed by an able press agent; it thundered in the battery of every newspaper editorial page—"a home for the spiritually homeless," "a great common church expressing the aspiration of all New York."

It went over with a whoop, a community crusade in the best twelfth-century manner. There were even—take it on the authority of New York's most sober newspaper—miracles, two or three of them. Whether they too were provided by the press service of the drive, or appeared to the pious eye of the feature writer, I do not know; but if you believe what you see in the papers, miracles there certainly were. Whether everybody swallowed the miracles may be doubted, but everybody who counted swallowed the cathedral.

Nothing in the way of a donation, said Doctor Manning, would be declined; and with one exception, to be noted presently, nothing ever was. But each could contribute his tithe in kind. For the cathedral, comedians capered on the stage and hockey players performed in the Garden; Paavo Nurmi and Willie Ritola broke records *ad majorem Dei gloriam* (it was unhappily out of season for Red Grange); and President Coolidge contributed good wishes, framed in these well-chosen words: "I trust that the efforts being made for this purpose will meet with the success its importance warrants."

From each his own offering, to each his own reward. The funds raised by hockey games and track meets, for instance, were attributed to the Sports Bay, a great pictorial window expressing the joyful labors of amateur athletes. Humanitarian protests have forced a change in the design, the excision of a picture of a sportsman shooting a live pigeon; but it does not appear that the money, if any, contributed by pigeon shooters has been declined.

Then there is a Journalism Bay, to be honored with the name of the late Frank A. Munsey. Considering the esteem in which Mr. Munsey was and is generally held by newspapermen, this is about as tactful as dedicating a hypothetical Bill of Rights Bay to Wayne B. Wheeler, or the actual Women's Transept to Bluebeard. But Mr. Munsey left a heavy contribution to the Journalism Bay, which no doubt has been accounted unto him for righteousness.

Money was being raised by the million; not much from Catholics, though there were well-advertised contributions from Catholics holding elective office, but Jews and evangelical Protestants fell over one another to reach the table which waited in vain for most of the invited guests. Indeed, some three weeks after the drive started, George W. Wickersham, Vice Chairman of the Citizens' Committee, himself an Episcopalian and addressing other Episcopalians, saw fit to observe, "I have been wondering sometimes of late if we are going to let our Presbyterian and Methodist friends build the cathedral."

Other people had been wondering that too, as the campaign went on, but this was the first time it had ever been said by a member of the organization. The first time, and the last; for whatever reason, Mr. Wickersham made no further public appearance in the cathedral drive.

VI

But where was the *advocatus diaboli*? He was there, but for a long time his discordant squawk was drowned in the chorus of praise.

The first protests dealt with an apparent triviality. Gothic architecture was the natural flowering of the twelfth century, the great cathedral age; it expressed, then, the highest ideal, an ideal actually common at all. But captious persons complained that in twentieth-century New York, with a diversity of religions and an adequately significant native architecture, a Gothic cathedral was at best an anachronism.

And at worst it was something very

dubious indeed. For Gothic architecture expressed twelfth-century religion, the religion of that "ancient historic Catholic Church" that Bishop Manning used to talk about. That kind of religion was meaningless or abhorrent to the Jews and evangelical Protestants who were contributing so heavily to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; it was alien, even, to Low-Church Episcopalians. If this was really our great common church, its form ought to express such ideals as our time holds with measurable approach to unanimity; if it meant what it seemed to mean, how could it be a house of prayer for all people? (Especially as the architect in charge was that belligerent synthetic Goth, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, himself so twelfth-century-Catholic that he makes even Manning look like a Baptist.)

These observations were made, however, by unchurched infidels, echoed by the lately chastised Guthrie of St. Mark's in the Bouwerie, who put in a feeble plea for "American architecture." But there was on record Doctor Manning's denunciation of a proposal for a skyscraper cathedral in Chicago ("a poor imitation of the Woolworth Building with a cathedral concealed somewhere inside"); and, more powerfully, there was the fact that the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, a quarter finished, was already Gothic. Once, painfully, it had been altered from Romanesque; it could hardly be altered again. And meanwhile another issue had come up.

A fortnight after the campaign started Bishop Manning published the news of the princely gift of half a million dollars from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a Baptist. The next day Mr. Rockefeller published something the Bishop had forgotten, the correspondence preceding the gift. It is amazingly interesting; its most interesting passage, however, escaped public comment, though without doubt certain Anglo-Catholic clergymen kept it, and pondered it in their hearts. Doctor Manning, once the apostle of Anglo-Catholicism, had called his cathedral "the common center and rallying point of Protestant Christianity."

Protestant Christianity! This is the Manning who had said, "The word Protestant reflects the controversial spirit of a bygone age; we have progressed beyond it." But evidently we can retrogress back to it when it is a question of half a million Baptist dollars. Is there not high authority for making friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness?

Concession to Mammon, however, has its limits, as the correspondence disclosed. Mr. Rockefeller had been "deeply impressed" by what the Bishop had said and written to him. (Doctor Manning, evidently, had worked for that donation) "about the broad purpose of the cathedral." In furtherance of that catholic (with a small c) purpose, Mr. Rockefeller suggested: "Since a large minority of the funds which have already gone into the cathedral has come from members of other churches, it would seem but fitting that this large outside friendly interest should be represented by the election of a small number of laymen of sister churches to the Board of Trustees." Mr. Rockefeller desired to express the hope that this might be done, "if not now, in the near future." But he did not make that a condition of his gift.

Bishop Manning, replying, said that "we may certainly hope, and we should also pray and believe," for church unity; but "the time has not yet arrived," and "any attempt prematurely to force such an arrangement would retard the cause of unity rather than aid it." Now Rockefeller had said nothing about church unity; he had talked only about minority representation of other churches among the trustees of the cathedral. But Manning, after knocking down the straw man, came back to the point. "The clause" (expressing Rockefeller's pious hope) "that you add to your gift imposes no obligation, legal or moral, on the trustees. This being the case, we accept the more gratefully your generous pledge of $500,000."

If that formula of acceptance is not law-proof, then there are no good lawyers in the Episcopal Church.

None the less, Rockefeller had taken off the lid. The newspapers, which hitherto had refused to print criticisms of the cathedral, had to admit them now; especially as just after accepting Rockefeller's five hundred thousand Doctor Manning sent back a modest contribution of five hundred from the offending Guthrie—the only contribution, so far as recorded, that he ever refused. The contrast was a little too pointed; and Rockefeller had given respectability to those who were beginning to wonder just what was meant by this sonorous phrase, "a house of prayer for all people."

Low-Church clergymen and magazines supported his argument; they cited the fact that the Episcopal Cathedral in Washington had actually had trustees of other faiths. One of their organs, asking what a house of prayer for all people really meant, pointed out that if it meant only that anyone who felt the need could go in and pray, that function was performed by every church of every faith in the country. In vain did Bishop Manning declare that "the true and fine meaning of the phrase is understood by all." The inveterate Parks, disclosing the fact that he was not whooping up the cathedral drive in his parish, declared flatly that "this is not a house of prayer for all people." As the discussion became acrimonious, the forthright Carstensen—he who had once demanded the curb bit for Percy Grant, and not in vain—was goaded into blurting out, "It is not for all kinds of prayer or all kinds of people." In other words, it was for all people who were willing to pray like Episcopalians.

If the merchandiser had been any but a Bishop, offering holy wares, this would have seemed perilously like misrepresentation of the quality of the goods.

But what of the secular press, that informed guide of public opinion? The secular press, with one exception, ducked the argument, aside from a few pious platitudes about sympathy and understanding. The exception was the *World*, New York's great moral newspaper, so pathetically eager to support all worthy causes, and so recklessly precipitate in picking them out. Just as the *World* later recanted its support of the turpitudinous Vera Cathcart, in whose behalf it had printed chapters from the New Testament as editorials, so now it came out valorously with the editorial second thought, "Bishop Manning Should Reconsider."

In response, presumably, to this warning (the etiology can doubtless be verified in the *World Almanac*) the Bishop did indeed unbend. Not to the point of admitting trustees of other faiths; gently he asked if anyone would wish to see the cathedral change its statutes "of immemorial standing" (fifty years) in connection with the acceptance of a large sum of money. To which obviously the answer was, Not if it can get the money without it. But he preached at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, declaring that "the time has come for a new synthesis of the deep religious values represented by all Christian communions" (though not for minority representation on the cathedral board). In May, when the intensive campaign was over, when ten million dollars had been raised and more was in sight, new trustees were to be chosen. Low Churchmen proposed that Rockefeller, a Baptist, and Root and Arthur Curtiss James, Presbyterians, should be elected. But all the vacancies were filled by Episcopalians. Rockefeller had the best of the argument and Manning had the money; presumably, each was content.

It must not be supposed, however, that the contributory evangelicals got nothing. Doctor Manning actually held three interdenominational services, inviting evangelical clergymen, mere godly laymen according to Episcopal doctrine, to preach in the house of prayer for all

people. By pure accident of ritual, it chanced that their unordained feet did not tread the holy ground of the sanctuary; but they preached from the pulpit. After that who could doubt that it was everybody's cathedral, even if the Episcopalians did continue to own and operate it? "The discussion," said the Bishop, "has cleared the air; let us hope it will stay clear." By way of further clarification a *Times* editorial added, "Those who do not wish to contribute may with propriety keep quiet."

A new extension of commercial ethics: *caveat emptor, sileantque circumstantes.*

VII

So the cathedral is rising, expressing the common ideals of our great city (though now that the intensive campaign is over, nobody seems to know just what they are). There have been no interdenominational services lately, but it is a safe bet that there will be, if, as, and when required. For money is still needed for the cathedral, and Jews and evangelical Protestants still have it.

Meanwhile our Bishop (now that Grant is in exile and Guthrie in eclipse) beams with brotherly love. Whether, in the view of a High-Church bishop, Jews can be saved, is a question I am not competent to consider; but at least they have their reward here below. The gloomy Dean Inge, when in New York last year, asked why the Jews should want to rebuild Zion; let them rather, he suggested, build a new Temple of Solomon in New York. With laudable promptitude Doctor Manning came to the defense of the persecuted people; "the broadmindedness and public spirit of the Jews of this city have been conspicuously shown"—how? You have guessed it. "By their generous gifts to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine." Doctor Manning even went so far as to risk the charge of platitudinarianism; "many," he added, "of my best friends are Jews."

And for a compliment on the other side, one may refer to the Reverend Doctor Billy Sunday, who has spoken with approval of the cathedral—"a big church"—and of its builder. "Bishop Manning is one of the finest fellows going. He is true blue, foursquare on God and the Bible."

One pious hope has not been realized; before the drive started Doctor Manning declared that "the building of the cathedral will not in any way lessen the support given to other good causes, but will have the opposite effect." In fact, the cathedral campaign practically sank, for months, the ten-million-dollar drive for the Presbyterian Hospital, since salvaged from the depths by great effort; and most ironically that campaign was in the hands of the same firm of money raisers who got their due profit out of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. But the cathedral is the house of God; the hospital, serving only man, could well be compelled to wait.

Meanwhile the cathedral rises, a monument to the man of vision who got contributions from all people for a house of prayer owned by only one per cent of the people, who put religion over in a big way. It will be a beautiful building, if you like Gothic architecture; an impressive building, if you do not require architecture that expresses something of the life around it. Beyond doubt, the hopes and prayers and sacrifices of thousands of humble Christians, the true salt of the earth, have gone into it; people who know what their cathedral means to them and have never read the legal tortuosities of the Bishop's reply to Rockefeller. And beyond doubt some spiritual uplift has been felt by evangelical clergymen who hug to their bosoms the condescension of those three interdenominational services, by Jews who reflect that the bishop counts them among his best friends.

In the fullness of time our Bishop (he may be an Archbishop by then) will be gathered to his reward; but the cathedral will remain. Perhaps his monument may be more enduring than his brass.

THE MATCHMAKER

A STORY

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

"REALLY, not another cup?" Madeline lifted the silver teapot, glancing towards fat Mrs. Muncaster who sat, a great complicated bundle of furs and silks, on her left.

"No, my dear. I should love another, but I mustn't."

Madeline set down the teapot, raising her eyebrows in hypocritical reproach. The moment of Mrs. Muncaster's departure seemed, by her refusal, to be brought perceptibly nearer. There was hope now that she would be gone before five o'clock when Basil had promised to look in. But next moment that hope receded suddenly, for Mrs. Muncaster leaned back in her chair and put her head on one side.

"I shall not be happy, my dear," she said, "until you are married."

"Married?" Madeline received the suggestion with surprise. "But why should I marry?"

"Why should you *not?* That's what I want to know. You're everything that a wife ought to be and you're beautiful into the bargain. And the years are slipping by, you know, my dear; you ought not to postpone it much longer. Thirty-three, is it, or thirty-four?"

"Still," persisted Madeline, "why marry if one doesn't want to? *I*, for example, don't want to." *Liar*, she said to herself, *liar;* and Mrs. Muncaster, too, reproached her:

"But you *must* want to. Every woman wants to. It's natural to want to settle down and make a home for oneself; and a home, my dear, includes a husband."

Madeline smiled but made no reply. Her impatience was becoming more and more acute. What a disaster that Mrs. Muncaster should have called on the very afternoon that Basil was coming, and *this* afternoon of all. Perhaps if she were to let the conversation flag, Mrs. Muncaster would go; and so she sat, gazing into the fire, listening to the clock ticking on the mantelpiece, and silently urging Mrs. Muncaster. "Go. Go. Get up. You want to get up and go *now*." Surely she could drive in the idea of departure if she let her mind concentrate hard enough on the old woman. She raised her eyes to the clock. In a quarter of an hour he would arrive; he was always punctual to the second; and if, when he arrived, he found Mrs. Muncaster here, he would probably make himself extravagantly pleasant to her for ten minutes and then suddenly and unexpectedly depart. "A surfeit of Mother Muncaster comes over one so suddenly," he had once said to Madeline. Madeline had laughed. "But, after all," she had replied, "she's a kind old thing."—"Oh, a good sort, I admit. And kind, certainly: too kind. One flees, in the end, to avoid suffocation by kindness—to rescue the shreds of one's individuality."

It was true, perfectly true, Madeline thought now as she sat staring at the fire. The kindness of the polar bear. She groaned inwardly. "Oh, go, woman; for God's sake, go."

But Mrs. Muncaster was smiling protectively. "Well, I am doing my best for you: you may be sure of that."

Madeline emerged from her reverie. "Your best for me?"

"To get you married."

Madeline felt suddenly afraid. Had this meddlesome old woman actually been talking to men about her? So far from helping things, she might very easily ruin everything for her by sheer clumsy importunity.

Mrs. Muncaster pursed her lips and nodded her head. "Yes, my dear. I've even chosen the man."

A terrible apprehension chilled Madeline to the heart; it was all she could do to assume a smile of indifference.

"And who is he, if I may ask?"

Mrs. Muncaster shook a finger. "Ah, that's my business."

Beneath the surface Madeline was furiously angry. She longed to seize the old thing and smother her in her own furs. If Mrs. Muncaster had been suggesting things to men, the men would very likely conclude that it was by Madeline's own wish, a feminine conspiracy. The old woman would simply be making a fool of her. Except for that, her intrusive benevolence did not matter, unless . . . Madeline suddenly went cold all over . . . unless she had been attacking Basil on the subject. Under a calm and gaily cynical exterior Basil would be horrified. His independence, his extreme sensitiveness, would leap away from anything—from Mozart, from Blake, from all he most loved—if Mrs. Muncaster were to press it upon him. Five minutes to five. "Get up, old woman. Get up and go away. It's late. You're wanted at home."

To Madeline's delight Mrs. Muncaster responded. She got up and held out her hand. The magic had worked at last, but only just in time, for it was two minutes to five when she drove away.

Madeline, left alone, stood by the fireplace, one elbow on the mantelpiece. Her heart was fluttering; every nerve was tense with suppressed excitement. And yet, why? After all, the whole thing might be simply her own imagination. She and Basil had been friends for so long: why, now, should their relation change? Probably it was she herself who had begun to change and so had read into their last meeting things which, from Basil's point of view, were not there. And yet, surely he *had* been different. It had begun with his arrival: he had held her hand so much longer than usual. "It's always such a relief to come to see you," he had said.—"After . . . whom?" she had asked with a laugh.—"After Mrs. Muncaster and the rest of the crew. They're hopeless. I give them up."—"All of them?"—"Yes, every Jack one of them. They're all right for a time. Occasionally I actually feel a sort of craving for Mrs. Muncaster: her stupidity, her kindness, her absurd overestimation of her own importance are all, in some curious way, lovable. Then, one morning, I wake up with a loathing, a real first-class hatred, for the whole pack of them. If only I were a Borgia I would order their instant murder."—"And next day, perhaps, you'd be sorry."—"No doubt a little sorry. But in the end, really glad. If it wasn't for you, I should have left this place long ago. Really, I mean it." He had put out his hand as if to take her arm, hesitated, and shyly let it fall again. Surely all this had meant something more than their old friendship? Yet it might so easily have been herself: for she, certainly, had lately begun to feel so much more than mere friendship for Basil, and that, undoubtedly, might lead her to misinterpret him, to read through different eyes what was really the same as it had always been. But no: when he had said good-by and had held her hand in both his own, begging to be allowed to come again soon—sooner than usual: that, surely, was real enough and different enough.

The front-door bell rang, sending her

heart to her throat. In a few minutes the problem would be solved one way or the other.

He came in, brisk, cheerful, face and collar as usual miraculously clean, with the same refreshing boyishness which she always discovered anew every time she met him. She held out her hand.

"You're just too late for . . . whom do you guess?"

"I don't have to guess. I know. Mother Muncaster."

"You saw her."

"No, I didn't. But fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the smell of her detestable eau-de-cologne. Does she put it on, do you think, because she likes it or because she imagines other people like it?"

Madeline thought. "From pure habit, I should think, as she puts on her petticoat. Then you don't like eau-de-cologne?"

"Not since I knew Mother Muncaster."

Madeline laughed, but there was a weight at her heart, for she knew already —knew by some subtle and infallible sense the moment he entered the room— that her golden expectations were unfounded. Except for a trace of unwonted nervousness, he was the same, exactly the same friendly creature, as he had always been. As for the nervousness, she realized that it was not the suppressed excitement of passion but merely a slight embarrassment—the embarrassment of someone reclaiming a debt from a friend. The maid came in with fresh tea.

"I gather," Madeline remarked as she filled his cup, "that Mrs. Muncaster is under a cloud."

Basil nodded. "A heavy one."

"Heavier than usual?"

"A pea-soup fog, and one that is likely to be permanent."

"Dear me, and what has she been up to this time?"

"Oh, nothing special. Just her usual damned kindness in an aggravated form. Plunging in, so to speak, where elephants fear to tread." Suddenly he became serious. "She hasn't, by any chance . . ." he hesitated for a moment with his eyes fixed upon hers, "she hasn't been saying anything about me to you?"

"About you? No, nothing." Although what she said was perfectly true, Madeline blushed scarlet as she said it.

Basil's eyes turned away. "That's all right," he said briefly. And suddenly Madeline knew that he suspected her of complicity with Mrs. Muncaster. Yes, that was what had happened: Mrs. Muncaster had been pressing her upon Basil, and he believed that she had known it and acquiesced. What was she to do? She must disillusion him somehow; for such behavior would seem to Basil, as it seemed to her, contemptible, a betrayal of their mutual freedom and privacy. And with Mrs. Muncaster, of all people! She raised her eyes to find his fixed on her again.

"You're sure?" he asked.

"Quite sure." She met his gaze without flinching. Still, she could see, he was not satisfied. Why, oh, why, wouldn't he tell her everything? If only he would explain what had happened, she would be able to clear herself convincingly. She watched his face, hoping that he would begin; but he sat silent, staring at the carpet with knitted brows. But not for long. Soon he roused himself and began to chatter in his brisk way of other things. It was horrible: worse, much worse, than if he had broken out and abused her. She tried, but in vain, to chatter back. Her attention was absorbed by the pit that gaped between them and she could not disguise her suffering. Her mouth felt stiff and drawn; even the sound of her voice was changed. What was she to do? How could she make him believe her? He rose to go, his face still clouded. Despair came over her: if she let him go now, perhaps he would never come back.

Then, as she took his hand, she had an inspiration. It was dangerous and it was a lie, at least one word of it was a lie; but, knowing him as she did, she believed it was the only hope.

"Now that you're going," she said, "I'll confess that, when you came, I was very much afraid you were going to propose to me."

His face cleared instantly and next moment his mouth curled into the humorous, boyish smile which, for her, was the expression most typical of him.

"Bless my soul," he said, "what next?" Then, as he turned to go, he glanced back and she knew that she had succeeded. "Will you be in next Wednesday," he asked, "at the usual time?"

I'VE NEVER BEEN TO WINKLE

BY VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS

I'VE never been to Winkle, but
Well I know
What I shall find if
Ever I go—
A rose-hung door that is
Trying to hide
From a gay little pathway
(Not too wide)
With border of cockles,
Marigold, gilliflower,
Blue periwinkle, and
London Pride

My little house in Winkle has a
Roof of thatch,
Where silvery lichens
Cling and catch
The fluttering gold that
Every breeze
Shakes from the tall
Laburnum trees.
And musk and marjoram,
Lavender, honeysuckle,
Drift through the lattice,
Just to please.

I'll never go to Winkle! I
Never could bear
To find that my little house
Never was there.
So I'll dream by the fire when the
Day has died,
Of a gay little pathway
(Not too wide)
With border of cockles,
Marigold, gilliflower,
Blue periwinkle, and
London Pride.

AMAZONS OF FREEDOM

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

AMONG the quaint diversions of ancient society was the inspirational tête-à-tête. Such was the poverty of the rude times down to about 1913 that frequently, even with the beautiful and the damned, there was nothing else to do.

The vested rights of younger generations in family automobiles had not yet been fully established, and few families owned automobiles. It appeared inappropriate to dance except when a large and definitely invited crowd was present, and Terpsichore had not yet learned to shake her shoulders to the family phonograph in languorous twosomes. The "movies" still lacked respectability, while the legitimate theater in middle-sized cities could seldom be depended on for the type of entertainment the fair one's mother approved of. The lure of church sociabilities was lost upon a generation ethically skeptical and conservatively inclined toward a virtuous paganism. Cards suggested, not as a rule haphazard foursomes, but a group large enough to sustain the pretensions of a "party."

So one sat with her by glowing coal grates in winter, in the fragrant, vine-cooled recesses of the front porch in summer, and talked about self-improvement.

The modish procedure, if a weakening memory serves me right, was for the lady to begin it. Within the limits of decorous speech she was allowed an almost insatiable curiosity concerning masculine moral problems. It was part of the fashionable illusion that what the sexes needed was to understand each other better.

So she would inquire what "a man" got out of the brutal and cynical pleasures peculiar to the sex, and the victim would reply that he got very little but that often in his bitter longing for sustaining feminine comradeship he felt—oh, hell, what's the use?

She would reprove him with grave gentleness for the oath and the cynical outlook that inspired it, and entice him with a hint that they could become even better "friends" if he would only strive a little harder to be what a girl thought a man ought to be. If he was reasonably enamored, he would achieve an air of sheepish exaltation and hint that maybe he would.

Then would ensue a long bargaining contest at the end of which she had bound herself to give him her next forthcoming photograph and write him once a week when he went back to college, and he had bound himself not to sin against the second commandment, not to smoke more than one pipe and two cigarettes daily, not to drink except at fraternity initiations and after the big football game, to treat all women with the respect due a "good pal," and not to be unnecessarily cynical about religion and the established institutions.

The agreement would be sealed with a hand-clasp which attempted a hearty man-to-man swagger, but which, to accepted club usage, would have seemed a trifle fervent. They would part, thrilled at the discovery that the process, with its glamorous confidences, had taken hours, and he would walk home in the blissful certainty that now at last he was making progress.

Sociologically, no doubt, these early years of the century should be described as the age of the "good pal" in American sex relationship. The young virgin had put off the coyness, the simpering reserves, the sniffy innocence of the Victorian era. She prided herself on sharing in all male sports that were physiologically attainable, slapped us on the back and "rough-housed" with us in an ostentatiously sexless cameraderie, talked pertly of her equal powers and the equal rights coming to her, and almost wept that she could not be a man and play football and Rooseveltian politics. Yet, under these symbols of equality, the old inferiority sense of woman persisted —and controlled.

While she golfed and swam and boyishly bantered with us, the "good pal" heard the voices of a hundred generations of mothers in subjection, telling her that somehow she must put us, and keep us, in the wrong.

This she did, not by prayers and fainting fits and by keeping mincingly aloof from our indelicate sphere, as her grandmother had done, but by pawing over our rakish lives in order to reform us. No doubt we needed it. But unfortunately the "good pal's" idea of reforming us was usually to make us conform to something. We were to imitate her own set of virtues as far as possible—was it not the day when the "single standard" was rife in the headlines? After that, we were to pattern ourselves a little on Marcus Aurelius; a little on the official campus hero who, without ever having resorted to liquor, profanity, or a critical viewpoint, managed simultaneously to be football captain, prom chairman, and president of the university Christian brotherhood; and a little on the masterful young business executives of the times with their jaws set over problems of personal efficiency and compulsory uplift. The "good pal" had spent a good deal of effort warping her feminine soul to the technic of sexless cameraderie, and she intended to make us pay for it.

Consequently, when she led her captives to the altar, the "good pal" became the legally established inspirer of the Bull Moose, Rotarian and prohibition-for-efficiency's-sake conventions, as well as the bride of her husband. While her dominion was at its height, the prospect that the American male should receive from his women any impulse to recover lost freedom of speech and conduct seemed as remote as that Charles the Second and Nell Gwynn should be crowned king and queen of the May in Emporia, Kansas.

Yet just around the corner of social history lurked a creature as devastating to the "good pal's" standardizing achievements as Voltaire to the political orthodoxies of the Bourbons. The flapper did not even wait to become the "good pal's" eldest daughter. She was her younger sister, and sometimes, so swift and compelling was the revolution, the "good pal" became a flapper herself.

II

I doubt, though, if the revolution was so melodramatically fortuitous as it appeared to the horrified spectators. However far apart in their ostensible conventions, the "good pal" and the flapper were close together in the spirit. The "good pal" was in the business of getting her equal capacities recognized by men and her equal rights granted her. There had been just the tiniest doubt in her mind as to whether her claims upon equality were justified. To prove their justice, she overproved it by aggressively asserting an unnatural and superficial moral superiority at all costs.

Then, while the flapper was making her insouciant way to and through adolescence, the "good pal" finished the job. By the time the dangerous little sister reached the age of intellectual discrimination, equal capacities were acknowledged her as a matter of course, and equal rights were assured. Hence, first of all generations of women since the Amazons, the flapper grew up without

an inferiority sense based on sex. The obscure demon might taunt her to fantastic courses as a person—as it has taunted men to murder, or the White House. But it could no longer taunt her as a member of a class of weaker vessels, of darling but restrained dependents. The flapper felt no need either to emphasize her sex with an elaborate ritual of delicacy or to hide it in a misleading ritual of man-to-man comradeship. She merely accepted it as she accepted her matter-of-course equality of rights and endowments with the genial and openly confessed idea of making the most of it. She was so sure of being as good as her boy friends that she felt no need of pretending to be something refiningly better.

So, whereas the "good pal" had joined in the sports of her suitors with the aim of improving them—and kept out of and deprecated other sports with the idea that they were hopeless—the flapper joined in them all with the idea of finding out what they were like and enjoying them.

What was the good of this equality stuff, she questioned in her most equalitarian argot, if it didn't bring home the bacon? Her boy friends relished liquor, tobacco, profanity, risqué stories, and a degree of amorous experience not necessarily leading to the altar. The flapper tried them all, and found, with about as many individual exceptions as have occurred historically among males, that their traditional thrills had been veraciously represented.

She found, moreover, that however much trouble her career gave her in evading parents, boarding-school preceptresses, and campus monitors, the brutal warnings of pulpit, the etiquette books and the perfect-behavior columns of the newspapers were based upon the illusions of self-denying. Her proposals and the success of rivals with a like technic in the matrimonial market proved satisfactorily that her unconventional course did not frighten away the mating instinct. In fact, the error of these virtuous people who told her that she would cease to be desirable to desirable young men because she petted, drank, and cultivated a sophisticated Rabelaisian mode simply encouraged her defiance.

Whether she was "respected" or not made little difference. Respect was a cold word anyhow, and she had with her boy friends a frank, free, fully understanding comradeship which was probably what respect was meant to be instead of this squeamish moral vanity her elders were always talking about. True, as her young men friends recognized, there was such a thing as being a rotter, and one was penalized for it in both sex camps. But in the new relationship one knew quite concretely what being a rotter was, and it was easier to avoid when faced without reticence, or even innocence.

So the flapper danced into life, not determined to justify herself by resisting and correcting its forces and rhythms, but to delight herself by moving with them. Thereby the social settlements, the Woman's Party, the ladies' literary circles, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and all the characteristically feminine movements for uplift, reform, rights, and organized culture may have lost some of the young recruits which past statistics suggested were coming to them. But these organizations had done—not to say overdone—their work of clamping down the restrictions of the standardized social conscience upon the willing and the unwilling. In the record of the past seventy-five years historians of several generations will surely find enough ladies to thank for the painful service of improving the racial morals with new compulsions. What was badly needed in the 1920's was a generation of ladies—not too perfect ladies—who would do something to preserve the members of the race as persons.

Suddenly, then, this horde of lithe and more or less swaggering young Amazons darted in among the serried

lines of victorious standardizers and began to do the job. No wonder the ranks trembled with a sense of acute outrage.

A charge from the organized legions of evil, they could have understood. Raising some such war song as a Federated Club's resolution or "The Brewers Big Horses," they had hurled back such onslaughts before. But the strictly unmilitary nonchalance of the flapper's maneuver brought to bear upon them a contempt they could neither comprehend nor fight against. The allurements of bare knees, avowed sex-consciousness, joyously sensual hedonism, of insolent self-reliance and self-determination in speech and conduct worked like an irresistible enemy propaganda within the ranks. Vaguely the army of the compulsory virtues realized that each of these young and seductive ambushers was as prophetic a figure in American sociology as the late Mrs. Carrie Nation. But nothing could be done about it. The ambushers could not be killed or jailed. They were the daughters and sisters of the army's *corps d'élite*, and besides they were charming. They could not be squelched, they were too casual. The generals could think of no strategy but impotent scolding, which damaged prestige and morale simultaneously, and furthermore gave the ambushers the opportunity to inflict the supreme humiliation of treating the army as though it were not.

Starting with the almost wholesale deserting of the young male recruits, the army began to disintegrate, and the end is not yet.

III

Fortunately, all but one out of a hundred thousand of the ambushers, if informed that they had a high social and political mission and were sociologically as significant as the late Mrs. Nation, would inquire how one got that way, and who was Mrs. Nation anyhow. Or they would invite one to have a drink out of the hip flask Bill left behind in the wee hours of this morning, and forget it. Or, if the speaker were of a suitable age for such diversions, he might be told that a little loving was a good cure for what ailed him. Or the subject would be tactfully changed to something more comprehensible—with the remark, for instance, that a group of ambushers had "got a thrill" out of attending the Reverend Mr. Blazer's "Win One" service last night, not because they took stock in the young man's zealous fundamentalism, but because he was "such a sweet damn fool to look at."

I say fortunately, because the essence of the flapper's service for the ancient freedoms lies in her seizing them and making use of them, rather than in self-consciously forgetting them. She is the active, rather than the conversational principle of liberty and individualism—which is excellent, because in fifteen decades of independence we have talked about liberty and individualism so much, and used them so little, that we have almost talked them out of the republic. The flapper asserts herself not by talking the logic of liberals but by being free.

That is the way with Connie and prohibition. Connie is by no means a lowbrow. Her comments on her contemporaries are famous in her circle for their wit and penetration. A few years ago in college she made a distinguished record in psychology. She is chattily at home in sophisticated literature, including that of the eighteenth century as well as that of to-day. She shrewdly suspects the indignation of the aging "young intellectuals" with commerce-chambered mental processes of being "naïve," and wonders why such "obvious" books as *Main Street* and *Babbitt* should ever have been written.

It merely happens that American political development fails to interest her. I fancy after a brief survey of the discrepancies between liberal traditions and current prohibitions and between the prohibitions and their enforcement, she

has concluded that such an hypocritical chaos is unworthy of a sane young woman's interest. It seems less morbid to keep up with the latest offerings of the Three Mountain Press and the more modish dance steps.

However, I encountered her on a dull afternoon when there was nothing better to get excited about than the season's newspaper polls on prohibition. What did they mean, she inquired of male authority, by all of this light wine and beer stuff?

In my best academic manner I explained the project for amending the Volstead Act and the difficulties of reconciling any really satisfactory amendment with the Eighteenth Amendment. She listened wanderingly.

"How tiresome," she said, when I had finished. "Now if you'll promise never to mention such complicated matters to me again, I'll give you a drink."

An older generation, sharing her convictions that one's beverage preferences were no subject for public interference, would have submitted the argument that this is, and of right ought to be, a free country. Connie was content merely to produce an excellent cocktail and make it free.

Similarly, when a community of which I have knowledge allowed itself to become exasperated over the question of permitting dancing in the high school, Connie's set refused to admit wrath or partisanship or anything but scornful amusement. The elders fulminated heartily against one another in the press and in private discussions, and there was even a public debate. What right had one faction to limit the use of school buildings by its religious prejudices? argued the liberals. Fundamentalists insisted on being told what right had anybody to use school buildings, built with their money, to debauch their sons and daughters. Ministers aired unexpectedly intimate sex observations from the pulpit. One ferocious member of the brotherhood proclaimed that ninety per cent of the modern dances came "out of the brothel," only to be challenged by the town's liberal newspaper to tell how he came by such sophistication.

But although the citizenship past the fervent dancing stage confused the clamor of the billingsgate with the sword thwacks of Armageddon, Amazons still blooming enough to attend high-school dances with the friends of their younger brothers merely snickered. They hoped the reverend pastor who mentioned brothels knew what he was talking about and had got "a kick out of life sometime." They devised a whole series of mocking group allusions out of the sermon which another pulpit sex psychologist preached virtually from the text—"a girl's first sensation at the touch of a man is repulsion." They knew better and admitted it.

Even on the day when the daring member of the school board who had suggested the terrifying innovation retreated and it became evident that the fundamentalists had won, the flappers remained flippantly unconcerned.

"What difference does it make?" inquired one of their unofficial spokesmen. "If we had to have dances in the high school, there'd be a lot of hard-boiled old hens, male and female, standing around the doors sniffing at us for traces of gin and keeping us from stepping out for air with our boy friends. . . . Now we can keep on dancing where we please, and doing what we please."

It is a cold and calculating, even a cynical, interest which this young person has in her individual liberty. But it is a personal rather than a political interest.

What does she care if such elderly thinkers as Mr. Darrow and Mr. Dudley Field Malone are worried about "anti-ape law"; if Governor Ritchie frets about federal tyranny and prohibition; if Sunday motorists rage at the prospect of shutting the service stations on Sunday with blue laws; if the intelligentsia of Little Rock is alarmed at ordinances forbidding jokes on religion and the Eighteenth Amendment? You can't get her excited about these things, you

can rarely get her even to consider them.

To her liberty is merely a matter of being able to get a drink when she wants it, of being able to dance on the Sabbath, and to burlesque the town's current revival, whether there be any law against it or not. She is too practical, too disillusioned, to be concerned, like her suffragist aunts, with a liberty meticulously guaranteed by statutes and constitutions. She demands a liberty which works regardless of the current fashions in legal phraseology. And by asserting it she gets it.

IV

So she faces, and demoralizes the restraints which are not of the law but of the social conventions.

Mothers of the late Victorian vintage, sisters of the good-pal era, brought her up in traditions that her speech should never be stained by indiscretion, her charms never cheapened by familiarity. But it was no good.

"Mother missed a lot if she really never necked," she philosophizes with cheerful worldliness.

"Sex is funny," she announces with a somewhat naïve air of discovery, "just as much as it is thrilling and romantic and the demon home-wrecker and all that." And she produces an anecdote that fifteen years ago would have been reserved for gentlemen only even in the fast young married set.

Is dignity lost in the processes? "What do you mean, dignity?" she demands with some irritation. "I can still tell 'em where to get off, can't I, and that's what counts, isn't it?" She goes on to explain that old-fashioned dignity was just a form of inferiority complex, anyway—a girl's confession that she wasn't up to facing life on its own terms. Hence, when the sweet and wholesome sister felt her dignity slipping, she often didn't know how to tell anybody when to get off. She was tied up in an elaborate code of manners, reserves, and discretions, and when the code was fractured she became panic-stricken and did not know how to take care of herself. The flapper hasn't the code, hasn't the dignity with its liability of shame panics, and hence is ready at all times for all emergencies.

In this, as in all her other attitudes toward the inherited traditions, she is concerned with life instead of with preserving fictions; with realities, not abstractions. She begins with the fundamental conviction that she is, not a stereotype of her mother's, her brother's, her fiancé's, or her campus conventions, but herself.

The essence of her freedom of the spirit is that she will not take things for granted. If passion and physical sensation and gusty Rabelaisian humors are a part of full living, she will know them, not by resolute abhorrence or sly prurience, but by test. She will be her mother's friend and confidante if the relationship proves stimulating and agreeable. If not, she will avoid intimacy with indifference, foil control measures with deception, or defeat them with open rebellion and hostility.

Whatever she does, she will not forfeit her title to live her own life through any mawkish sentimentality that she ought to love the family because they are the family. She will win their friendship and let them win hers on the same basis on which all enduring friendships must be won outside the blood ties—the basis of mutual tolerance for differences of personal codes, personal tastes, and differences of individuality itself. Her loyalty is worth having, but it can be held only by letting her go her own way. Scolding and orders in family council will no more make her the happy homebody than the Volstead Act will make her a patriot.

The commendable point about her is that she is not prone to scold and deliver orders in council herself. The "good pal" often took it upon herself to reform her parents in all things from the dinner service to outlook on the labor problem. Thereby the domestic discomfort of the Bull Moose era was often painful to contemplate. The flapper's parents

may be dowdy in social formalities, teetotalers in personal morals, prudes in conversation, fundamentalists in theology, and Blaine Republicans in politics. The daughter of their old age will admire them for their individuality and love them for their quaintness. "Dear old duds," she will say, "it's the way they want to be, and it's their business." She'll keep her hands off if they will.

Similarly, she grants complete freedom to her contemporaries. Her own individuality may require her to be a flapper of the standardized pleasure-seeking model, but it does not bother her at all that her best friend takes a prize for an essay on the Greek dramatists at Bryn Mawr. The "good pal" with her cult of the normal and the average would have thought this rather unwholesome.

Even virtue doesn't appall her. "Martha's six hundred per cent pure," said one of the sophisticates lately in warning a group of young men friends that a party for her out-of-town guest was to stay inside the limit. "She won't drink, smoke, swear, or swap hot ones. But it's all right. She just wants herself to be that way, not everybody else."

So when that formidable relic of the "good pal" era, the president of the Student Government Association at Smith College, proceeded last year to lecture the "superior group" for the unforgivable crime of standing aloof from the campus activities—the endless, stereotyped play at being journalists, Christian leaders, class politicians, musicians, college-spirit fanatics, and the dismally serious farce of the athletic games with the play spirit left out,—the flapper cohorts did not even deign to answer. They had their freedom to read the Restoration drama and the horrors of M. Fantasius Malaire as the spirit moved them. No training-table rule could succeed in restraining them from injudicious meals at odd hours; no faculty edicts could take away cigarets between classes and teacups; no passion for the college's dignity kept them from entertaining attractive young men after hours. All they asked was a chance to lead their own lives and be themselves, and they were getting it.

Therefore, let the voice of the standardizing complex of the American campus have the freedom to say all the words it wanted. They were simply interested in having their liberty, not in the academic opinions of some serious-minded young female on the scandal of their using it.

V

Her appearance is providential or not, according as you estimate the interest of Providence in the social and political tendencies of a minor planet. In any case, her advent was dramatic, her presence and her activity devastating where devastation was needed.

In a society whose conformity instincts were gradually throttling all tendencies toward variety in speech and opinion and conduct, where the sole test of an act or a conclusion was—will average minds approve of it?; where law itself was being enlisted to make dissent a crime and standardization compulsory, the flapper suddenly appeared with her casual and disdainful determination to lead her own life and be herself. More important still, she proved at once that no law and no convention could stop her. Dissenting martyrs are no doubt noble examples, but real liberties are secured and maintained by those who stay out of jail and give a tone to society.

In the critical struggle between liberty and mass domination to-day these Amazons of freedom are staying out of jail and giving American society a tone of defiant individualism. A reckless and ostentatious individualism it may have been on occasions, and even at times shoddy. Anyway, it is an individualism which works. It works not only for the flapper herself. It works for those whom she satirically styles her "boy friends," it works for her father and his cronies, it works for her mother and the new

middle-aged dancing sets. One even meets with occasional evidence that fresh yeast of personal independence is fermenting in the soul of a bishop. Contrasting it with the conditions of twenty years ago, all civilized life in America today seems because of the flapper more human, more at home with whatever may attract it in the way of thought or pleasure, less self-conscious, more free.

So I am inclined to take with a grain of salt those prophecies of her early disappearance with which the residual sociologists of the standardizing epoch so frequently flatter hope. As her example spreads by an agreeable contagion through all society that is in any way amenable to free influences, her presence may become less spectacular. When she has so many imitators, the luster of her unconventionality becomes diffused. With her growing assurance that she can maintain the liberties which she snatched from the teeth of compulsory conformity, she herself may be modifying her technic away from the sensational in the direction of casualness. But the lure of her charm, her youth, and her independence still appears to be winning her allies. She may be noticed less, but she is not less numerous or less effective, because there are every day fewer to stare at her as a barbarous curiosity, every day fewer to scold.

At any rate, so long as we remain politically at the mercy of opinionated dervishes yearning to write their personal preferences in theology, patriotism, manners, and private conduct into the fundamental laws of the republic, we need her. To paraphrase the typewriter-testing formula, the twentieth century is the time for all unconventional girls to come to the aid of their country. It needs a force too subtly disdainful to bandy brawling arguments with mass tyranny, but able and determined to checkmate it as only youth's casual scorn for the ugliness and the sterile limitations of crabbed age can. Whether she thinks of herself as useful or not, so long as that menace lasts, she will be. Quite possibly the twenty-first century will prove fit for free white persons to live in only if it finds occasion to chisel on civic monuments to rakish great-grandmothers—"They saved what 1776 won."

TWO LIVES

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

I HAD got to be a doctor, a man of science, and I took a tiny creature of the Lord—an intense condensation of His mystery, a thing so small it sat with comfort in the palm of my hand—and I cut into its skull and removed a tip of its brain. Science has not got much by that, but possibly a few rats have; for he taught me, that little white rat, and I have changed my mind about many things.

The little white rat survived my cunning. There was no mutilation of any function that is commonly said to lodge in the brain. His thought was clear, his spirit brave, he could delicately guide the animate body, and his length of life seemed even increased, for he reached what in our terms is a hundred years.

The moon to-night is full and flooding through the window. He runs from his chamber—a box that I have set at one end of my roll-top desk—to his granary, a drawer on the other side and below. Back and forth, back and forth. He has been running that way for a month of nights. In the day he sleeps; only with the darkening he opens his amber nervous eyes, casts about him, wonders what he missed while away, then yawns, a mighty yawn, and scratches like a mountebank by the side of his ear, and scrubs his face. Scrubs rather his head, the whole of it, uses both hands and the lengths of his arms. And now he cleans his tail, cleans that particularly, knowing that never a healthy rat but has a clean one. Then back and forth, and back and forth, and back and forth again.

Suddenly he stops, just in the middle of the top of the desk, and one would say he was porcelain, did he not sway and lean far out. It is the moon. He is bathed in the moon's flood. He is struck. He is queer.

She I bring to him is a tiny thing. In the half-dark she trembles like a patch of that very moonlight. She rushes, in these first hours, explores all this new, is pleased, is pleased, but vouchsafes him no solitary glance. He is gone to his corner. He watches steadily from there.

I had said they might have the top of the desk and the upper of the three drawers. He had always kept to that. But she now lives everywhere. She bites her way through the back of one drawer, lets herself hang and drop and, by that strategy, coming thus from the rear, is in possession of all. I capitulate. I remove my belongings. Immediately she shifts all things, all his possessions, one leap from the top to where I drive my distracted pen, another leap to the drawer, and thereafter subterranean grumblings and thuds and perturbations.

He cannot understand it—this fine slender woman, that she should be so material. What can she think of doing with it all? What does she dream?

I cannot understand either. His bedding, his food, my pencils, my pens, the cork of my ink bottle, the eraser with the chewable rubber at one end and the chewable tuft of brush at the other. Hour after hour, diagonally across my work she goes, her head held high to keep what she carries above her flying feet; in human distances it must be twenty

miles. Certainly, something more than the tiny burnings of that tiny body animate that machine. Only late does she tire. She looks where he huddles uncovered in his bare chamber. She seems to think him over. She seems to come to a conclusion. Unequivocably she waddles toward him, delivers him a bump, and drops her head, is ostensibly asleep. He cannot sleep. He does not even close his eyes, squats there motionless, almost breathless, is afraid he may disturb her. Personality remains the great miracle.

I pick up the few gnawed bits of my belongings, turn out the light.

II

Three weeks ago was the wedding. So soon as I arrived this morning she made me comprehend that it was newspaper she wanted. I brought her a newspaper. She put her foot on it, as if to establish possession, then looked at me hard.

"A single newspaper? Ridiculous." That was plain as speech.

I brought her an armful.

All day long she stuck to the job, did not eat, did not drink. I placed food and drink before her. She ran round them. When I persisted, she ran through them, trailed the yellow egg.

The paper she tore into strips. She leaped with the strips to the drawer, and there continued the tearing, each strip into small squares. By noon an inch of squares bedded the bottom of the drawer. By evening, three inches. By midnight, five. And now, shortly after, she settles herself to rest. Still she has not eaten. I beg her again. She only turns her head.

Poor husband, he has stayed well to one side. Now and then he has tried to tear a little paper too. It was not in his character, a big bulging character. But he has not let himself sleep. And not to sleep in the day is unprecedented, and now it is late at night, and still he does not sleep. This new young wife has made great changes in our ways, his and mine. A hush lies over all the establishment. I sit before the desk, but cannot work. She sits by my side. She is thinking her thoughts. And so is he. And so am I.

Next morning mother and father are moving about. Mother is thin and tired. They are thirteen, if I count them right, they wiggle and worm and topple and tumble. She will not eat even now, and he does not find it easy either. He is bewildered. How can anything like that have happened? I try to explain to him, though I do not rightly understand myself, and to see it thus before me, I confess, makes it less understandable than ever. I tell him that too, and he climbs heavily out of the drawer, and on to my arm, and in my pocket hides his confused head.

By evening, however, he has talked it over with her, and she has told him something that I could not tell him, and in consequence he is licking her, and she is licking them, and he is so interested in what he is doing that he steps all over her, and she is so interested in what she is doing that she steps all over them, and they squeak and step over one another, the smallest the most stepped upon. No one in the heap seems able to take in the whole of the heap. That is somehow sad.

Three out of the litter I intended to leave little mother; but she would have a big family, or none. At least, she was indifferent to three. Two of them I found when I came on the fourth morning, dead. The third I never found though, fearing it might have got into some difficulty, I looked under every square of paper.

They were lovely, and I regret that they are gone. They had the color and somewhat the form of the fingers of the new-born human baby. The little pink tails between the little pink legs, the little pink legs so weak that they dragged, and the little pink tails dragged symmetrically between them. Boneless

they seemed, and sightless they were, and they kept up an aimless motion.

Mother appears unconcerned about what has happened. But I am not sure, for mother is hidden deep under her white hair, and perhaps is hidden deeper even than that. At any rate, father, who knows her better than I, is more solicitous to-day than usual. He picks her vermin with a more insistent care. She lies there very flat, spreads the maximum of surface to the smooth cool table below, and the maximum of surface to great father above. The exertion makes him pant.

As to his feelings about the babies, I believe they were mixed. Thirteen was many. And though they were lovely, it must be admitted they were restless. He was, after all, only the father.

Both are asleep. I reach into the chamber to pet the back of mother's heaving neck. She starts. She bites me. It is not much of a bite, and she is grieved, and tells me she is grieved. She probably thought that I was coming for one of the brood. She glances nervously about. She finds it hard to recollect.

III

On shipboard I had met a man from Guernsey. We talked things easy to talk, things near our hearts. I told of my rats. Then he told how the level of the olive oil dropped day after day in the thin tall bottle on the second shelf from the top in his pantry in the house in Guernsey. Oil does not dry at such a rate. So being a philosopher, he sat himself quietly before the pantry and stayed the afternoon. With dark she came, a great gray one, scaled to the highest shelf, waddled to a point directly above the bottle, studiously inserted her tail, studiously drew it forth, and licked it clean, and left by the road she came. The gentleman from Guernsey attempted to meet this ingenuity with a trap, but her interest was in oil and, that gone, she returned no more.

Whereupon I told of the skimming of the milk. I was only a boy, alone in the kitchen, and my poor mother a woman so clean, so clean, that had she known, she would in the dark have slipped to some distant apothecary, to purchase the shameful poison. This one was also great and gray, also knew where she was going. One spring to the back of the chair. One spring to the middle of the table. And there, set there every afternoon to cool, stood a flat dish of milk. Carefully she swung her stern, carefully fitted it to the rim, and, a single sweep, the job was done.

These tails, that look so rigid, and are so skillful, much could be written about them. But no one would read. "If it were not for their tails." How often have I heard a growing interest cut short with that.

To be sure, the two rats of whom I have just been telling were hungry rats, and hunger is a sharpener of the wits. Yet a rat will steal when not hungry. Mother rat will steal from my very hand. She will leap out of a sound sleep to snatch a bit of chocolate from under father's nose, and rush with it to a place of hiding. She always rushes, she never eats what I give her where I give it. One morning, finding a loaf of bread in the place where she commonly finds a slice, she tried at once to tow the loaf, but it was ten times her size, and she lacked the strength. Visibly all curiosity left her. Not able to steal it and store it, what interest in bread?

Father on the contrary never steals, and never stores, eats from my hand, as a dog eats. For certain foods he will tussel when mother tries to take the morsel out of his very mouth, but it is always as if he had forgot himself. Banana, however, is not easy to yield. He has a great partiality for banana, and there is no fairness—she not having eaten her own, having hid it away, and having immediately and confidently

ambled after his. Once I saw him make straight into his straw, bore his way in, let the banana mash about his face and, though she pushed him on one side, then pushed him on the other, and sought to drive her thin nose alongside his broad nose, he was stubborn. Only after a long time did he back out, looking very comical and feeling very ashamed.

I did not like to see him ashamed, especially when I knew it really meant nothing to her, so I divided a peanut, and called the two of them, and they came, pressed one against the other, he so big, she so slight, exquisite to see. Peanut was a new variety of food, but the excitement of that did by no means make her overlook his. He, however, poked his heavy flank into her face, pugnaciously angled his head to some point opposite her attack. Finally both settled upon their haunches, took the separate halves into their hands, and drove their tiny jaws with a speed that made one think only of their tiny hearts.

IV

Toward ten every evening mother and father take turns to bathe. I have fitted a board across the basin under the tap where the water drips one drop at a time. To be wet all over makes them very weak and very unhappy, but to catch one drop, and to wash vigorously with that, and then to catch another, that is a different matter. I look forward to it too. I never tire of seeing the way they rise from the board, and put out those marvelous little hands, and wait.

Father this morning is lying on his side, his two hands folded just under his nose, as if he had fallen asleep in prayer. There are five in the family now. The children slumber in a corner, three discreet lumps, heads tucked under, their fine glistening hair making them like the seeds of three enormous dandelions. Father's sleep is pictured with dreams, I can tell because he waves the tip of his tail, and when the dream gets too vivid he turns, settles on his belly, sidles over to where mother is sleeping on her belly. Then he scratches his head. A little later he scratches his head again. This time he wakes sufficiently to realize that though he is scratching his head, he feels nothing. Promptly he scratches again, and still feels nothing. It is a condition so peculiar that it breaks through his sleep. He opens one eye, not far, but far enough to make out what has happened, for he is not scratching his head, he is scratching mother's, she having pushed hers under his neck, and having brought it out just inside his right hand. The discovery does not anger him. It does not surprise him. Gently he puts her head aside, and scratches his own.

V

It has come of a sudden, as it does—father's aging. It is all in the last weeks. He is thin, and he walks cautiously, and he tries to show a pleasure in his lettuce he no longer feels. He is so shaky it worries me when he leaves his chamber because he cannot sleep, sits at the edge of the desk, the better in that posture to fill his hungry lungs. He has fallen several times in the past, and it might be bad with him if he fell now. Mother has fallen too. They behave very differently when they fall. Father stays where he lands, knows that if I am out of the room, sooner or later I must return, and when I do, he had better be where I shall see him, or where, if I do not see him, he can nudge my ankles to remind me. And when I am reminded he is as pleased as a puppy, enjoys how I sympathize in his misfortune. But when little mother falls she hastens at once to the most cornery corner of the room. I have pushed cases, I have lifted the boards of the floor, I have begged her for hours to come out from next a water pipe. She wants to be found, there is no question of that, and when I reach her she is most relieved, and most miserable,

but miserable, I suspect, largely because her white is a dusty blue.

To-night it is father who sits in the precarious place. He looks tottering, and he frightens me. I mention his name. He moves his tail which is hanging over the edge of the precipice. I mention his name again, and his tail moves faster. He comes to my side of the desk, stands on his two feet like a diminutive polar bear, his beads of eyes trying, ever so helplessly, to find where I am.

About two mother rouses me. Two in the morning. I am nodding over my work. There is tempest in the chamber. She is impatient, I must come at once to see, and she mounts high on her toes to be sure that I do see. Her drinking water, I have put it inside her chamber instead of out. Her drinking water she does not want inside her chamber. Deliberately she tumbles it over her bedding. And now she is enraged also at the wetness of the bedding. She wants the empty dish out. She wants the wet bedding out. She picks furiously at both. I drudge like a scolded maid.

Father grows older and older. Then one evening he leaves drawers and desk top. He goes to be an eagle. At least he goes to be an eagle, if it be true that yearning has its way. His gaze was ever at the misty edges of his universe.

I am filled with the pain of the shortness of everything. That is a common pain. But it is freshened by the shortness of this little life. His great events were a thirtieth the length of my great events, yet they make mine seem not long, but brief. When I saw his death coming, how truly frightful was the feeling that nothing could delay it. And that also is a common feeling. But this life lay in my hand, and made my helplessness seem so much more helpless. Good care and good food and good warmth would save him an uneasy week perhaps and, were I able to add all the cunning in the world, it would save him another week, perhaps. How then must I know, with a new strong draft of conviction, that gentleness and gaiety are the best of life.

He knew that. He knew how to be affectionate to his friends. To mother rat he yielded not only what she needed, but what she wanted, and what she did not want, what the sweet and lavish extravagance of her youth and sex made her wish only to cast to the winds, cast off the precipice into the dark empty spaces of the universe.

Every night in the last months we used to play a game, he and I. He had too heavy a body, and his legs were too short, and where he walked he rubbed the earth. It was difficult, therefore, to pretend to flee ahead of my hand, then abruptly in the midst of that flight to rear upon his hind legs, give the length of his body an exaggerated shiver, as in some barbaric dance, and then continue to flee. Yet that was the game.

I think of that now, I think, as one does, of everything: the night he made it plain he needed a wife, how she, nevertheless, confounded him when she came, then the litters that passed one by one, and the signs of maturity, how they passed, the signs of age, and all in my hand; he learning every day to be less the rat, excellent though that is, learning to be more and more thoughtful; and then the final sharpness, how he mastered even that, grew gentler, gentler, and one night went to be an eagle.

VI

Poor little mother! Babies gone and father gone. I describe to her how it is with father this morning, how he is off to the Peruvian mountains, and how, a short distance below the highest peak, where there is good shelter against the blasts from the south, under great warm wings, nudging his brothers and sisters, he is beginning again, is waiting, though perhaps he knows it not, for little mother.

Poor little mother! The shadowy

drawer is all she has left. I put my hand back into the dark, and she pretends my fingers are the whilom family. She scrubs them roughly one by one. She crawls under them, crawls over them, goes round the nails and up into the crotches. She scrubs them roughly, and when each is done, bites it, bumps it aside.

I talk to her. She answers out of the dark. Father would never use his voice. Hers is a kind of cluck, and after she has spoken she is quiet. And I am quiet too. Each of us has it in mind to wait on what the other will do. But she never can wait. She must at least turn round, shove her little self through a quarter of a circle, then fix me with one great glowing eye. What she sees of me with that eye I have no notion. Nor have I any notion of what she makes of what she sees, more than that it is an embodiment with which in her loneliness she finds it possible to commune.

VII

I have talked of my rats to many a person. Some have entered smilingly into my feeling. Some have bantered. Some have doubted me, have thought that I was bantering them. There was one, an oldish fellow, whose seriousness was greater even than my own. But I must hereafter be careful what I say. I was telling a very clever lady about putting my hand into the drawer, about little mother holding it for a quarter of an hour; then something made me stop, something penetrating in the lady's face. The lady was reading me. I felt it—the way one feels when one tells certain people one's dreams.

Kind lady, now that I need not at the same time look into your canny face, let me add a note to your picture. Let me say that, all the while it was teaching me I was also teaching my family what I imagine may be useful to eagles, and even beyond eagles. I was teaching it how to be fond. That may not seem much to you. You may think that all that that requires is to throw a piece of cheese, as one throws a dog a bone, or a man gold. No, at least that is not the way I did it. I did it more simply. I taught fondness by being fond myself. And when I consider, I was able to teach father with very little. It was no more than a touch as I happened near his box, and a touch as he passed me on his walk to the quarters below. Only in the last months it got to be more; his breathing then was not always easy, and that brought fears, and we sometimes must talk long talks to get over the fears.

With little mother the greater intimacy came after father died. She was in such plain need. Every night she would sit beside me, there in her drawer, immersed in a world that in moments seemed so limited, and I would look long at her, and I would feel afresh how beautiful she was, and would remember how limited most likely was my own world to the good Lord. And I would ask myself: what thoughts after all might she not be thinking? Not thoughts like mine, not severe logical incrustations like mine. Precisely what they were I should, of course, never know. But the quality of them, that I was sure was charming. I was sure it was charming because, like father, little mother had ceased in such an extraordinary way to want. Exactly as she received affection, she could do without things. Father in fact was only an ordinary rat, with the interests of an ordinary rat, in cheese and vermin and women, and then, I came. And when he died I was sorry for little mother, and being sorry proved, as so often, the prod to the backward affections, and little mother too lost all her old violences, gave up being merely a rat, and one day soared away.

HOW WE THINK: A BEHAVIORIST'S VIEW

BY JOHN B. WATSON, Ph. D., LL. D.

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ONE of the questions most frequently asked of the new and growing school of behaviorism is, "How can you make a place for thinking in your theories—how can it ever be observed objectively?"

To the antagonists of behaviorism this question is supposed to be unanswerable. Even those approaching behaviorism in a kindly way are here not very sure of their ground.

Considering the kind of philosophic juice we have all been steeped in, it *is* hard at first to follow the behaviorist. It is quite easy to understand how he can observe objectively all overt activity—such as playing golf, tennis, swimming, chopping wood, bricklaying, and the like; and to believe that very valuable results have come from work of this kind. Even so critical a student as Bertrand Russell admits that this part of the behaviorists' theory is sound. But when it comes to thinking, the behaviorists' case seems much harder to establish. The difficulty is that when thinking goes on the body seems inactive—seems not to be behaving. Thinking and related processes therefore must be done by the brain (or the mind) and not with the whole body. They must be "*mental*." The distinction between purely "mental" activity and physical activity seems to be very real to the layman.

But the behaviorist admits no such distinction. He holds that entirely too much mystery has grown up around "thinking." Since the time of the philosopher Descartes, "thought" has been put upon a pedestal. We should worship at the feet of this image but we should not try to understand its essence. *Cogito ergo sum* was Descartes' expression of obeisance. But the faulty logic in the mystical phrase "I think therefore I am" is all too obvious. It was designed just to convince the church fathers that he could provide a place for the soul in his philosophy.

Religious philosophical dogmas of this kind have long deterred us from making even a decent logical formulation of the way thinking goes on. Throughout the ages churchmen—all medicine men in fact—have kept the public under control by making them believe that whatever goes on in the world which can't be easily observed must be mysterious, must be strong medicine, something much more powerful than those things which can be observed. The motive is obvious. It is the only way the medicine man can keep control. Science almost has had to blast its way through this wall of religious protection. It has blasted successfully in the field of physical phenomena; now it is blasting in the field of biology—sometimes, as in the South, in solid rock. One can almost believe that even scientific blasting will be hopeless in clearing away misconceptions in the field of psychology—and this is especially true in the realm of thinking.

The behaviorist offers a very simple, clear, straightforward scientific theory of thought. It is so straightforward, so matter of fact, that even the introspective psychologists, who are lovers of mystery, find difficulty in understanding it—not to speak of accepting it.

The behaviorists' theory of thought hinges upon the way word habits are formed—upon word *conditioning*. Let us take the earliest word habit so far experimentally recorded—one formed at six months of age in infant B. In his babblings I often heard the sound *da*. I decided to try even at this early age to make this word *substitutible* for an object—the milk bottle. I would wait around him with the bottle behind my back until he happened to babble *da*, then I put the bottle into his mouth. This was repeated again and again. Soon he would say *da* every time I showed him the bottle. When conditioning was complete, the word *da* came to call out the *same reactions* as the sight of the bottle. If I had been silent always and his only attendant, I could have built up in this way a wholly new language in him, totally different from my own or any other known language. Instead of feeding him I could have built the word in, or conditioned it, by punishment. One of his earliest words established in this way was "hot." Crawling near a hot radiator he touched it, drew back his hand, crawled away from it, cried. Just as he touched it, I spoke aloud the word "hot." After two such accidental happenings just the word *hot* made him draw back and put his hands behind him. As soon as he went near the radiator he would cry out "hot" and draw back.

By this simple process of conditioning —showing the object and speaking aloud the word, we built up a vocabulary. As he learned to manipulate objects—orange, apple, bottle, man, dog—he learned the conventional words which he could also manipulate (say aloud, repeat again and again). Now these words soon came to call out the same reactions in the child as would the objects upon which the words are conditioned. Some of our objects arouse violent reactions. The words conditioned by these objects also arouse strong reactions—"Look out, there is a *snake* behind you"; "there is a *spider* crawling up your sleeve." Words conditioned by action-arousing situations are also potent in arousing action—"stand up," "sit down," "attention," etc. Words are thus equivalent to objects in releasing behavior. The words are thus substitutes for objects. Words once formed, the human ever thereafter has two worlds—a world of objects, and a world of words which is substitutible for the world of objects. Man is the only animal who has these two worlds. He is the only animal who takes his environment to bed with him in the form of word substitutes. He keeps it with him in darkness—he keeps it even if he loses his eyesight. He can manipulate this word world just as he manipulates his object world. It requires no space to house this word world. It has its drawbacks too. Psychoanalysts and nerve specialists often send their patients away to change their environment; but alas, the patient carries his substitute word world along with him. It has within it all the old conflicts of his object world.

II

Now follow the behaviorist one step farther. Man reacts not only to words spoken by others and to words read in books, *but also to words he himself silently speaks*. Why does he speak words to himself? Because he has been conditioned to speak words aloud and to himself when in the presence of objects and situations upon which the words were conditioned. Man—because he is gregarious, because he finds it easier to carry around words than to drag around Dean Swift's bag of objects—learns to make most of his reactions in a verbal way.

This paves the way to thinking. The simplest form of thinking can be seen in the three-year-old child. Suppose we peep through the keyhole at a three-year-old and listen as we watch. He may have two hundred words in his repertoire. He has been conditioned

upon sentences as well as upon words. He opens his eyes. There is no one in the room. He calls mamma, nurse, dada, doll, etc. He runs over his repertoire of words and sentences. "Billy wants breakfast," "Billy going bye-bye." As he grows older the outspoken verbal responses become more complex. Parents are eager to have him talk. *He talks aloud incessantly even when no one is around.* As the family becomes assured that he is not an idiot, not dumb, they get a bit weary of so much babbling. They cry out, "Keep quiet" (reinforcing it sometimes with a tiny spank). Thereafter the child mumbles to himself. We still hear him—he disturbs our smooth-running life. Again we say, "For heaven's sake, stop mumbling to yourself." Mumbling gives place to lip and mouth responses—silent mumbling. We can't hear this but we see it. We socialize him still farther—"Can't you stop moving your lips when you read and think?" Complete socialization next occurs. *The child goes on speaking but now he really talks to himself. There is inward verbalization.* The only freedom he has left lies in the silent realm of his own unspoken (but muscularly formed) words. What goes on behind the closed door of his lips is none of society's concern.

Thought then is a form of general bodily activity just as simple (or just as complex) as tennis playing. The only difference is we use the muscles of our throat, larynx, and chest instead of the muscles of our arms, legs, and trunk. If we could actually see the play of the muscles of the chest, throat, and larynx when we think, no mystery would ever have grown up. There is no mystery in tennis playing. We see the movements taking place; we can actually photograph them with the motion-picture camera. If we photograph them in front of a series of lines of known dimension, and show a time-measuring device on the film, we can then measure the extent of every movement and time it. If we could similarly measure and time the throat and chest musculature, see the end result—the word—show up in some way, the way we see the tennis ball knocked back and forth, we should feel that thinking is just as commonplace as any other motor activity.

Do we use only chest, larynx, and throat muscles when we think? Do we play tennis only with our right arm? Certainly not, we do everything with our whole body. But if I suddenly cut a muscle in your right forearm then tennis playing is sadly disturbed. The right forearm segment of the body is the dominant or controlling one in tennis playing. Just so are the muscles of the larynx, throat, and chest dominant in thinking. Any interference there—even a bad sore throat—slows up the thinking process. We think with our whole body, the shrug of the shoulder, the catching of the breath—even the (conditioned) nausea in our stomach which occurs when we are with people who disturb us is all a part of the organized behavior executed with inside muscles. A nod of the head for "yes," a shake to right and left for "no," a raising of the eyebrows and head and shoulders for "I doubt it," are also part and parcel of the complex process of thinking. It might be better to give up the term thinking and use the term *implicit behavior* in its place. We should mean by that all of the organized (but still *objective*) behavior that goes on in the muscles and glands inside of us. But since the human solves most of his problems with words—so most of our implicit behavior is verbal.

If our main contention is reasonable, objective, and logically tight, how foolish are most of our trite remarks about thinking. "Cultivate the thinking process." "Learn to concentrate." "College is a place where men learn to think." *The truth is we learn to think by learning to do.* We can think no straighter, no better, no broader than the world we have lived in. We learn to think better as we learn to do better—as we meet

with new objects, new situations, new people—get into difficulties and out of them. As we become more and more skillful with hammer, saw, and chisel, we become better thinkers as carpenters if we verbalize each step as we learn it. Of course, the yokel is not so taught in his infancy to verbalize his acts. He remains a hand actor—a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. As we become more skillful in fighting fires, we become better thinkers on fire prevention. Those of us who live among cultured people have to learn to verbalize everything we do with our hands. At our mother's knee we learn to talk about what we have done during the day. This constant mutual support between verbalization and doing explains why nothing ever comes from philosophy—because it has become lost in words which are not correlated with, and substitutible for overt action. The new things in the universe come from the doers—the chemist, the physicist, the engineer, the biologist, the business man. With them doing leads to thinking, and thinking in turn leads to doing. With the poet, the philosopher, the day dreamer, thinking leads not to doing but *merely to other words* either spoken or thought; the endless chain of words is never broken.

III

And what is the evidence for the behaviorists' theory of thought?

Its strongest claim is that no other theory of thought so far advanced can lay the least claim to being scientific. It brings thought into line with all other forms of human activity and behavior. It brings thought into line with all other acts of skill. It is a theory which agrees with all of our known biological, physical, and physiological facts.

Its strongest supporting evidence comes from the study of the child. At first, as we have already seen, talking and thinking in the child are identical. As the child becomes socialized he continues to talk aloud when adjusting verbally to people but to talk to himself (subvocally) when alone. We see in adults around us all of the transitions: Badly bred people think aloud even when alone; people slightly less well bred mumble aloud when alone. There is another group who move only their lips when they think. A good lip reader can often read what they are thinking about (what they are saying to themselves).

What evidence we have from the study of deaf-mutes confirms it. Until they are taught a word world in one form or another, for example through the use of the sign manual, they are supposed to be quite "stupid." As soon as they become adept in the use of words "intelligence" seems to increase by leaps and bounds. Now such people *think* by using the word signs; they use them even when alone. I have gathered considerable evidence upon this. A normal individual adept in the use of the manual, when thrown constantly among deaf-mutes who are thinking, can often read their thoughts by watching their finger and hand movements. This is similar to what can be done in reading the lip movements of the incompletely socialized normal individual. Again, as the deaf-mute becomes highly socialized, his finger, hand, and arm movements become smaller and smaller in extent until they sink below the level where they can be observed objectively without the use of instrumemts. For example, with Laura Bridgman it was impossible when she was tense and with people to read her thoughts from her finger movements, yet when asleep and relaxed *her dreams could be at least partly read by her finger movements.*

Considerable evidence comes from asking people to *think out a problem aloud.* Before doing this, however, watch how they learn to get out of a complicated maze they have never seen before. They stumble about, trying all blind alleys, retracing their steps to the starting point—going back to ground already worked over, falling into errors

at every point. Finally they stumble on the right pathway. Now put them into a verbal maze and ask them to think it out. Show them a new object never seen before and ask them to *think out aloud* at every step and tell what the object before them is used for. They start in like a rat in the maze. "It is made of metal—it weighs about two pounds—it can't be used for that because of so and so." If the person is really unfamiliar with *all* such objects (has little verbal organization about them) his thinking is pitiful. You lose all respect for thinking as a highly "intellectual" process. You find that your subject will almost at once try to manipulate the object with his hands. If you let him have the box he tinkers with it, talks about it, handles it again. He uses his whole body in solving the problem. His behavior is quite like that of the poor hungry animal who has to open a new trick box before he can get his bit of food. Under such conditions the human becomes really human. You begin to place him where he belongs—on a scale—at the top, to be sure, with other animals, both with respect to his doing and to his thinking. The reason we get such exalted ideas of the occasional human is that we tackle him upon his own thinking ground—ground which he has so thoroughly mastered that you could not ask him anything which would involve any *new act of thinking*. He snaps out his answers as quickly as you could the answer to the question—what is the cube root of 1000 multiplied by 10 divided by 2?

The use of instruments shows that during thinking some kind of muscular activity goes on in the throat and chest region. It is true that we cannot get these muscular responses registered upon wax cylinders and then later play them upon a phonograph and have the words of our thoughts spoken out loud. But we may yet get these inward muscular responses registered in some equally objective way.

We do not need to wait in psychology until we can objectively record the words we use in thinking. Any effective thinking will and must eventuate in action—either in hand, lip, arm, and trunk action, as when the inventor makes the first wooden model of his thought child, or in written words, when the poet writes out the poem he has already whispered to himself. Or in some overt verbal statement such as "I have thought this thing all out. I think you ought to take the chance and do so and so."

After all, there is astonishingly little real thinking done—real thinking where, by the manipulation of our word world, new verbal conclusions are reached which in turn can serve as stimuli for making us change and modify our object world with our hands. Most of our word organization is as inflexible as the grooves on the phonograph record. We turn the records on when we are alone and play them over and over again. There is no improvement in our thinking. This corresponds with what goes on in our overt actions. Few of us after a certain age improve our golf, our tennis, our skill in our vocation. We get lazy as soon as we can get along socially and financially in the group in which we permanently find ourselves. It is only when we get up against it—get into some jam—that the environment stimulates us sufficiently to make us start real learning with our hands and real thinking.

This view of thinking should have some bearing upon our training of the youth—should we not seek to make them *do* from morning till night, from earliest infancy to old age, and should we not seek to have them *consolidate their daily doings adequately in words?* The youngster ought to do the multiplication table before he puts it in words. He ought to do his algebra, his geometry, and his physics first and then immediately formulate his problems and solutions in words. We ought to have work shops of every description rather than text books. Each student should write his own text book from his work-shop

activity—as a verbal formulation of what he is doing. Thinking should then be the equivalent of doing at every moment.

The goal of training thinkers is to give them such mastery over their word world that they can manipulate it and bring out *new* verbal formulations in the form of judgments or "conclusions" which can later start their hands to work in shaping some new *object* in stone, iron, brass, oil, or clay.

This theory does not mean that everyone who expects to be a thinker must first be a blacksmith or carpenter or a manual worker. If he is to do things with his pen he must travel, read books, go to theaters—in a word, live among the situations he is later to portray *and he must organize and consolidate in words his daily life as he goes along*, or else when he comes to *do*, to *write* or *paint* he finds his thoughts poverty stricken.

FINALITY

BY JEAN M. BATCHELOR

HE who is hanged
Remembers not
Death's fingers
Tight about his throat;
Whom the sea drowns
Recalls no more
The tide that swept him
From the shore.
Yet I live on
And bear with me
That mortal hour
In memory
When first I met
Your glance . . . and knew
That life had found me,
And death too.

ADVENTURE

A STORY

BY ALICE BROWN

WILLIS BRENT, that November afternoon, was bidding good-by to Celia Updike, the girl he believed he was going to marry: that is, if she forgave him for hesitating so long on the brink of asking her. He was only running down for a hasty visit to his little shanty on the shore, but they were both, standing there at a window in her mother's Boston house, penetrated by a sense of change. He knew he was running away from her for a last gulp of freedom before giving up his old life forever. What she knew, he had no means of learning. She was too controlled to let him spy for a moment upon the real Celia that lived within the Celia of the even voice and downward glance. She was a lovely looking person, blue eyed, pale, fair haired, dressed in a diaphanous gray that seemed to enhance the effect of her demure temperament—a charming foil to him with his aspect of having been burnt out by the fires of life: not the devastating flames of passion or a resultant nemesis, but the smoldering of energy through tumultuous years. Frost-bound as she was, she also had her temperament, and if he could have known how his picturesque dark beauty was moving her at the moment, he might have caught the infection and seen nothing for it but to rush to her arms. But she had, as always, her emotions well in hand. She met his gaze with a tranquil response from her light-lashed blue eyes, a look that was merely interrogative, nothing more.

"You see," he was saying, "I've had this little shack ever since I was eighteen, and I haven't seen it since the war."

"Of course," she answered sympathetically, "you want to find out whether it's in condition for the winter. Didn't you say there were tremendous winds?"

"Oh, yes," he responded, finding, as he commonly did, that she was ready to go only about a quarter of the way when he wanted her to run on with him, step by step, and even understand him better than he did himself. "But it's more than that. I've an idea I've come to a sort of jumping-off place, and before I jump I want to go down there and—and—"

"Get up your courage," she volunteered with what he found a terrifying astuteness. "I see."

"Oh, no, you don't," he protested. "It's only that up to now my life's been one thing, and now I have an idea it's going to be another."

She was silent, not helping him, and yet he found something in the silence to push him inexorably forward.

"For example," he said, leaping at a way out, "I don't so much care about adventure, but adventure cares about me. It pursues me. It runs me down. I can't go to an afternoon tea without somebody's poisoning somebody's cup."

"You never do go to teas," she said, with the obstinate return to the literal that always made him draw exasperated breaths and then remind himself that half the men's wives were that kind. If

he was going to regard her as a wife, that was a thing he must not for a moment forget. "It's a great grief to your mother," she was going on. "You could sell lots of pictures if you'd just allow yourself to be popular."

Then he started out on one of his excursions to convince her which, after the unfailing defeat that concluded them, he swore to himself he would never try again.

"That was figurative," said he, "that about tea and poison in cups. Talking through my hat. But it's a fact all the same. Adventure does dog me."

"I know," she said, coming over to his position. Often she gave him the impression of being willing to come if she could only see exactly where he was, and at those times he had high hopes of a tranquil married bliss with her. "That time in Persia when you were abducted and lived with those horrid desperadoes. And the year in China. Your mother told me."

"Ripping times, both of 'em," he concurred, his eyes lighting up with the fire that sometimes kindled a strange resentment in her own. It changed him inexplicably, but it invariably made him look as if he had forgotten all about her. "They took me in. I was one of 'em, from the word go. If I hadn't been on official business, I'd have lived out the rest of my days there, contented as a cat. But I don't mean the things that are likely to happen to anybody after they've got into queer latitudes. I mean I can't go anywhere without their beginning to happen to me. And it isn't that I'm tired of it. Only there comes a time, you know, when you wonder whether you'd better try out something else, what the other fellows do, the ones that never 've been on the loose."

"Yes," said she. "What they call settling down."

She smiled, delightfully now, but also with a species of tolerance for his oddity, his persistence in staying outside the only kind of life she considered desirable. But, she was half-consciously reflecting —and almost his mind caught her at it— she could bring him into that charmed circle once for all, only give her time— and a wedding ring.

"Besides," he was continuing, "I want to escape that cousin of yours. Your mother told me she was coming. Terrifying old party she must be."

The indulgence in her smile seemed meant to reassure him.

"Clotilda," she prompted. "She's a far-away cousin of mamma's. What that makes her to me I don't know. But Clotilda's an interesting person. She's had adventures, now! Been all over everywhere, Africa, the near East. And lived in India."

"The kind I run from like the plague," he assured her, yet conscious that he was only making Cousin Clotilda a pretext to soften his eagerness to get away from Celia herself and all she stood for—but for a time, only for a time. "I know precisely what she is: swarthy, tanned black by the Asian sun, but with an effect of dirt. Oh, yes, she is! You needn't pretend to be shocked. The black has burned into her pores and met the pigment there and they've set up a jolly melting pot together, and the result is you couldn't scour her clean. And she's hung all over with barbaric trash you can buy just as cheap in these United States, and she'll tell you she's seen snake charming and the mango tree, and I shouldn't wonder if she brought out a portfolio of photographs. Good Lord! of course I'm running away. You come with me. It wouldn't be proper, but there's Trumbull next door. He's the old fisherman. His wife gives me grub and you could stay there."

Yet he did not want her to go with him, or only wanted her with one-half his uneasy mind. Should he, he wondered, if he got her down there in sun and spray, discover something wild and primitive in her also, something that would give him a solid standing-ground where he could worship that delicate fineness of hers which was almost too impalpable to be held very close? But this suggestion, as

if he too must know how foolish it was, she did not even answer. She stepped away from him a pace, as if by so doing she changed the current of the interview.

"Well," she said, "come back when —" There she stopped a moment as if wondering what it would be wise to add, and concluded with a touch of malice he found rather piquing—"when you find you can."

Her thoughts, he saw, were fixed on the probability of his really going to get away from her to make up his mind, and this astuteness made her terrible to him. But here, to his relief, since he didn't want to protest, came a diversion.

"There's your car," he said. "Your mother's getting out. Another female body, too. Can't I cut and run?"

"Oh, no," said she, enjoying his predicament, chiefly because she had an idea that if he could be really involved in social duties he would find them more compelling. "Go downstairs like a nice boy, say good-by to mother, be presented to the lady—and maybe you'll sell a picture to her. Who knows!" This she added wilfully to deepen his discomfort because the lady with her mother was, as she knew, of too wandering a habit ever to clutter up her life with paint.

But Brent had his revenge. He caught the delicate hands he believed he was beginning to love—and he did love their beauty—pressed them to his lips, and, without a look at her to surprise the rose flush he knew he had called to her face, left the room, and did hurry down the stairs where Mrs. Updike stood with her visitor in the hall. Mrs. Updike he never liked to look at. She was tall, slim, ivory white, with grayed yellow hair, and she induced in him that sinking at the heart lovers too often feel when they see in a mother the prophecy of a daughter's withering charm. But he went on manfully, and Mrs. Updike gave him a slender ringed hand, itself the withered portent of what Celia's might become. She detained him with it, while she spoke.

"Clotilda," said she, "this is Mr. Brent, the painter. I wrote you—"

What did she write? he had time to wonder irritably. Was it about him and his pictures or about him and her daughter? But when he turned to Clotilda his surprise was vivid enough to knock all more egotistical questions out of his head. Clotilda! swart with the Asian sun, hung over with bangles, voluble with Eastern myth and legend? She was at the farthest pole from these stage properties: a middle-aged, compact, plainly dressed woman of forty-odd, conspicuously clean, if one might say so of a class exquisite by tradition, with smooth brown hair, a healthy red and brown skin, and a harmony of line about her and her clothes that pleased his artist eye. Her own eyes—they were the only extraordinary thing about her, yellow brown, set under her brows like a double charm, reflective, used to long distances (distances beyond the earth, his leaping mind told him) eyes that saw life as a whole and this earth a complement of something else, a mirror of—what? But he was used to these wild flights of fancy in himself. Sometimes they were over before he had to remember they were all foolishness, and often he never went back to them. But this time he was sure it was not foolishness. The eyes were as he saw them. The woman, too, was as he saw her. He felt a great desire to stay and challenge her to some incredible revelation. But Mrs. Updike's eye was on him and he knew, if he talked, it must be to her. So, after his bow to the stranger and his touch of her small firm hand, he turned back to the older woman and said, not knowing why he must, but having to say it:

"Did Celia tell you I'm going down to the shack for a bit? Can't you come down? You'd be very comfortable at old Trumbull's, in a plain way, that is. He can put up half a dozen. Bring Celia, you know, and—" this with a little perfunctory bow to Clotilda, as if he included her only as a matter of course.

But she must come, he was telling

himself excitedly. Somehow he must make her come. If not, he wouldn't stir a peg. It was she who answered.

"Oh, yes," she said, in a smooth round voice with a kind of soft decision in it. "I'll come."

Mrs. Updike, who wasn't used to having the words taken out of her mouth, seemed not to resent this. She merely began asking, in her committee-meeting manner, about the arrangements at Trumbull's. Could they really sleep there? How many? Should they bring a hamper, or could they depend on food? He answered her tersely, and it amounted to her leaving the arrangements in his hands. She couldn't go the next day, and besides he ought to be given ample time, but the day after, if the weather held good, they would appear. And then, with scarcely another word to Clotilda, but feeling her in every fiber, the power and mystery of her, he took a hasty leave.

What was it, he wondered the next night, when he was settled contentedly in his shack, and sank into the company of his thoughts at his own fire—what was it that made a woman without beauty, without youth, so compelling that, if it pleased her clean, fine intelligence to try, he believed she could do pretty well what she liked with you? He had talked about adventure. Here was adventure now, seeking him out on that level where he had fled for refuge, and calling on him for—what? Nothing valiant perhaps, nothing thrilling, but merely perhaps saying, "I know." There was that indefinable promise of understanding in those eyes, of unfailing sympathy. What did she know? Did she know he meant his life now to be this same level plain, watered by the temperate affection Celia only, of all women, could give? Even if other women could be persuaded to give it, it was only Celia who was so exquisite in every line and movement that she raised ordinary living to a perfection of repose. For weeks now nothing had seemed lovelier to him than the plain where he was traveling, the mountains at his back, a desert or two also where he had thirsted and vainly fled mirages he hardly dared think of even now, they were so wildly beautiful and, being mirages, never to be attained.

Actually, what did the woman want him to do? Perhaps her eyes were the more moving because they reminded him, though so unlike, of other eyes that used to entreat and command him and had now been veiled from him for what seemed a lifetime of years. That woman was Elinor Bliss, unhappily married and making a duteous job of it, a quicksilver sort of woman who, against her will tried with all her might to charm him and did charm him and herself until she would have left her husband inexorably except that he broke his back in an accident and so fettered her for good. Her last interview with Brent was terrible to him now in the clarity of remembrance. She said everything she had to say with a simplicity that drew an equal incisiveness from him. She loved him and she should love him to her death, but she truly hoped he would stop loving her. She could bear being without him because she would have her job: taking care of her cripple. Brent would have no job but his painting, and what was that as he grew older and even the sunsets had no pleasure in them? If he could love a woman, he must do it. He could, she told him. All men could. There was a cynical strain in her, reinforced by her intimate knowledge of the man whose unwilling prisoner she had become. But if she had to think of Brent as aching for her as she did not mean to ache for him, and lonelier every year of a solitary life, the whole thing would be more than she could bear. And then for the first time—for they had been outwardly controlled—she opened her arms to him and they kissed passionately, and she said such words to him as poets say—or mothers, in their hearts—and, withdrawing, took on her

former hardness, and told him that was for him to remember when he doubted whether she was alive or ever had been.

"But I shall be alive," she said. "Only not for you. Never for you. I know that. And we've had the best of it. This one minute was the best. But if we put out a hand to each other—oh, go! go! Love her when you find her. Marry her. Make her happy."

He did go, and after some years of wandering and hard work while she stayed imprisoned with her job, came back to America and, though not having taken her command in the least seriously, except as a part of her bitter wisdom, suddenly remembered it, seeing Celia. And Celia seemed to be the answer. She brought him beauty, and that always melted his heart, and it was of so delicate and austere a type that it seemed to promise a tranquillity he had begun to long for after the upheavals of his past. When he came to her he was bruised and saddened, in that mood where men wince at the memory of mountains and the wilderness and long for the serene upland with homes in it where custom made by other generations follows its quiet way. It did not disturb him in any profound sense when she answered his emotions in a language of her own, never adequate but perhaps the more soothing in that no intensity in her called upon a too easily wearied vein in him. And, as it is with men in pursuit of the woman nature, when he got no response from her it never really taught him there was no adequacy of response to get. Baffled, he was only the more certain it was the hidden beauty of the soul itself that so eluded him. Go a little farther in the leafy umbrage of that midland plain, and what incredible reward might he not find? There was a land, he told himself, with an ironic smile at his own foolishness, where the birds sang delightfully and all the flowers were sweet, a sort of twilight land where you were happier than in full sun. And this was Celia's heart.

The next day, instead of the tramp he would have taken, hunting up old familiarities of his stamping ground, after so long an absence, he got the fisherman's wife to help him and stirred up an ordered turmoil of setting to rights. In the midst of it came a telephone call from Mrs. Updike. She was bringing four more guests—and a phonograph! He foresaw dancing, and wondered what the deuce she wanted that for in the face of Indian-summer weather and a full moon. But Mrs. Trumbull was not surprised. She knew, she said, what city folks were liable to do. She could swing it. Brent knew he too must swing it, though it altered the complexion of his fête amazingly. His long living room, the length of the shack, he had already made exquisite in its order for the coming of a guest—Celia or Clotilda? He asked himself that once, whimsically, only to answer "Celia." But he was thinking of Clotilda's eyes. He filled every jug and bowl with autumn seed vessels and flowers; and the world smelled of pollen and the apples he had brought in to eat by the evening fire.

In the late afternoon they came, Mrs. Updike with her air of being equal to anything, even to carrying off a debatably eccentric occasion like this, Clotilda smiling, as if she found herself at home, and the other guests expectant in a way flatteringly evident. They were professional, all from the guild of letters, even if called so by courtesy: two fiction writers, a poet of sorts, and his playwriting brother. Brent wondered just why Mrs. Updike selected them instead of the merely social high-flyers she reverenced in an owlish fashion, and concluded she must have foreseen the resources of the shack as too primitive for anything but what he had heard her call "those sort of people." And why bring anybody but Clotilda and Celia? The reason he hit on here happened to be the right one. Clotilda's stay with her cousin was to be brief. It implied some conventional entertaining, and whom could Mrs. Updike so reasonably summon to the social game as these queer

ones for Clotilda who was so queer herself? Celia was the only one of the party to be visibly excited. She was a slightly different Celia from the one he had been seeing, perfectly dressed in her sport suit, but somehow intangibly changed, some of the mild radiance about her dispersed and her mystery quite gone out. Could a woman, he had time to wonder briefly, be altered by a skirt?

But at first everything fell out as he had planned. They had supper at the Trumbulls' and then came back to sit about his fire. Now Celia was disquieting. She seemed to take possession of him by implication, and the little touches of assertiveness were directed, though obliquely, toward Clotilda. "This," they seemed to say, "this piece of male desirability, is mine." Brent was shamefaced before her. Why the deuce, he felt himself reflecting, had she got to drag him into the open?

"Tell Cousin Clo," she bade him, "what you said about adventure pursuing you."

He hadn't anything to say. He could have told Clotilda every adventure he ever had and every invitation from one, though not out of whole cloth and when he was commanded. But Clotilda, instead of wanting to be told, seemed ready to tell him.

"Of course," she said, "it would be so. You've the wandering foot and the beckoning hand. Of course adventure follows you."

As she spoke everything was different. He seemed to be not here under his own low roof, but out somewhere in the open, a fire burning, a black kettle swinging over it, dusky figures in the nearer foreground, and he and she at a little distance on a hillock where they could see the others in the firelight and themselves, in darkness, not be seen. And he was aware of himself, as it were outside himself, and of Clotilda. But she was really sitting beside him before his own fire and he turned to her and asked her, in a low voice:

"Are you a gypsy?"

She laughed a little.

"Of course," she said, "you'd ask that. It would be the first thing you'd think of. What a child you are!"

And on the other side of him Celia, from her strange new perplexity, was saying to him in a voice whetted to the slightest shrillness:

"Tell the story of this house. Come, we're all listening."

But it was Clotilda who answered quietly:

"It isn't so much the story of the house. It's the story of the land." She went on in a musing way, and Celia watched her—as Brent thought—angrily. "This house," she said, looking at one and another of the guests and, in a way, drawing their eyes to her, "is built on silted land."

Brent pricked up his ears. He knew that, but to the best of his knowledge he had never spoken of it, even to Celia, and Clotilda was a stranger. She continued:

"In the sixteen hundreds the water came right over the threshold here, or would have come, if there'd been any threshold, and back, oh, I should think to the end of the yard. Where the beach plums are." She added this, with a glance at Brent as if they were telling the tale together. He merely looked at her. How did she know about the beach plums here in the darkness of this November night?

"You see"—she was addressing her listeners again, and their eyes were still bent on her as if it were all a matter of the greatest moment—"in the days of the first settlers, this wasn't open seacoast. In the earliest days we know anything about, there was a small island, just off the rocky shore, and for years, nobody knows how many, the sand had been silting in and choking up the channel between it and the mainland. Now that channel is right under our feet. It's the land this house is built on."

"How did you know that?" Brent put in. "It's not in print."

"You knew it yourself," she countered, and he assented by a nod.

"But before that happened," she went on, "there was a wreck here, one of the most terrible ones imaginable because it came from the wreck of a man's life, out of his wild brain and heart. It was the outcome of one of those great love stories that underlie New England's silent life, just as the jagged rocks of that channel underlie this house."

"What was the story?" Celia asked, in so harsh a voice that Brent looked at her. "Do you know it, Will?"

"Oh, yes," he said, with an attempt at ease. "The man was one of my own people. Remote—two hundred years ago, you see."

"His name was Brent," said Clotilda composedly. "He was Captain Brent, and he had left his young wife in the town back here behind us and gone on a three-years' voyage. And when he came home he touched at Boston to land his cargo, and there he got letters, fatally delayed, taken off a sinking ship by a Boston-bound sloop and so brought home again. The letters told him his young wife had gone, decamped, with the old lover she thought dead. The man had come back out of the Northwest where he'd been trading in furs. And so what did our captain do but read his letters and go on landing his cargo, and when that was done and all his affairs in order, put his money into a small schooner and sail out of Boston harbor with only his wild thoughts for company. He took a small boat, do you see, because he wouldn't risk the lives of a crew in an adventure bound to end only in one way. A storm came up, a terrific blow which was the very thing he wanted. He navigated his boat into this channel between the island and the shore and piled her up there, the wind and sea helping him. The bones of her lay there for years, the sand sifting over them, but his were never found."

Celia leaned back in her chair, at ease again, as if she had miscalculated the significance of the story.

"But," she asked indifferently, "what did he do it for?"

"Who knows?" said Clotilda. "Perhaps he did it in despair. Perhaps he wasn't conscious of any reason. I think myself he had a tremendous love for his wife—one of those passions that are like the great facts of nature, life, death—and wanted to take himself out of her way and do it in a manner that made it seem like what they call an act of God. I can't believe he wanted to revenge himself on her by giving her cause for undying remorse. I am perfectly sure he knew what love is and that he felt it."

"Yes," said Brent impulsively. "I believe that, too."

"Do you think," Celia was asking him, with what surprised him as sounding like the faintest sneer, "that adventure pursued him, too, as you say it pursues you?"

What he would have answered he did not know, for Clotilda, possibly thrilled a little by the warring currents between them, interposed, still gravely.

"Of course," she said to him, ignoring Celia, "adventure does pursue certain people. It pursues you. If you went out into your own back yard in the dark now—we'll say to get a log for the fire—you wouldn't be surprised if you walked into the middle of adventure."

He wished he could. The world of this thin civilization he had stomached for three months, a thing of catchwords and predetermined actions, seemed to him intolerable. The old tide was rising in him, the tide of quickened heartbeats and hurrying blood that calls on a man to get out of this highway of the commonplace and seek things different.

"What sort of adventure?" he asked her, and found he was speaking hoarsely. "What is the adventure of my poor little yard?"

"I should fancy," she said composedly, "you might get out there and find yourself caught—by adventure, we'll say—and be unable to get back."

"By Jove!" came the voice of one fiction writer, who was poking the fire,

"what a rippin' idea! Go out into your own back yard and find you can't get back!"

"Sort of Flying Dutchman idea!" said another.

"Now what," pursued the least fanciful, "would be the reason you couldn't get back?"

"Old well, I say," brought up another, from a not too original fancy. "You break through and your bones are found after two hundred years."

"Silly ass!" said the first. "They'd find the busted cover, wouldn't they? No! a boat puts in with a cargo of hooch. They think the shack's unoccupied, as it has been for months, break in, and hide it in the cellar. They come on Brent here, kidnap him—"

"What for?" inquired Brent, and the fictionist collapsed with a weak:

"Search me. I haven't worked it out."

At that moment Mrs. Updike went to the phonograph, a record in hand and, under cover of the stir that precedes a dance, Brent, laughing a little, in what he felt to be a foolish excitement, said this to Clotilda:

"As a matter of fact, I am going out for another log. Do your worst."

And he had time to wonder, in saying it, why he chose so unsound a pretext when a giant pile of logs lay on the hearth. She too spoke in an undertone, and gravely:

"Remember, you may not be able to come back."

The possibility struck him in the center and he laughed. It was not only a challenge but great fun.

"I'm going," he said, not even aware now that Celia was watching him. "I dare you."

He got up, made his way quietly through the group all intent on what Mrs. Updike judged it socially best for them to do, and went out at the west door leading to the grassy yard. He could never remember whether he went alone or whether he stood aside for Clotilda to precede him. He could remember only that he was different, that the yard itself was not so much changed as gone, lost entirely. What had he expected to find? The mild night lighted by an enchanted moon, the whispering brown grass under his feet and a sense of peace and autumn ripening? But those were the things of an hour ago and now not only gone but forgotten. His feet were not on the familiar earth. They were on the deck of a ship, answering to her pitch and roll, and the ship was misbehaving herself in a storm. It seemed to Brent perfectly natural to be there, as if this were a reproduction of a scene suffered before. The sky was full of storm clouds, the pale gleam of the moon struggled with the wrack as the ship fought with wind and water below. He could see only a limited space of the deck about him, a few feet of the shadowy taffrail and, not so much piercing the murk above him as pencilled lines drawn upon it, the raking masts. One figure was near him, moving as he moved, keeping always the same distance from him, a darker shadow among shadows, and he had a curious undercurrent of certainty that it was Clotilda, and that she had a mysterious knowledge of what had happened before, and somehow was causing it to happen again.

"But what for?" he called to her, bawling the words against the whistling of the wind. "What are we here for?"

"Be still," something answered. "Keep still, and you'll find out."

He seemed to lose her outline in a deeper dark and to become another creature than his familiar self on a new adventure, difficult, dangerous. He was Captain Brent, he was on his ship with all sails set, a rocky shore before him and he was engaged in the maniacal work of piling her up—supreme crime in a mariner who has promised his ship the service of eye and hand that shall save her from mischance to the last and then, when the worst has come to the worst, go down with her. And the worst was nearly at the worst, he thought, with a wild free-

dom of certainty, as if he were already freed from the body and saw what was still to do. He had decreed her murder, the murder of a ship, the most glorious bit of beauty known, not even after a horse and a woman, and he was going down with her. But if he had killed a ship he had, in doing it, assured the life of a woman. The woman was his wife. She had gone to the man she loved and, by his own apparently accidental death, he was leaving her the legacy of a belief that now, at last and by his death, she could live blameless. A strong exultation possessed him. He had passed out of himself and, if he was not occupying the imagined body of Captain Brent, dead two hundred years ago, at least he understood him. Curiously, too, Clotilda was in it all. She had nothing to do with their stories, Captain Brent's and his, but she was the agency that had made his own understanding possible. Still she was beside him, as indeterminately as a storm cloud dropped to the deck, and he found himself calling to her at the top of his voice:

"You gave it to me!" And he knew he meant, "You gave me this last bit of the adventure I had repudiated, and I see now there's nothing like it. I won't marry. I won't settle down. I'll cut and run. Oh, God bless you for reminding me! There's nothing for me, as there's nothing for you, but adventure!"

Did he call out these things to her, or did he think them? He was convinced she heard, for she answered, though quietly and, in spite of the storm, it got to him:

"The old captain was happy. Don't you see he was? He has joined that little company of the great lovers, the everlastingly faithful. What are you going to do?"

"About Elinor?" he cried. and her name sounded quite natural here between them. "Love her forever. Die without her, as she's dying by inches without me. I'll sail—somewhere—as soon as I can get away from here, and I'll never come back. Everlastingly faithful! That was what you said, wasn't it? I shan't forget."

Then it seemed to him that she put out her hand and was seeking his. He gave it to her. Everything was simple and even happy in a world where you had only to make your right decision to find the currents of life set toward fortune, not fortune as men conceive it, but the fortune of the stars. He stood there for the only moment of perfect acquiescence he had ever known, not even discomforted by the fear that he might sometime lose the memory of it, or trying to detain it as he did the memory of Elinor's kiss. And in another instant, with no effect of transition, the storm had stilled and he was standing at the door of his shack in the mild Indian-summer night, the small firm hand still in his. As he came to recognition of things as they had been, the sound of laughter and the phonograph within, the sympathetic night without, Clotilda withdrew her hand and Celia opened the door to them. To Brent she was malign in the coldness of her disapproval, but it in no sense affected him. She was too far away. He smiled at her gravely. He was, he realized, as unlike what she believed him to be as she had become to him.

"Did you get your log?" she asked, with a hint of shrillness in her controlled voice. Then a look at his composed face shook her and she cried, with no pretence at concealment, "What is it, Will, what is it? You look—"

Clotilda slipped past her and entered the shack, and the woman and man stood there staring at each other. What could he tell her, he wondered. What was there she would understand? And what had he done? He had piled up the bark bearing the freight of their cockleshells of unreal emotion and, like Captain Brent setting out into the vast distances of immortal chance, he meant to-morrow to be gone. For the first and last time she understood him. She smiled, rather wistfully for her.

"Adventure?" she asked.

"Adventure," he said gravely.

TWICE TIMES

BY A. A. MILNE

THERE were Two little Bears who lived in a Wood,
And one of them was Bad and the other was Good.
Good Bear learned his Twice Times One . . .
And Bad Bear left all his buttons undone.

They lived in a Tree when the weather was hot,
And one of them was Good, and the other was Not.
Good Bear learned his Twice Times Two . . .
And Bad Bear's thingummies were worn right through.

They lived in a Cave when the weather was cold,
And they did—or they didn't do—what they were told.
Good Bear learned his Twice Times Three . . .
And Bad Bear never *had his hand-ker-chee.*

They lived in the Wood with a Kind Old Aunt,
And one said "Yes'm," *and the other said* "Shan't!"
Good Bear learned his Twice Times Four . . .
And Bad Bear's knicketies were terrible tore.

And then quite suddenly (just like Us)
One got Better and the other got Wuss.
Good Bear muddled his Twice Times Three . . .
And Bad Bear coughed in his hand-ker-chee.

Good Bear muddled his Twice Times Two . . .
And Bad Bear's thingummies looked like new.
Good Bear muddled his Twice Times One . . .
And Bad Bear never *left his buttons undone.*

There may be a Moral, though some say not;
I think there's a moral, though I don't know what.
But if one gets better, and the other gets wuss,
These Two Little Bears are just like Us.
For Christopher loves *his Twice Times Ten . . .*
And I *never know where I've put my pen.**

* *So I shall have to write the next one in pencil.*

THE RUDE MILITIA

BY STUART ROSE

And raw in fields the rude militia swarms,
Mouths without hands; maintained at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defense;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever but in times of need at hand.
Dryden

SINCE John Dryden gave voice to the above-quoted sentiment there has been surprisingly little change in the conduct of things military. The militia, worse luck, is still with us. And while stronger numerically—hence politically—than during the seventeenth century, it has kept up admirably its traditional record of inefficiency.

Bodies of militia, the world over, are practically identical—amateur soldiers, officered by politicians and popinjays. The essential difference between the poet's "blustering band" and our own National Guard lies in the performance by the latter organization of a weekly rather than a monthly exercise. Still they swarm. They remain raw. They are exceedingly expensive.

In the past it has been the policy of European governments to support companies of militia in the belief that the partially trained members of such patriotic groups could be whipped into condition—in the event of an emergency—more quickly than ordinary civilians. And while the various train bands have usually evinced a distaste for sharing in the actual hostilities, the theory is not, upon the whole, a bad one. Be it noted, however, that no modern government (save ours) has decimated its regular military establishment in the fatuous belief that militia can be employed in the *first line* of defense.

The military policy of the United States, as outlined in the National Defense Act of 1916, and amended by the act of June 4, 1920, provides for an army of three components; it is a costly and plausible rigmarole, shrewdly calculated to bamboozle the private citizen into believing that he is adequately protected. True, in concordance with our lofty national ideals, it is non-militaristic. Unfortunately—were we to be attacked—it would speedily prove itself non-workable. Then, perhaps, having expended a few thousands of lives and a few billions of dollars, we should busy ourselves with Congressional investigations in a futile attempt to fix the guilt.

We are here concerned with but one element of the Army of the United States—the National Guard; but in order to appreciate properly the theoretical function of this body, it will be necessary for us to consider, briefly, the other two components, the Regular Army and the Organized Reserves.

Reduced to a minimum strength (the latest figures report 12,000 officers and 118,000 enlisted men) the Regular establishment is scarcely in a position to accomplish the peacetime duties outlined for it, i.e., to provide adequate garrisons for our overseas possessions; to provide adequate garrisons for our coast defenses; to provide personnel for the development and instruction of the National Guard and the Organized Reserves. In the event of necessity the Regular Army could not put one com-

pletely equipped division into the field.

The Organized Reserve force is made up of perfectly splendid lists of names—nearly one hundred thousand in all. Yet it is problematical whether these lists, hurled by embattled congressmen at the invader, would inflict many casualties.

The Act of June 4, 1920 added the Organized Reserves as a new element, a third component, to our army. The declared intention of Congress in authorizing this innovation was to create a force of officers and non-commissioned officers (a relatively small number of the latter) which would be available as an aid to the Regular Army and National Guard in the event of an emergency. Having formed this third component, the legislative body, with characteristic foresightedness, neglected to provide for it adequate training facilities, trusting, apparently, that the World War Veterans who received commissions would keep their memories green.

For a brief period after the passage of the Act, when many of the Reserve officers retained at least some remnants of their wartime efficiency, the force was less ridiculous than is the case at present. Then the Reservists were comparatively fresh and still young. Now, after seven years, they grow prosperous, middle-aged and paunchy—estimable fellows, no doubt, and pillars of their several communities, but scarcely fitted to lead troops into action.

The young men who receive new commissions, and fill existing vacancies are drawn from the college R. O. T. C. units and from the Citizen's Military Training Camps. They know little of soldiering, have never been in the field—save during short summer encampments—and, naturally, are far inferior to the National Guardsmen.

A certain number of Reserve officers are permitted to receive fifteen days' training during the Government fiscal year—a privilege of which comparatively few avail themselves. The remainder rest content in confining their military activities to attendance at an annual banquet, where they applaud frantically the patriotic perorations of after-dinner Paul Reveres. The most that can be said of the Organized Reserves is that they are at once the amusement and despair of the Regular Officers detailed to futher their development.

II

It will be readily appreciated, then, that the National Guard will constitute the main defensive bulwark of this country in the event of attack by a foreign power. We shall be well paid to examine the structure of this highly important element and, upon the information thus acquired, to predicate its probable effectiveness.

Prior, however, to examining the status of the existing National Guard, it will be well to anticipate questions concerning the wartime Guard divisions. These troops, admittedly, were often the equals, and occasionally the superiors, of the regulars—but, for a very good reason. In 1916, it will be remembered, the Guard was ordered to the Mexican Border where it spent the greater part of a year. Almost at once the nation was drawn into the World War, and again the Guard went into the field, this time for a season of intensive training. It was no cause for wonder, then, that with almost two years of field service behind them, these divisions performed well at the front. In this connection it seems fitting to remark that, during the seasoning process, England and France held the enemy at bay—a convenience that is not to be depended upon in the event of future wars.

Congress now limits the National Guard to a peace-strength of 250,000 officers and men. These have been divided into eighteen Infantry Divisions, four Cavalry Divisions, and Corps, Army, G. H. Q., and Reserve troops. It is further provided that the Guard be equipped with heavy artillery, anti-

aircraft artillery, tanks, airplanes, balloons, and other novelties: all of the paraphernalia incidental to the turning out of a modern fighting force. So far, so good. I have already remarked that the scheme *sounds* plausible.

The estimated strength of the National Guard, taken from the figures published June 30, 1924, is 185,000 officers and men. As it is customary for militia officers to pad their reports, it is safe for us to reduce this number from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. The padding process is resorted to by the officers in order that they may receive pay for their services, inasmuch as the Federal government requires that sixty per cent of the enlisted personnel and fifty per cent of the commissioned personnel be present at each drill, and that a certain minimum peace-strength be maintained. In order to get around this regulation all manner of stratagems are resorted to, anywhere from carrying deadheads on the rolls to counting in members of other units—a maneuver natural enough in a country where repeaters have figured so largely at the polls as to establish a national precedent.

I recall, in this connection, an amusing incident which occurred during my own period of service as a militia officer. It is required that Guard units pass a Federal inspection and muster once each year. One year, upon inspection night, my company was physically short (although we carried a plenitude of names on the rolls) twenty-two men. The captain dispatched me to the orderly room of an adjacent company to borrow the necessary soldiers and, after hastily assigning them names from *our* roster, I returned with the detachment just in time to have it fall in. Everything worked nicely until the inspector, calling the roll, bawled, "Weatherby!" and received *two* answers. In the general excitement I had borrowed one man too many, and he, poor devil, anxious to please, had taken a name in company with one of his mates. The rest is history. . . .

But in order to keep up even its present strength the militia is obliged to go in for elaborate recruiting campaigns. Many units, in place of spending their allotted training periods at actual drill, patrol the boulevards in search of victims, hold meetings at street junctions, enlist unwary loiterers; by threats occasionally, else by promises and gentler means of persuasion. Broadsides find their way into letter boxes. Armories are placarded with huge advertising signboards calculated to ensnare the passer-by. Some regiments employ the help-wanted columns of the daily newspapers in their frantic attempts to enroll fresh suckers.

An artillery battalion in New York City used, and, for all I know, continues to use the signboard method with considerable success. One might have imagined, reading the copy, that this outfit was a combination of the Racquet and Meadowbrook Clubs. It promised dancing and other social activities, athletic games, a two weeks' summer encampment—free!—that was to be nothing more nor less than a sportsman's paradise. "We teach you," it said, "to ride a horse; to play polo." Polo, forsooth! The only horses lighter than Clydesdales who ever stepped inside that armory were the property of a wealthy civilian who used the place as a boarding stable.

But the final responsibility for this recruitment under false pretenses does not rest upon the shoulders of militia officers. They are obliged, in communities where patriotism consists largely of faith without works, of flag-waving rather than flag-following, to appeal to the self-interest of their prospects. Young America has no particular aversion toward wearing a uniform; it is distinctly prejudiced against performing any kind of additional labor. Anyone taking the trouble to think upon the matter will realize at once that the Federal Government is not appropriating its funds for the promotion of young men's social centers. On the

contrary, it spends millions upon the theory that it is training soldiers! And the Guard officers, who realize perfectly that nine out of ten men are not interested in soldiering at all, resort to bunk in order to keep the ranks filled.

Although certain National Guard units attract a comparatively high type of man, and though the efficiency of the organization varies in the several states, the results of this recruiting plan are generally similar throughout the country. The average guardsman is quite young—in his teens, in fact—and just about capable of bearing arms. Growing older (and wiser) he deserts, is discharged on some pretext or other, or else waits eagerly for his three-year term of enlistment to expire. The percentage of reenlistments is not high.

Some years ago I was appointed Summary Court Martial officer of the Guard unit in which I held a commission. My duties were to try minor defaulters for their military offenses, and to investigate cases of continued absence from drill, punishing those men who were, in my opinion, minus adequate excuses. In pursuing these investigations I learned a great deal that I had not known before concerning the enlisted man's point of view. Loath to fine or imprison anyone who had transgressed unintentionally, I questioned the defendants with considerable care, summoning their parents as witnesses in many cases in an attempt to ascertain the true reasons for what had become a wholesale neglect of duty.

I found, in the first place, that the average man who came before me—this, despite the fact that he had taken the Federal Oath of Allegiance—had not the vaguest conception of the responsibilities which he had voluntarily assumed. He had joined the Guard without any appreciation of its function. He knew now that drill was tiresome and that he did not like it—hence his absence without leave, or desertion. It was useless for me to explain to the youngster that he was a servant of the Government, that he had evaded his duties, and that he was held strictly accountable. He clung stubbornly to the idea that he had been promised basketball, or swimming, or dancing, and that we—not living up to our agreement—had instead put him to work drilling, or scrubbing equipment, or cleaning harness.

Some of these men I let off with a warning; others I fined a few dollars; occasionally I sent one to jail for two or three days—all this to a wailing Greek Chorus of parents and sisters and cousins and aunts who claimed that the lad was the sole support of a large family, and who looked upon me as an instrument of the devil.

I do not contend, of course, that the men were justified in their remissness; but I quite understand their personal reasons for refusing when requested to reenlist.

While it may be argued that the youngster who has served in the Guard has at least received military training which, in time of need, will stand the country in good stead, it is quite simple to demonstrate the fallacy of such a contention. His training, at best, has been sketchy. Yet the recipient considers himself an old soldier and an authority on military matters. He has learned just enough to make him exasperating. Any professional soldier will testify that, when it comes to fitting men for service, he prefers raw conscripts to ex-guardsmen, or even ex-regulars. Most soldiers (enlisted men that is) have an omniscience complex. Stand one day before a troop of cavalry and order all men who are qualified automobile mechanics to march two paces forward. Nine-tenths of them will never have been closer to an internal combustion motor than the rear seat of a Ford. Yet, as one man, the troop will move smartly two paces to the front. They are soldiers; hence, they know everything. But do not, I beg of you, allow one of them to tinker with your carburetor. And place not your trust in fellows who have *once* had military training.

III

The officers of the National Guard can be split up, for convenience, into three groups. First there are the politicians who make money out of the militia. Next come the "vain boys" who love to strut about in uniform and never miss a parade. Third are the "military nuts" who, occasionally, are valuable. These last do most of the work at hand and, with training added to their enthusiasm, doubtless would make tolerable corporals in a regular outfit.

The majority of the politicians are to be found in the higher ranks. Some of them obtain appointments as permanent National Guard officers—with the pay and allowances of regular officers—and function as state adjutant generals or upon the various divisional staffs. These men are oftentimes fairly capable, and are obliged to do a certain amount of work. The worst that can be said of them is that they are unsuccessful civilians.

Others, among the politicians, are unit commanders (majors or colonels) directly in charge of armories. A favorite diversion with these patriots is to rent out State or National property to private enterprises—at a profit to themselves. It is worked somewhat in this manner: the colonel of, say, the Umpteenth Cavalry forms an Umpteenth Cavalry Association, of which he is the president and one of his brother-looters secretary and treasurer. The ostensible purpose of the association is to promote the interests of the Umpteenth Cavalry financially and otherwise. One fine day there comes a movie company which offers to lease the armory for several weeks in order to shoot outdoor scenes indoors. As president of the Umpteenth Cavalry Association, our doughty colonel approaches himself as commanding officer of the Umpteenth Cavalry and agrees to rent his armory to his association for the nominal sum of three hundred dollars a week. The colonel further guarantees himself that this money will be applied to the regimental fund. Then the gallant president of the Umpteenth Cavalry Association rents his armory to the movie company for two thousand dollars a week, payable in cash. Calling a meeting of the association, he announces that he has been able to lease the armory for several weeks. "Of course, gentlemen," says he, "it will be necessary during this period to discontinue drills. The time, I think, can be profitably spent in a recruiting campaign. And think, gentlemen, what *three hundred dollars a week* will mean to the dear old regiment!" (Cheers, Cheers!)

I served at one time in a regiment where such practice was the rule. I tried, with tongue in cheek, to obtain an accounting; but a junior officer can do nothing where colonels are concerned. Occasionally, when a new political party comes into power, these fellows are caught, court-martialed, and admonished. But not often.

To give the reader some idea of how frequently things of this sort happen, I mention that during the past year or so two New York City regiments have been obliged to hush up scandals. In one case both colonel and lieutenant colonel were removed from office after an investigation had been made; in the second a major was given the choice of facing charges or handing in resignation. Need I mention that he resigned?

Insuring greater safety, but smaller returns, is the livery-stable business. The colonel, through his association, buys thirty or forty head of horses and rents them out to civilians at considerably more than they are worth per hour. He uses state-owned stables to house the nags and, more often than not, government forage to feed them. One colonel flatly refused me the privilege of maintaining my own horse in his armory, although I was an officer of the regiment and on a mounted status. He said, frankly, that he could get fifty dollars a month from a civilian for the necessary stall, while I, as an officer, could be com-

pelled to pay only twenty-five. Other officers of this mounted regiment, if they care to ride, may hire horses from the Association at a dollar fifty an hour. . . . Of course, it takes longer to become wealthy by this method.

There are numerous other ways of making money out of the Guard. Armories are leased for conventions, for six-day races, for athletic games, for prize fights. The Hippodrome chorus used the old Seventy-First New York for its early rehearsals, and various small-town armories are employed to house vegetable shows, horticultural exhibitions, and professional wrestling bouts. The list could, if necessary, be prolonged indefinitely.

Of course, I do not mean to insinuate, by the foregoing, that all National Guard commanders are thieves or grafters. On the contrary, many of them are delightful, middle-aged gentlemen riding a hobby. I do contend, however, that in many cases commissioned service in the militia has come to be regarded as a political perquisite rather than as a patriotic privilege.

IV

At the present time members of the Federalized National Guard are required to attend drill once each week throughout the year, the training periods to be of at least one and one-half hours' duration. In addition, each unit spends a fifteen-day period at camp where it performs field exercises. It will be entirely obvious to you that civilians, however intelligent, cannot be made over into soldiers in any such short order. It takes months, and even years, to inculcate discipline, and to teach men the simplest rudiments of a highly technical profession. Without discipline an army is totally ineffectual; with discipline it gains confidence and esprit de corps. In the absence of these qualities you have, however brave individually your men may be, a mere rabble. And a rabble cannot absorb punishment, cannot function under artillery fire, cannot hold its ground against *regular* troops.

In order to facilitate the training of the militia, regular officers are assigned to each unit as "Inspector Instructors." These officers, who are usually relieved every four years, are graduates of the various service schools, picked for their tact and ability to impart information. Before taking up their duties they are informed that the National Guard is virtually the country's main military defense, and that officers and men alike are more than eager to learn. Consequently they arrive upon the scene filled with interest and enthusiasm.

It does not take them long to learn that Guardsmen must be handled with kid gloves. They find that each member of the commissioned personnel considers himself a noble fellow, a volunteer who makes prodigious sacrifices in order to serve his country. Further, it soon becomes apparent that suggestions are unwelcome; that, after all, these volunteers cannot be held to a rigorous disciplinary system for fear that they will hand in their resignations, and that any attempt to bring order out of chaos is met by subtle but firm obstruction.

What to do? The "Inspector Instructors" realize—none better—that the militia is politically powerful, and that it cannot be antagonized safely. Thus, they lose their enthusiasm, and either apply to be transferred or else sit back and go peacefully to seed.

For the reader's further enlightenment I quote the following paragraphs from pamphlet 800–128 issued by the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas, for the guidance of regular officers about to take up their duties as instructors in the National Guard:

Par. 249—In taking up duty with the National Guard, the instructor should remember that the guardsmen volunteer for military service not only from a sense of patriotic duty, but also as an avocation which brings recreation and relaxation from their regular profession. This duty should, therefore, be made as attractive and inter-

esting to them as possible, in order to keep up interest and enthusiasm. An instructor should begin his duty with the National Guard by studying the opportunities and limitations in this line as well as the facilities for training the units he is to instruct.

Par. 262—(f) An instructor is not responsible for the training of the organization to which assigned; the responsibility rests upon the commanding officer. If he carrys out his instructions from the War Department; arranges the details of the instruction, and on all occasions maintains the attitude of an enthusiastic, willing, encouraging helper, and a friendly critic, he will have performed his full duty within his authority.

(h) It is essential that you take the officers as you find them. Do not try in any way to influence their selection or promotion; this is not your province. Be impartial and do your best with the material furnished you for instruction.

(j) Remember that the National Guardsman is playing the military profession as a game, and if he is interested in polo, horse shows, gymkhanas, racing, cross-country riding, just so must you exhibit an interest in these sports.

"We have never won a war on the merits of our past military policies, but have been saved by the weakness of our enemies, they being otherwise engaged, or separated from us by three thousand miles of ocean."—I quote again the Cavalry School pamphlet 800–128. Our so-called "splendid isolation" has stood us in good stead for, time after time, we have depended upon militia to fight our battles and, almost as often, it has let us down.

During the War for Independence General Washington expressed himself forcibly and often concerning the militia. Our first Commander in Chief, he was first to recognize the value of regular troops. His ragged Continentals saw him through many a tight place after the well-uniformed militiamen—fair-weather fighters—had beaten a hasty retreat.

What was perhaps the greatest fiasco ever directly attributed to American militia occurred during the War of 1812. A force of British regulars sailed up Chesapeake Bay, effected a landing, marched upon the National Capital, sacked and burned it. Opposed to them were some two hundred thousand United States troops—school histories, I believe, do not state the exact figures—who fled before the Redcoats like chaff in the path of a storm. The British expedition was made up of thirty-five hundred officers and men, veterans of the Peninsular Wars, while our own army—need it be said?—was composed of militia and volunteers.

The militia did not care about the war with Mexico, and no amount of persuasion could induce it to take part. I cannot help but feel that, had it been under Federal control and thus forced to participate, it would have proved more hinderance than help.

During the Civil War the Northern militia spent its time running away, when it could, and in being slaughtered, when it could not. After several costly years it acquired seasoning. It is claimed, on good authority, that the Southern militia—employing, as it did, thousands of able-bodied men as home guards—was largely instrumental in losing the war for the Confederacy.

V

Let us assume, in common with the late lamented W. J. Bryan, that Americans are the bravest people on earth and that, in case of an invasion, "a million men will spring to arms overnight." And let us further make the equally logical assumption: that all American males are natural rifle-shots, natural horsemen, and instinctive fighters. (For is it not a fact well known to the merest schoolboy that any citizen of this glorious republic can lick two Englishmen, three Frogs, four Japs or twenty Spigs?) Granting, then, that extreme intrepidity is our national characteristic; granting that, citizen for citizen, we can defeat any race on the face of the earth; granting that our high proportion of intelligence, plus a natural aptitude for

making war, enables us to turn out soldiers more rapidly than less gifted nations; agreeing to all this, it remains obvious that a company, or a regiment, or an army made up of camouflaged civilians cannot be expected to put up any sort of a fight against an equal body of disciplined soldiery. Yet that is precisely the task our legislative solons would impose upon us. Militia, however resplendent, is nothing but uniformed citizenry. Militia, nevertheless, constitutes our first line—practically our *only* line—of military defense. As well embark upon a war with the Shriners, the Knights Templars, and the Benevolent and Protective order of Elks drawn up in battle array.

If I suggest that the solution of all this is to increase the regular army, I shall be called a militarist, a Junker. Yet certainly it would be preferable to expend money upon a slightly larger body of professionals than to continue throwing it away upon rank amateurs of negligible value. (During 1925 the Federal Government spent $30,044,500 on the National Guard alone. Thirty-five millions have been appropriated for 1926—no small sum when it is considered that the individual states also contribute to the upkeep of the various units.) I might, too, advance a plea for compulsory military service—a year or so in the army for all males capable of bearing arms, plus a reasonably large body of highly trained officers to instruct them. Still a third plan, and one more palatable to the body politic, would be a variation on the British Territorial system. That is, to propagandize the business men of the nation until they are willing to allow members of the militia—who also happen to be their employees—a yearly training period of from six weeks to two months on full pay. This would cost the government of the wealthiest nation in the world considerably more than the present system, but a large proportion of the total increase in expenditure could be taken care of by lopping off the practically useless third component of the existing army, the Organized Reserves.

All of these schemes, I say, have their advantages, although I do not asseverate that any one of them is flawless. All of them would be attacked in the Congress upon "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier" grounds. And, as a matter of fact, I do no special pleading for them, here or elsewhere.

It seems to me, however, that the public has been deceived in its new National Defense system; that light should be thrown upon it now, in times of peace. If ever this country is attacked by a first-class power the National Guard will be slaughtered. And, if the first line of defense is overthrown before the second has had time to train, the "rich man" of the world will be easy pickings. Of course, another great republic—that of Carthage—waxed fat, and hired mercenaries to do its fighting. We, possibly, could do the same. Yet Carthage, it will be remembered, fell.

LIMITATION OR LIBERTY

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

ONE to whom religion is the breath of life is continually astonished at the ideas about it which occupy some people's minds. I met a man recently who belonged to no church, who had not been inside one for years, and to whom personal religion meant nothing, but who was valiantly supporting the fundamentalists. Since many people were going to have a religion of some kind, he wanted them to have that kind. Religion, so he thought, tended to reduce men to order; it made them docile; it was part of the repressive apparatus of society like policemen and prisons; and therefore the more rock-ribbed its authority, the more undisturbed its obscurantism, the more autocratic its organization, the better he liked it.

One way or another, that man is an interesting though extreme example of prevalent ideas about religion. Many people, to be sure, condescendingly regard religion merely as a superfluous extra. Around the solid fabric of normal human experience with its natural joys, tasks, and satisfactions some, so it is said, prefer a decorative fringe—religion. Certain temperaments are supposed to go in for religion. Like collecting stamps or working crossword puzzles, it is a whim which a man can be interested in or not as he pleases. It is "an elective in the university of life."

To others, however, religion means a positive suppression of life. They think of it in terms of limitation and imprisonment, restraint, and taboo. It is a man stepping on himself. And often folk who do not take to it themselves warmly recommend it for others, especially for the populace in general.

It is against the background of such prevalent conceptions that the meaning of religion to the spiritual seers shines out. To them religion has been the very opposite of suppressed and shackled living. It has meant life's expansion and completion, with all life's powers and possibilities unfolded and its energies aflame. It has been life's liberator, not its jailer. Its chief effect has been, not repression, but release.

WHETHER or not the spiritual seers are right about this is an important inquiry. If religion is really an addition to, or a suppression of life, it is doomed. We may endow it with money, build great institutions to defend it, solidify it in rituals and creeds until it looks as rugged as Gibraltar; but it will not last. It will not last unless it is indispensable to complete living, so that a man cannot be fully man without it.

Years of work in a great city in what might almost be called a Protestant confessional, where all sorts of sins and shames, all degrees of spiritual need have continually presented themselves, make clear the fact that the last thing which folk are looking for when they seek religion is repression. They are always looking for life—its release and

liberty and fulfilment. I have before me a letter now from one who eagerly is seeking for religion. "If I only had more religion," the letter reads, "the situation would be so much more hopeful." That is no wish to be arrested by a spiritual policeman and put under restraint, but a cry for the inner secret of free and triumphant living.

The plain fact seems to be, however we may explain it, that the deepest elements in human personality are truncated and incomplete until they have expanded into religion. One thing, for example, that all people want when they seek religion is happiness. That is indispensable; they cannot go on with the barren existence that lacks it. They have tried to achieve it without religion. They may even have gone consciously into positive irreligion saying that there is no God, that eighty-odd chemical elements with their combinations make up all existence, that there is no spiritual origin behind life nor meaning in it. They have thought of the saints and seers as self-deceived—Wordsworth finding God in nature and feeling the Presence that disturbed him with the joy of elevated thoughts, befooled; even Jesus saying, "I am not alone, because the Father is with me," victimized by a delusion.

In the end, more often than not, you will find such folk seeking somewhere for religion. They are not looking for restraint; their irreligious view of life has repressed and depressed them more than they could endure; they are looking for liberty and happiness. For happiness is more than physical comfort, daily work, human companionship, books, music, play; it is incomplete, half-grown, without an underlying consciousness that life as a whole "means intensely and means good." It was not a preacher, but a psychologist who lately bewailed the multitudes of people who have everything in life except an incentive to live; and no incentive to live is adequate which leaves a man trying to rejoice in life's details while thinking sadly of life as a whole. He who is satisfied with the circumference of his experience but has no confidence about its meaning at the center is not fully happy. It was this which caused George John Romanes, the scientist, when for a time he gave up his Christian faith, to compare the hallowed glory of the creed which once was his with the lonely mystery of existence as then he found it; it was this which made him unable to think of his loss without experiencing, as he said, the sharpest pang of which his nature was susceptible.

Multitudes of people know what Romanes went through. They, like him, have come out of it at last and have found in religion no mere extra on life, no negative suppression of life, but an indispensable enlargement of life into secure and abiding happiness.

MANY other people come to religion because their moral life is cramped without it. This inalienable part of them, without which they would not be themselves at all—the inward demand for goodness and the poignant shame of missing it—seems inadequately domiciled in an irreligious world.

Many people, to be sure, try the experiment of serving goodness without caring about religion. They may even consciously say that there is no God, that all creative reality is physical, that the moral sense is a fugitive episode developed on this planet in answer to temporary circumstances. They may say that nothing in creation as a whole corresponds to our moral sense or is interested in it, that the creative power from which all things come cares no more for right and wrong than the weather for the flowers which it makes possible in June and in November nonchalantly nips with bitter frost.

Multitudes of people, however, have not been able to stay that way, not because they wanted moral restraint but moral release. When at last they stepped from irreligion to religion, believed in God, believed that man's goodness is a rivulet from an eternal

fountain, believed that the whole universe is in the hands of justice, that no lie can last forever, that no man can ultimately tip the beam of the everlasting righteousness, that God is "Powerful Goodness" and will alike forgive and conquer sin, they moved out into a world-view where their moral sense has room, horizon, and abiding significance.

At any rate, in this realm, too, religion, whatever else it may be, is not truly described as an extra or a suppression. It is the moral life of man expanding to a "lordly great compass within," and believing that goodness, which is its priceless and hardly won treasure, is no accident in this universe, but a revelation of the Eternal.

MANY other people come to religion, as every confessor of souls knows, because they have fallen in love. A young man, never specially religious, takes the minister aside on the wedding day and, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, kneels down and says, "I want you to pray for us"; a mother, brilliant, cultured, wealthy, who never had cared for religion in all her life, comes to the minister desperately seeking some because she adores her children and sees that they ought to have it—the list is endless. As all the psychologists know, the roots of love and of religion are inextricably intertwined.

Nor is the reason difficult to see. Discount, if one will, the merely instinctive and emotional causes of this close association, an intellectual re[illegible] mains. It is not easy for a [illegible] to think of itself as an accident[illegible] not say that stars are accide[illegible] are eternal causes behind them[illegible] here on earth something has developed much more wonderful than stars, something which Henry Drummond rightly called the greatest thing in the world. It is not easy to suppose that this is a fortuitous by-product with nothing corresponding to it at the heart of reality. Love at its highest and finest feels cooped and handicapped in a purposeless and loveless creation. Our finest affections and friendships may not have the right to say, but they certainly desire to say, "Love is of God."

As through an open window one hears a snatch of music and recognizes it as a theme from "Parsifal," so in love at its best the seers have thought they heard a divine refrain, partial and broken, from a larger harmony, which is God. That is doubtless poetry. The query still remains, however, as to whether poetry may not be truer than prose. At any rate, so long as religion exists at all, it will keep returning to Tolstoy's conviction, "Where love is, God is."

It is said of one of the great composers that when he was a boy he used to employ the harpsichord to tease his father. After the family had retired for the night he would slip from bed and strike an unfinished chord. Then his father would try to sleep. It was impossible; the unfinished chord haunted him; he had to rise and complete it. So human love at its best, haunting us with its unfulfilled suggestions, is not complete until it sees that "God is love."

At any rate, in this realm also religion is no extra on life, no suppression of life. It is the release of life in its finest attitudes into a world fitted to its presence and responsive to its hopes.

SOME people have this experience of seeking and finding in religion enlargement and release, not primarily for their happiness, their conscience, or their love, but for their mind. Many, to be sure, think of religion as involving of necessity the suppression of the free exercise of thought. Who can blame them? Religion hardens into rigid forms. It is identified by its devotees with its historic encrustations. It becomes, not a liberator, but a slave-driver to the mind and justifies by its obscurantisms all that its worst enemies can say about it. But that is not the

true genius of religion as the seers have known it. That is the degradation of religion.

Religion at its best is not a cramped cell for the intellect, but a mind-stretcher. Though a man try to be an agnostic, as Herbert Spencer tried to be, yet he cannot escape the haunting consciousness of the vast vacancy where God ought to be. "Behind these mysteries," wrote Spencer in his *Autobiography*, "lies the all-embracing mystery —whence this universal transformation which has gone on unceasingly throughout a past eternity, and will go on unceasingly throughout a future eternity?" When, now, the mind tries to deal with that all-embracing mystery by which our lives are encompassed, the choices of attitude are few. We can throw up the question and try to forget it. Or we can take the lowest element in our experience, dynamic dirt going it blind, and, lifting that up as far as we can, say, The all-embracing mystery is most of all like that. Or we can take the highest that we know—personality at its best with purposefulness, intelligence, goodwill—and, recognizing how pitifully inadequate any human symbol must be when applied to the Eternal, still lift that up as far as we can reach and say, The all-embracing mystery is most of all like that.

That is the daring outreach and intellectual adventure of religion. It is the mind rising up to think of the Eternal in the noblest terms at its disposal.

So we could continue down the list of those constituent elements which make men what they are and continually drive them to religion—happiness, conscience, love, mind, hope, purpose, ideal. In every case we should discover that religion is a flowering out of these into their expanded meanings. Take any one of these best elements in life and let it unfold its widest implications, and inevitably one has reached religion. Samuel Johnson once said, "No one can think deeply without thinking religiously." That can be carried farther—no one can live deeply without living religiously. Religion is not the truncation of life, but life's completion.

TO BE sure, that fact by itself does not prove religion's truth. Some, with what seems to them a crushing answer, will be ready to meet the argument which we have been presenting here. They will say, "To be sure, religion is the completion of life. It would be a privilege, the supreme privilege, if you will, to give the reins to one's ideal desires, to rejoice in a world right at its creative center because that makes us happy, to see in goodness a revelation of God, to interpret our love as a reflection of his and so to think of the Eternal in terms of the highest that we know. It would be wonderful to feel our lives so caught up and glorified in the unifying purpose of a morally significant universe, and to believe that mankind will garner at last the harvests for which its saints have toiled. But just because it would be wonderful we are not going to believe it. We are not going to be credulous."

I, too, am afraid of being credulous. The fear of credulity, however, does not lead me away from religion, but toward it. That is one reason for being a religious man. When I hear any one reducing the interpretation of the whole creative process to the fortuitous interactions of a few chemical elements I am sure that that man is credulous. He has been taken in by a superficial view of things.

[redacted]easily can get hold of this fear of [redacted]y by the wrong handle, and [redacted]n history have done so. Some of the best minds of the race would not believe that there were people on the other side of the globe walking with their feet up and their heads down. They were not going to be fools. No such credulity for them! They would not believe that the earth even was round, because it looked flat, or moving, because it seemed stationary. They

were devoted to their canny common sense. They would not surrender that to think that the blood circulated, that a steamship could cross the sea, that gravitation was true, that democracy could be made to work. Our whole modern view of the world has been built up against the scornful antagonism of able minds that were dead set against credulity. For while the fear of credulity is a necessary guardian against falsehood and superstition, it has, on the other side, prevented multitudes from believing some of the greatest truths which later generations gloried in. Always the universe has proved more marvelous than the incredulous dared to think.

When, therefore, the modern materialist arrives, reduces the qualitative aspect of man's life to the quantitative and then analyzes the quantitative into molecules, atoms, electrons, presenting us at last with a formula in physics as the sufficient explanation of everything, I am sure that man is credulous. If he says, The formula is simple, I reply, Too simple! Our life and the creation that enshrines it are too deep and varied, too mysterious and meaningful, too filled with spiritual potencies to be reduced to a formula like that. I will not surrender to that kind of credulity.

Incredulity works in two ways. It can guard men from the gullible acceptance of folly, or it can keep men from belief in amazing truth. For myself, on what seems to me the good evidence of man's spiritual evolution up to date, I am confident that this world in the end will prove far more spiritually significant, not less, than we have dared to think.

At any rate, only the caricatures of religion are superfluous additions to life, suppressions of life. Real religion is the secret of life fulfilled and abundant.

PROGRESS?

BY ADA ALDEN

THE eager city's thrill and surge,
The tumult of the thronging mind—
I feel borne onward by their urge.

Yet do I move? How can I tell?
The anchored valley spins, the hill;
Only the rolling sun is still.

My train has stopped; a train goes by.
The proud conviction of my speed
Is dear to me—is dear indeed.

But deep those clear springs of the soul
Where the heavens look as in a glass,
And hushed hours weave a mystery . . .
There no trains pass.

THE TEST OF THE GENTEEL

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

CHANGES in society are always greeted with consternation by those adversely affected, regardless of a possible large and enduring value to the community as a whole which may result from such change. The world is filled at the present time with the lamentations of the "genteel." They declare that they, who are the custodians of the refinements of life, are being forced out of existence by the increasing cost of labor, and that a population of crass materialists, who express all worth in terms of the dollar, is being substituted for them. The high cost of labor, they assert, brings about a lamentable increase in the cost of homes, of the upkeep in houses, of personal service, and of the things of beauty and utility upon which the quality of the life of the genteel depends. They claim that the new materialists, accepting a money measure of value, ignore the contributions of the middle-class to civilization, and consent to the discontinuance of its gifts and to the annihilation of its members.

This reaction is typical of the response of the privileged classes throughout history to encroachments on their supposedly sacred preserves. The aristocrats of France in 1789 and the *intelligentsia* of Russia in 1917 might have employed the same words of dismal prophecy in describing the state of their countries that the alarmists among the genteel to-day use in describing the present plight of the United States.

Any factors upsetting the habitual balance of things and altering the established economic levels are particularly disturbing to those on the upper levels. The customary slight fluctuations on the lower levels never seem to them so momentous; for a little larger or smaller dole to the charitable societies has always been assumed to meet that situation to the satisfaction of all concerned. "Coals and blankets" have been traditionally regarded as a generous substitute for a living wage. But the case is different when the articulate upper classes are affected—their wrongs cry to heaven for redress.

The truth of the matter is that a bloodless revolution is taking place in this country which is not, as the defenders of the genteel would have us believe, eliminating the middle-class, but is, instead, enormously increasing its numbers. Never in the history of the world has there been such a spectacle. Whatever the cause may be, the fact remains that, between a relatively small, unfortunate group on a low economic level, and a smaller, but perhaps no less unfortunate group on a high economic level, the great majority of us are able to meet our wants on incomes that suffice for civilized life, though they may never completely satisfy our sense of our deserts.

For generations mankind has been theorizing about such a possibility. We have all thought we were working day and night to bring so desirable a consummation to pass. The churches have been preaching its coming; the humanitarians urging it. We have divided the total income of the country by the population and tried to plot optimistic curves with the quotient. The college

faculties have been so active in advocating changes in our social order, designed to bring about some kind of economic equality, that they have often laid themselves open to suspicion from the capitalistic class. But, while the reformers have been calculating and cogitating, and the socialists and communists have been declaring that they alone could show us how to organize a happier society, the miracle has happened, independent of the activities of any and all of them. A wide distribution of our national wealth among the masses of our population, through the rapid increase in wages, has been accomplished with as little tumult as the melting of great snowdrifts in the first spring thaw. When a carpenter receives $12 a day and a plasterer $14, when a plumber is paid $1.25 an hour, and a painter $1.30, the fact cannot be glossed over that a new world-order has come into being. We know neither whom to thank nor whom to blame. But it is unbecoming for the genteel, who have hitherto felt safe in urging a more equitable distribution of the products of industry, to complain at the inconvenience they feel, now that their wish has come true.

The plight of the genteel is in reality due to the fact that the traditional life of their group is based upon abundant personal service, whether it be supplied by the slaves of Greece in 500 B.C. or by the undermanned servant-class of the industrialized democracy of the United States in 1926. When the genteel life is threatened by a shortage of labor, as it is to-day, it means that the opportunities for free choice of occupation are rapidly increasing. If in many communities cooks and laundresses are not to be had, the reason for this is that economic conditions have become so favorable to the workers that they can desert the field of domestic service which they have so generally regarded as socially undesirable.

The genteel have not been asked to go out of existence. They are expected, however, to share with millions of their fellows the privileges which they had regarded as theirs alone, and at the same time to assume the disabilities from which they had thought they were exempt. Too long have they accepted as a part of the inevitable nature of things their monopoly of a margin above the subsistence line, their freedom of choice as to the work they should do, and their leisure to enjoy life. The addition of large numbers of their fellows to their category has produced in them an uneasy sense of indignity and a feeling of uncertainty as to the future. They ask themselves whether economic equality can after all in the long run prove to be good.

Since 1776 every Fourth-of-July orator has acclaimed with fervor the idea of social equality. But economic equality, it would seem, is a coat of another color. It means that we can have only those things from our fellows which come as a free-will offering. No coercion, social or economic, is possible. If the refinements of life, as some of us feel, are actually dependent upon an elaboration of personal service at the hands of our co-citizens, the twentieth century must relapse into barbarism. We are no longer able to demand or receive such attentions from anyone. But we may fairly ask ourselves whether the sacrifice of a butler behind each chair at dinner, or a maid to turn down our sheets at night, is too big a price to pay for the passing of the tin dinner-pail and the coming into being of the thermos bottle in the Boston bag. Inability to afford a trip to Europe, inconvenient housing conditions, the reduction of skilled attendance, absence of provision for resident servants, even the deprivation of light and space and quiet, so dear to the scholarly mind, do not seem too much for us to offer up for a world in which most of us can be clean and warm and fed, in which girls are not tempted to sell themselves for a living, in which the children of laborers may graduate from the high schools, in

which the washwoman does our laundry as a favor and comes for it in her automobile, in which tenement districts bristle with radio masts, and in which the compulsory school age can be raised in state after state without disaster to either family or industry. A civilization in which the employer is compelled to seek the employee is certainly more wholesome than one in which the employee takes his place in the long, shivering queue, hoping against hope for some job to keep starvation from those he loves.

II

The problem of curtailment of service, which figures so large in the plight of the genteel, has been met by the dwellers on the Pacific coast in a competent and cheerful spirit. Their scheme of life is equal to dealing with a social organization which provides trained nurses and chauffeurs but seldom domestic servants. If they have no cook, they use a can opener. If the dining room is too small for their circle of friends, they go out on a picnic. They do not bewail a pleasant past; they move energetically into a roseate future.

The genteel suspect materialism among the workers who press for increases of wages. Yet what could be more materialistic than the complaints of the middle-class over the limitations of their income? The criterion of materialism is not a man's effort to get more money but the use to which he puts the money when he has once got it. If it all goes for meat, drink, and fine raiment, the man is either a pauper or a materialist. If the majority of our people make such use of their wages, or their incomes, or their dividends, we must acknowledge ourselves as a nation of materialists.

But what are the members of this new economic group actually doing with their increased wages? They are obviously buying automobiles, as any pedestrian can testify; but there is one other commodity so sought that the supply, in spite of herculean efforts, cannot keep up with the demand. That commodity is education.

The buildings that house the pupils of compulsory school age are full, but the high schools and colleges, which were adequate before the economic revolution, are crowded to the doors. Municipalities are struggling to meet the pressure with two-session high schools, with the conversion into schools of buildings erected for other purposes, and with heavy additions to the tax rate. The colleges have been compelled to limit their intake, and the state universities are discussing junior colleges and other devices to take care of the mounting flood of aspirants for a higher education. One striking fact is that the greatest demand is not for trade schools, which offer the obviously utilitarian type of education, but for those institutions which stress the humanities.

A trade-union official, in a conference on curricula for continuation schools, said heatedly to the "genteel" members of the committee who were advocating the type of training they thought adapted to the needs of the working class, "We do not want our children taught trades. They can learn those on the job. We want them to learn to see what you see in a museum, and to enjoy a symphony concert, and to like to read books the way you do."

Our people as a whole are yearning to share in the world of ideas from which poverty and overwork, lack of leisure and training have kept them. What other explanation can there be for the crowding of schools, the constantly increasing thousands pouring into our museums, the immense circulation of books from our public libraries, and the millions listening to the radio? There is in the heart of the economically emancipated a hunger for the fruits of the spirit which will not be denied.

The "genteel" is not an hereditary caste. It represents those in any generation with gentle tastes. They may have horny hands, they may live in tenements and wear rough clothes, but

if they are interested in the things of the heart and mind, if they deal kindly and justly with their fellows, if they use their leisure to acquire the refinements of life and to cultivate the arts, they may be more truly classed as well-bred than those born to the purple.

The mass movement toward a type of life so innocent and so socially enriching, which is obviously taking place in our midst, is of infinitely more significance than the cavilings of any discommoded group. A small city whose public library is compelled to buy twelve copies of *The Education of Henry Adams* to supply the demand, is far nearer the ideal of the City Beautiful than one in which twelve individuals are able to own and read the same book. A genteel twelve in such a city are no longer the exclusive possessors of a literary taste. They may even be unable to afford to own the coveted book, but they can put their names on the waiting list at the library with the consciousness that they are living in a more highly civilized community than they had ever known before.

III

Have the distracted genteel of these days, who see their old world slipping from them, no responsibility save that of clutching at their vanishing privileges and bewailing their losses? What of the "new genteel" coming on in eager, hopeful hordes? Is there not an obligation to show them a way to the richest life on means within the reach of all?

The plight of the genteel is really the test of the genteel. Can they measure up to the demands put upon them, or will they prove so wedded to the past that they will be unable to adjust themselves to the new and more inspiring present?

The homemaker is the individual upon whom most of the responsibility rests. She is the spender and the organizer of the family budget. It is she who makes the choices upon which "gentility" and the quality of the home life depend. She is the one who must demonstrate that, without the cushionings of the old existence, it is possible to make a home in which the essentials of the cultivated life may be carried on. The "new genteel" must be shown by her that the depletion of the lower class, from which the labor of old came, and the increase of the middle-class, which demands service are not conditions menacing to the survival of the gentle life. She must make it clear that the genteel existence is far more dependent upon just and generous living with one's fellows than upon the possession of a white-aproned maid always ready to answer the door bell.

The business world has had to face a shortage of labor in the industries as acute as the shortage in the field of domestic service. But the business world has met the high cost of manpower not with bemoanings, but with new devices to eliminate the need of workers and to make machinery take the place of men. Each achievement of this character has enriched the entire community by increasing the effectiveness of the individual.

The homemakers of the genteel class, on the other hand, have shown extraordinary conservatism and lack of initiative. Such labor-saving tools as they employ are the invention of men, and have been very gingerly accepted by those they were designed to benefit. An enterprising Englishwoman, who had brought home with her from America an oil floor-mop, was met by unconquerable opposition on the part of her maid.

"No, mum," she protested, "on my knees, with a dustpan and brush in my hand, I have kept these floors clean for twenty years, and I'll not be changing at my time of life."

We smile in a superior manner at such an attitude, but we cling as tenaciously to our pet forms of reactionism as any other enthusiast for the golden past.

Yet there is much that American women can accomplish in throwing off traditional beliefs as to what constitutes

the irreducible minimum for the civilized life. It is a change of ideas rather than a change of tools that is preliminary to any real solution of the problem. Many of the niceties of living, which were the symbols of refinement to an earlier generation, are mistaken to-day for the refinements themselves, and the impossibility of maintaining them is regarded as cause for doubt as to the possibility of preserving civilization.

How many laborious processes which were merely incident to the genteel life of the past have been assumed to be basic! Home making-of-bread had its long day of gentility, when the use of baker's bread was the earmark of shiftlessness and of indifference to family solidarity. A public laundry is anathema to many of the genteel to-day. To send one's washing to a place where almost everyone else's washing goes seems to some, not only an invitation to the most unmentionable diseases, but an affront to personal delicacy. The fact that the laundries are subject to rigid health-department regulation, that sterilizing fluids are used, and that the high temperatures are a super-safeguard is without meaning to such insulated minds. Personal service at the table has been to many the major criterion of civilized dining, but the cafeteria has shown that, at least outside the home, people may serve themselves without complete surrender of the decencies of life. Does anything except inherited prejudices stand between the methods of the old-fashioned housekeeper and such a reorganization of domestic arrangements as shall preserve the graces of the table even when the noiseless waitress is eliminated, and shall maintain the charm of the home without an ear in constant attendance at the door bell and the telephone?

The Japanese regard certain of our uses of linen in place of paper as the height of vulgarity, and we counter by placing the taboo of the fastidious upon paper napkins. What is there intrinsically more refined about the product of flax than of wood-pulp? Many of the numberless shibboleths of house management are of just such ancient lineage, holdovers from the circumstances of an earlier day. New discoveries and new materials are of no value to us until we develop new minds with which to welcome them. The problem for the modern lover of gentle living is to learn how to find, in place of the old methods which must be surrendered new and better ways of achieving the same ends. "Heartily know, when half gods go, the gods arrive." When each want has its value sincerely appraised and each expedient is judged solely on its merit, the way out of many a seeming *impasse* is easy.

The economic revolution, which we are being forced to recognize, has become a challenge to the more privileged women of the country to pare off from the accumulated trappings of the genteel life those customs which are characteristic of an older and less equitable civilization, without at the same time sacrificing what is essential. We have allowed the weaving of our dress materials to pass from the home without feeling that the integrity of family life has been threatened. We are not unduly disturbed because our daughters, instead of gracing the tea table with their daily presence, are running tea-rooms for themselves. Why should there be any rational objection to a home with a "rough-dry" laundry service, with a dish-washing machine, a tea-wagon domestic, a constant use of bakeries and delicatessen shops, and a bare table set with paper napkins? What could be more desirable than a house easily vacuum-cleaned, free of bric-a-brac, scientifically organized in its kitchen end? Would digestion or æsthetics suffer from a fuller use of raw foods, and a radical reduction in duplicating dishes and elaborate menus? Technic of this character is designed to reduce the need for service without at the same time surrendering any real values. A home so organized is still free

for social intercourse, for music, for reading, for family comradeship.

The old order, whose passing we are observing with such mixed emotions, was tempted to smother itself in the paraphernalia of the genteel life. It all too often failed to see the forest for the trees. The mechanics of life were allowed to absorb too much of its time and interest, and to demand too large a proportion of its income for support. Yet the middle-class has thought it was asking nothing of civilization save a chance to live a full life without interference. It will not solve the problem to insist upon more means with which to accumulate more impedimenta. The whole effort must be to discover the essentials of the life the impedimenta were assumed to foster.

But not for themselves alone! The fundamental failure of the genteel has not been their pursuit and cultivation of gentility, but their lack of interest in extending their own opportunities to all the members of their world. But "no trumps" has been bid now, and every man's hand must take its chance. The "new genteel" are looking to the "old genteel" for guidance. They too want to be genteel. They naturally turn to the privileged in the community to see what technic of living they have achieved. They are ready to admire and eager to imitate. Can the genteel of to-day meet the test, and by independence of convention and ingenuity of device develop an art of gentle living both worthy of the copying and within the reach of all?

COMFORT

BY RUTH FITCH BARTLETT

I CANNOT bring you comfort—ask me not
For smooth-pulled sheets and socks all neatly mended;
I cannot bring you biscuits brown and hot,
If these you seek, why, then, our love is ended,
If love you call it—men do call it love—
And women, too, who know no other kind,
Who patiently put household tasks above
The trifling hungers of the flesh and mind.

But I can laugh with you at commonplaces,
And make a feast of moments men call cheap,
And I can go like snow and leave no traces,
When night means nothing more to us than sleep.
Oh! Is it not some comfort to believe
My heart will not grow dingy on your sleeve?

THE PROFESSOR DINES OUT

BY GEORGE BOAS

THE Professor was delighted at the hospitality of Oralia. Even before an invitation had been received by him, everyone had told him how hospitable a university it was. The faculty wives met regularly for tea; the student advisers had their charges around for welsh rabbits and, *faute de mieux*, ginger ale; the professors lunched one another at the Faculty Club; the President had receptions, dinners, teas, and luncheons; the fraternities and sororities vied with one another in entertaining the faculty. There were dances, big and little, formal and informal, intimate and courteous. There were dinner clubs which held smokers and discussed atoms, coal strikes, and the War. There were always poets and English lecturers who passed through the scholastic heavens like wandering comets. There were always meals to be provided for them. Everybody had hospitality on the brain as the residents of Los Angeles have real estate. Newcomers to Oralia sometimes wondered how they would ever reciprocate so many promised kindnesses.

II

After having lived in Oralia six months the Professor found its hospitality maturing in the form of an invitation to Sunday dinner at President Carter's. President Carter was a fellow-alumnus of his and had, therefore, even greater inducement to be kindly than the mere fact of living in Oralia. The Professor did not like President Carter because he resembled too closely a national bank. President Carter, as you may surmise from the metaphor, was large, cold, and clean. He had a hearty manner about him which was, unhappily, all façade. This repelled the Professor who, when he entered into a person's soul, didn't like to be told to transact his business at Window 5. Still, Doctor Carter was President and he was doing the decent thing and he was a fellow-alumnus.

The Professor put on his best clothes, polished his shoes, brushed his hat, and started out for the executive mansion.

He whistled the opening bars of the Mozart symphony in G-minor to keep up his spirits and arrived feeling on the whole fairly buoyant.

"Music," he murmured to himself, "is the Will externalized." And he rang the presidential bell.

A Japanese butler, grinning and clacking his front teeth, let him in and took his coat and hat.

Through the portières came querulous voices.

"Who, Charley?" said the female voice.

"Sh-h," said the male.

And as the Professor waved the portière out of his way to enter the room, he saw the male voice, red in the face, hearty as ever, come towards him.

"Wuff-wuff-wuff," it said heartily and presented the Professor to a little brown woman with black eyes. She was the occasional cause of a blue foulard dress, high-necked with net, a coiffure which was rolled in a bun on the top of her head, and a cameo brooch with a head of Pericles on it. Aspasia reincarnated for her sins.

"What was the name?" she said, "I didn't catch it."

The Professor told her.

"Are you related to the Great Anthropologist?"

"No, not so far as I know."

"Oh, you would know if you were. Perhaps you're related to that man who writes for the *Atlantic Monthly?*"

"No, I'm afraid not," said the Professor.

Aspasia looked at the President as if he'd played some trick on her. She sighed.

"Oh, well," she said, "Charley did tell me, but I never can remember people's names."

She led him to the other end of the room, where on a dark sofa beside a window sat two mummies, one of each sex.

She screamed the Professor's name at them three times, and three times they uncovered their false teeth and croaked it wrong and asked him how he did.

He sat down. Mrs. Carter began to shriek at the mummies about Junior who was in the Harvard Law School. The National Bank opened its bronze doors and asked the Professor how he liked Oralia, whether he had met many people, whether he missed the East or not, and when he had last heard from his father, the Great Anthropologist.

"They're no relation," snorted Aspasia over her left shoulder.

The bronze doors swung to with a clang.

The Professor began to feel guilty of doing business under false pretenses when the President joined the shrieking at the mummies.

Those interesting fauna were out West for their health. They had a son who owned a ranch in California. He wanted to have them stay with him for the rest of their days. But they felt that east, west, home's best, and were returning to Rutland. The West was too rough. Everyone was so rude to them.

Mrs. Carter agreed and said that it was a great trial to her and her husband too. But Charley had his work to do and of course they suffered in silence. It would never do to complain, as these crude Westerners would take offense.

At this point a tall woman, about thirty-five years old, dressed in thin stuffs which flowed about her figure when she walked and hung limp when she stood still, came in. She was a harmony in closely modulated hennas and browns. Her mouth was ready with an institutional smile which showed strong horsy teeth. Her name was Laura. She seemed to know the mummies and was not introduced to the Professor.

"A secretary," he thought, "or a cousin. Perhaps both."

As soon as Laura entered a gong rang faintly in the distance. The Japanese butler stuck his head through the portières as if he were going to sing the prelude to *Pagliacci*, and dinner was announced.

Mrs. Carter snapped to her feet. She and her husband helped the mummies to theirs and without a word a descent was made upon the dining room.

The Professor, to whom no remark was addressed, felt that he ought to say, "Well, I must be going"; but as he had been invited to dinner, he straggled after Laura. Her chiffon gown hung straight from her shoulder blades.

Fate and the custom of the country seated him on Aspasia's left and opposite the male mummy. Laura was on his left, and he turned to her to say something but found her engrossed in the President.

He gave his undivided attention to the soup.

The conversation consisted in a family quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Carter. Charley never told her anything. She had to learn all the news from the college paper. Charley protested but to no avail. It then fell upon entertaining and what a bore it was. As President's wife, she had more than one woman's

share. It then turned to Junior at the Harvard Law School and evinced the hope that he would lose that dreadful Western accent he had picked up in Oralia.

The President looked distressed, as he always did when slurring remarks were made about his college.

They were chewing up a leg of mutton.

Occasionally, when ideas seemed more rarified than usual, the Professor tried to say something. But he had little luck. His foot was asleep. He felt singularly lonesome and wanted to be lying in the sun on a hillside, smoking a corncob pipe. There was a lump in his throat. He was like a man in a dream who discovers that he is walking through the lobby of the Ritz with no trousers on.

Suddenly he heard the male mummy whisper, "Very good celery, Mrs. Carter."

"Ought to be," snapped Mrs. Carter. "Cost fifty cents a bunch. Everything is simply outrageous in these Oralia stores. Something ought to be done about it."

There was a moment of silence.

Some evil spirit prompted the Professor to fill it.

"It should be very simple to do something. In New York the Housewives' League—"

He was brusquely aware of the brown face and black eyes of Mrs. Carter. Her palms were uplifted in the first position of "Pease porridge hot."

"Let us not talk of leagues," she said in a contemptuous voice. "Let us have nothing to do with leagues."

The company breathed a sigh of relief and the Professor buried himself in his green peas.

He kept an absolute silence until he was mercifully released after coffee.

He thanked Mrs. Carter for her delightful welcome.

Mrs. Carter smiled aimiably. "We pride ourselves in Oralia," she said, "on welcoming the stranger within our gates."

III

After this experience the Professor preferred to sacrifice the joys of Oralian hospitality to work. But having gone to the War and come back humanized, he decided that Oralians were no worse than anyone else and that one couldn't be a hermit. He had, moreover, acquired a wife and felt that it would not be fair to her to continue his life in isolation.

A lecture which he foolishly gave before a local club of townspeople brought him an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs.—well, let us call them Aaron P. Burr.

Mr. Burr was president of Burr and Hamilton, an enormous department store, whose other officers were all the other Burrs and Hamiltons. They lived in a great estate, larger than the college campus, and probably had an income larger than the college endowment. They always headed the list of patrons when the Chicago Opera came to town and were liberal with their money, if not with their thoughts.

Mrs. Burr was more or less of a fool, but very kindly. Her husband was not a fool, but very kindly too. They took their position simply enough, and one could tolerate them if not admire them.

They had two sons, however, who were not kindly. They were shrewd business men and with a glance could tell the number of bones in a shad.

The Professor's invitation had been extended to him because he had charmed the wife of one of these sons. This woman was a camp follower of culture and lived on what she could pick up. There was something pathetic about her. She made the Professor think of a fish swimming in a pool of ideas which ceaselessly flowed into her gaping mouth and out her gills, world without end. But she was more than a pathetic figure; she was flattering. She made one feel how dependent she was upon one for her intellectual life.

The Professor's wife did not like her.

There was a great pother in the professorial household over the invitation. The Professor's wife was for being polite and firmly rejecting it; the Professor was for being polite and weakly accepting.

"After all," he said, "it will amuse you to see the Great American Business Man at home."

His wife gave in with the understanding that the dinner would be field work in sociology, a kind of inverted slumming, and nothing more.

It was not a propitious frame of mind in which to set out. But though one can change his mind at the last minute about marriage, operations, and a third cocktail, one cannot change his mind about a dinner. Once accepted, always accepted. And so the Professor girded his loins and his wife put on her mother's bracelets and they sallied forth.

The house of the Burrs was apparently run on the model of what one sees in the movies. It reeked of money. The drawing-room needed only a saleswoman or two to remind one of a very expensive interior-decorator's shop. There is no sense in my describing it, for it was done over from year to year, one year appearing as Italian Renaissance, another as Spanish, another as Louis XVI, and recently as Early American. When it was Italian, there was a copy of a Guido Reni over the mantel piece, and when it was Louis XVI there was a pastel in the manner of La Tour. Now that it is Early American, the fireplace is surmounted by a model of a full-rigged clipper ship. The drawing-room set the pace for the rest of the house and even poor Mr. Burr's den shifted its style with the mode. It was lucky the outside of the house remained the same, if only for purposes of identification.

Upon entering this gilded cage the Professor felt very conscious of his wife's gown. It looked very nice at home but here seemed almost shabby. The elder Burrs did not seem to mind but the Burr sons' nostrils distended slightly.

"Ah-hah," said the Professor to himself, "they've heard too much about us. It's a let-down for them."

The Professor's wife said nothing, even to herself, but felt deeply.

The two daughters-in-law swam forward, shiny and perfumed.

And amid the din of welcome cocktails appeared.

"Take another," said the eldest son to the Professor.

"No really," said the Professor, "one is enough, thank you."

"You better had," said the younger, "you don't drink cocktails every day."

The Professor's wife made a sociological note of this remark to be served cold as she and her husband undressed that night.

They then went in to dinner and the wives made merry neutralizing their husbands' acid as the meal progressed.

The table was a glitter of crystal, linen, and silver. Green orchids and pink roses heaped high in the center were surrounded by lighted candlesticks linked together with glass chains.

"They are doing themselves proud," thought the Professor.

"Trying to impress us," thought his wife.

The conversation broke in two, one end crawling off towards Mrs. Burr and the other towards Mr. Burr.

Mrs. Burr asked the Professor how he liked Oralia, how it compared to the East, how he liked their view. Then, feeling that she had done her duty as a perfect hostess, she relapsed into a breast of duck and turned her guest over to her daughters-in-law.

They, wishing to raise the conversation to an intellectual plane, asked him what he thought of *The Spoon River Anthology*, co-education, and futurism. He, unused to such inquisitorial methods of entertainment, naturally took a moment or two to respond, and soon discovered that before he had made up his mind what to reply to one, a new demand was giving voice. The game seemed to consist in seeing how many questions could be asked before any could be answered.

He was deciding to say something absurd, when he discovered that both sisters were listening to the other end of the conversation, leaving him like a man on the street who is left behind by his companion and wakes up to find that he is talking either to a perfect stranger or to the empty air.

He heard the younger daughter-in-law say, "Yes, it's all the rage in the East to be poor this year. Why Nelly said that they were not going to get a new grand piano because they couldn't afford it."

"That's ridiculous," said the elder. "It's only a matter of a few thousand dollars more or less."

The elder son spoke.

"We speak of a few thousand dollars," he said, "as if it were nothing. But I guess it's something," he grinned, "to a college professor."

The Professor's wife dug her nails into her palms to see whether she were awake or dreaming.

But the Professor said, remembering that he was glad to pick up seven or eight dollars writing reviews for what are humorously called "liberal weeklies," "Oh, no, a few thousand could be dropped from my salary and I'd never feel the difference."

"Will the bully retreat now or strike?" thought the Professor's wife, turning to look at the elder son.

But the gentleman in question grew dark and said, "Hm, you can't fool me about your salary. I've looked into the matter and know. See?"

The company adjourned to the drawing-room where Mr. Burr, *père*, told the Professor how he had suffered during the War with so many friends at the front and Mrs. Burr asked the Professor's wife whether her husband was related to the Great Anthropologist.

IV

Dinner at the Burrs had decided one matter for our professorial family. In the future they would always decline invitations from Town and confine their receptivities to Gown. Class-consciousness surged up from their sub-consciousnesses as they denied the World and its ways.

"The food will be terrible," said the Professor, "you will eat rice, potatoes, and spaghetti all at one meal, but at least there will be conversation."

"I'd rather be drowned in starches than asphyxiated in brag," said his wife.

They had a chance to put the matter to the test within three months when Doctor Scott, the prominent conchologist, invited them to dinner one Sunday.

Scott was a charming fellow, youngish, enthusiastic, and well read. Mrs. Scott has less of her husband's buoyancy and culture. She was an Oralian graduate and had seduced her man by her pretty drawings of the chambered nautilus in Zoölogy 125. They had immediately dreamed of a great future in which their collaboration would produce an illustrated catalogue of the Molluscs of the Pacific Coast, a work as epoch-making as Audubon's *Birds of North America*. So far their collaboration had produced two tow-headed children in rumpled clothes always two sizes too large for them and a bungalow full of Maxfield Parrish prints and mahogany rocking chairs covered in green velours.

The spirit of their life work hung over their house and their Sunday dinner had all the levity of a Ph.D. dissertation. A true faculty dinner must be copious and dull. Cream of tomato soup, roast beef over done, huge roasted potatoes, soggy rice, spinach boiled alive in salt water until thoroughly dead, a salad of bananas, walnuts, cream cheese, and mayonnaise, and fig-pudding, or—as at the Scotts—just enough vanilla ice-cream to retard digestion for thirty minutes.

The Professor knew that the gastronomic aspects of the dinner would leave much to be desired, but counted on the intellectual to pull him through. Yet his heart sank as Mrs. Scott bore down

on them, stopping to pick up a toy horse that lay in her path, and rolling down her sleeves as she came. Her forehead was damp with perspiration and little wisps of hair clung to her red temples. She had invested her hot body with a blue china-silk jumper edged with crocheted lace, the latest style in Birmingham, England, whence her Aunt Letty had sent it to her.

The Scotts did not believe in repressing their children and, when all were installed at table, the boy began tipping his soup plate backward to see when gravity would get the better of him. His sister imitated him and, in spite of anxious eyes and beating parental hearts, a little Red Sea soon surrounded their places. This achieved, the children patted the puddles with their dear little hands and then proceeded to incarnadine their cheeks.

Meanwhile the much-anticipated conversation was launched on the high level of how many hours of teaching the Professor was doing.

Each man pretended to be doing more work than the other and lamented the day when he had entered the academic life. They then passed on to the students and deplored their lack of interest in things of the mind. Thence they moved to salaries and pitied themselves as the victims of a predatory order. Next they jumped on President Carter, knocked him over, and pummeled him. While he wheezed prostrate, they turned to intercollegiate athletics and scourged that and ended the bananas and mayonnaise upon the younger generation as a whole. This naturally led them to denounce the general spirit of cynicism which was rampant in the post-War soul and particularly to castigate certain younger professors who satirized Oralia and other institutions of learning in the monthly magazines.

"There are," said Professor Scott, "no doubt many things to be found fault with in our present system but they should be discussed among ourselves and not flaunted before the public. Loyalty alone—"

But loyalty was temporarily eclipsed by a wail from little Miss Scott whose right eye had been poulticed with banana and cream cheese by her self-expressive brother.

When her grief was assuaged, Mrs. Scott cleared the table, and told her son that as a special treat he could get the ice-cream. He fled with a whoop, knocking over his chair. The Professor picked it up and a lull came in the conversation.

The boy's prolonged absence inspired his father to guess he'd better go see what the lad was up to. When he didn't return, the little girl clambered down from her high chair and was soon followed by her mother.

The Professor looked down the table, across the devastated districts of Northern France, at his wife.

"How about a little conversation," he asked, "now that we have a moment of quiet?"

But his wife sadly shook her head, knowing that there are moments when ridicule is heartless and sympathy more justly ordered.

"At any rate," said the Professor, as they were walking home, "they didn't ask me if I were related to the Great Anthropologist."

THE ATTACK ON NEW YORK

BY CHARLES MERZ

AMID generous applause one of the religious weeklies remarked recently that Manhattan is an alien island off the eastern coast of the United States, rolling in wealth, bursting with pride and pooh-poohing the Ten Commandments.

The remark is typical of much current comment. In many sections of the West and South the thought prevails that New York is overdoing it. New York is too big. New York is too rich. New York is too smug. New York is too wet. New York is too wild. New York is too flip. New York is too "European." New York is too proud of its sky-line.

Do not mistake this for mere envy. And do not believe that only on a few outlying frontiers is such a point of view expressed. Criticism of New York is both widespread and eloquent. The Iowa farmer rails at Wall Street. The Anti-Saloon League talks of treason. The Southern Democracy repeats over the dead body of the Madison Square Convention that it will take no dictation from the likes of Tammany. The Wheat Belt, annoyed by too many eastern triumphs, eggs the Pirates on to lick the Giants. The West Coast charges New York with attempting to throttle western trade. The Portland Chamber of Commerce accuses New York of attempting to block the development of every port except its own. A clergyman in Maryland sees Babylon outdistanced. The Pullman cars, the night-boats, and the Rotary Clubs are full of Middle Westerners discussing New York and thanking God they do not live there. The morals of Broadway and the ethics of Wall Street are under weekly fire in a hundred pulpits. A feeling prevails not only that New York has embraced ideas alien to the spirit of the fathers, but that New York is attempting to ram its theories down the national throat. "The West wants to know," says the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, "if New York is a menace."

Echo, for the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, answers "yes." "New York," thinks the Board, "is in danger of losing the proud affection which Westerners and Southerners have held for it these many years." The idea is gaining ground that New York is "a foreign city, run by foreigners for foreigners and according to foreign ideas." In New York the theaters are "specializing in profanity, blasphemy, and nakedness." In New York the publishers are manufacturing "literary garbage" in the name of art. In New York the wits have discovered that it is easy to be humorous by classifying Westerners as "hicks" and Southerners as "yokels." In New York things go from bad to worse, and "the great mass of un-Americans" has found itself, at last, in a majority.

It would not greatly disturb the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, one suspects, if, in return for a few hundred millions on account, New York were traded to the French Republic. Not all critics are so ardent. But in the farmer's resentment against Wall Street, the

South's tilt with Tammany, and the West's anxiety for Prohibition, no less than in an allegedly sharp disagreement as to public and private morals, and in the suspicion that New York is both needlessly self-satisfied and increasingly contemptuous of what is not its own, there is material which worries more than one observer. How wide is the gap between Manhattan Island and its hinterland? Is New York seceding from the Union?

II

The most fundamental charge being brought by its critics against New York is the charge that here is an "alien" city, literally un-American and anti-American in its make-up. For this charge does not concern itself with any of the details of New York's alleged hypocrisy, conceit, bare legs, hip-pocket flasks, and Continental morals; it offers, instead, an hypothesis which would explain all of New York on the single central theory that the city has gone foreign. This is the conclusion at which the Methodist Board of Public Morals reluctantly arrives. It is a theory which has been argued not only by the clergy but the layman.

New York, as Mark Sullivan has pointed out, is the only metropolis in the world, and the only metropolis in history, as far as he can recall, more than three-fourths of whose population is alien to that of the nation upon which it lives. How many old-fashioned Americans are there in New York? Foreign stock furnishes 76.4 per cent of the city's population. To this add the Negroes. "At the end of the computation," Mr. Sullivan suggests, "one is justified in doubting whether as much as 10 per cent of New York's population is American in the sense of possessing, in the form of a heritage, old American ideals, prejudices, and characteristics." The country feels that its metropolis lacks "American ideals as an inheritance from white American ancestry." It is this suspicion which "is at the heart of the present American feeling about New York."

There is more than a little evidence that this is true. But true or not, it is worth noting that in no such feeling can be found the original causes of the country's quarrel with New York. For it would be difficult to prove that it is really the alien population of the city which actively and aggressively irks the provinces.

What is the alien population of New York? A vast, almost uncounted multitude of hard-working, voiceless, poverty-pinched men and women who sew caps, deliver ice, stitch pants, sometimes vote Socialist, more often vote for Coolidge, peddle groceries, and empty ash-cans. There are perhaps ten thousand New Yorkers of foreign birth or foreign extraction whose business it is to deliver milk. It would take a great stretch of the imagination to believe that it is their erotic foreign theories of art which are undermining the American theater. They probably have no erotic theories of art, and their theater is Coney Island. There are, again, perhaps twenty thousand "foreigners" in New York who make their living sewing buttons. Their lives, like countless other foreign lives in the metropolis, are first of all a grim race to meet rent, union dues, and doctors' bills. The only way in which anyone of these people could conceivably break onto the first pages of the newspapers—thereby to annoy Americans of native white ancestry in Detroit, Denver, or Savannah—would be by inheriting an unexpected title from an uncle in Albania or by falling forty stories in an elevator shaft.

The fact is that New York's alien population is really hidden away from the rest of the country so completely that, if it were not for the census figures and the ruminations of New York's interpreters, the rest of the country would scarcely know that it existed. It is not the tenement-huddled alien population of New York which imports

Benedictine, bullies Congress, dances all night at cabarets, forecloses the mortgages on Iowa farms, pays twenty dollars for a pair of theater tickets in the hope of being horrified, sneers at the rustic West, and regards itself with deep-seated and abiding satisfaction. It may well be, as Mr. Sullivan has suggested, that the known preponderance of an alien population in New York does color the country's thoughts and helps inflame a dislike already in existence. But the actual positive irritants in this relationship of New York and its hinterland are not to be found in Little Italy or Chinatown. To be irritating it is necessary first to fill and hold the country's eye.

III

Three great arteries penetrate the New York which actually commands the headlines and gives its critics in the West and South something to fume about. These arteries are Wall Street, Broadway, and Park Avenue. Wall Street has the international bankers. Broadway has the cabarets, the bootleggers, the racing touts, the "wisecrackers," and the sex shows. Park Avenue, as its critics see it, has the dollar-royalty which prides itself upon possessing the last word in sophistication, elegance, and culture.

Much can be said of these three streets. Much has been said of them. Much is being said of them to-day with feeling. But one thing which it is difficult indeed to say of them is that they are not "American."

Granted that there are plenty of foreign names emblazoned on the doors of the imitation-Spanish patios which encase Park Avenue's elevators, the fact remains that most of New York's successful immigrants come not from Poland and Ukrainia, but from points west and south. For years, while the covered wagon has been headed west, individual aspirants for wealth and power have been forsaking it en route and coming east again. Thus a great number of those Wall Street bankers whom the Iowa farmers now denounce as lacking an American point of view are simply ex-Iowans. Both Wall Street and Park Avenue have drawn heavily upon the rest of the country for recruits. Even the stage, which such critics as the churchmen of the Methodist Board of Public Morals seem to think has especially fallen under foreign domination—what with its attempts to outdo Paris in the matter of bare backs, plain talk, and erotic love themes—still draws heavily upon the provinces for its producing personnel. Of the ten most active producers now operating in New York none is an "alien" and just one is a born New Yorker. The other nine hail respectively from Chicago, San Francisco, Providence, Syracuse, Cleveland, Buffalo, Hartford, Conn., Paducah, Ky., and Sandusky, Ohio. Both Moscow and the Quartier Latin are wholly absent from this list.

Nor is that all. For it is to be noted that Broadway, Wall Street, and Park Avenue not only have their quota of the native-born but manage with amazing speed to assimilate their aliens.

Mr. Rosencrantz, born in Galicia but now living in New York, has made a fortune—let us say—by patenting an invention which cuts one-quarter of a cent per yard from the cost of weaving woolen cloth. Does Mr. Rosencrantz, having thus arrived at leisure and great wealth, seek to re-create for himself, as far as possible, his native background in Galicia? Does Mr. Rosencrantz search for a house with a Galician look about it, surround himself with old Galician friends, and give Galician dinners? Mr. Rosencrantz does not. Mr. Rosencrantz buys the largest, most expensive, and most orthodox apartment obtainable on Park Avenue, and applies simultaneously for membership in six golf clubs. Mr. Rosencrantz purchases a country place on the Long Island Riviera; and if he observes that there is anything about his house which distinguishes it from the next ten houses,

north and south, he chops it off. Faithfully, as each new iceless ice-box and each new rustless fly-screen takes its place upon the market, Mr. Rosencrantz buys it; his house is American from the imitation-English shingles on its roof to the brass pipes in its laundry; his Vermeer hangs in the right place on the wall; his specially built-in radio cost seven thousand dollars; his daughters go to boarding-schools; his wife moans if she is one new play or one new watering-place in France behind the ladies of her set. Religiously does Mr. Rosencrantz comply with the ritual of American living.

The man himself may be seen, sometimes, sitting at a window of the exclusive city club to which he has been admitted by special vote because he owns the land on which the building stands. There is a faraway look in his eye, but it betokens no memories of his fatherland. A chance item in the evening paper prompts it. Certain factory hands in a Passaic mill have gone on strike. They are Galicians from his own Galicia. And Mr. Rosencrantz, puffing a cigar and glancing at his watch to see if it is not time for someone to come and take him home, mutters:

"Damned foreigners. . . . Bolsheviki!"

IV

Give the devil his due. It is only fair to Mr. Rosencrantz and his fellow-apartment-owners in the Belvedere Arms—sixteen rooms, eight baths, servants' wing and private organ—to recognize that the New York of Park Avenue has more in common with the provinces than readily appears upon the surface of its busy life.

Let us see.

The first of the specific accusations brought against New York, aside from the general charge that it is "alien," concerns its insubordination in the matter of the Volstead Act. New York is wet. That is an open secret. The West and South are dry.

But is the West dry? Is the South dry? Or are both West and South just mostly dry—and wet in spots? It is demonstrably true, I think, that New York is not the only large city in the United States where Prohibition is unpopular with many average people of white American ancestry on both sides. The newspaper polls which were taken early in the spring (for all their margin of inaccuracy) are evidence of that. So are the bills introduced by Congressmen who are anxious to oblige their home constituencies. Forty-two bills, as this is written, have been introduced in the present Congress calling for repeal or modification of the Volstead Act. Less than a third of these bills have been introduced by Congressmen from New York City. The bulk of them have come from delegates of such cities as Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. It seems reasonable to conclude, from the tally of straw votes, from the evidence of bills in Congress, and from the eloquent personal testimony of both wets and drys, that there are other cities than New York in which wet sentiment still flourishes. The real quarrel is presumably not so much between New York and everybody else as it is between towns as towns and (on the issue of hard liquor) an evangelical countryside.

Nor is that all. Of every seven corks which are still popped annually within the city limits of New York, it has been estimated that four are drawn not by and for the native population of the city, but expressly for the entertainment of its guests from out-of-town. This estimate is unreliable. To frequenters of night life in the Broadway cabarets it may seem, if anything, a little low. But low or high, it does suggest a fact with which eager critics do not always reckon. New York is not only a city but a national pastime.

What is Manhattan Island, within the individual experience of most Westerners and Southerners who come to visit it, if not a place in which to ne-

gotiate a certain business deal and then make merry drinking things, eating things, seeing things, dancing things, and buying things which are either unobtainable or disapproved of in the Mississippi Valley?

This might be the diary of an average visit:

Mr. A., of Saginaw, Mich., registers at the Hotel Belmore, with wife, business partner B., and Mrs. B. In a stay of four days the quartet manages to encompass two matinees, four evening shows (by deliberate choice, the four which they have heard are "racy"), six cabarets, and one duty-call on their Aunt Fanny. They depart, having happily missed Aunt Fanny, with a record of having had personal first-hand contacts with one hotel clerk, two elevator-men, three bell-boys, two chambermaids, one barber, two hairdressers, six theater-ticket agents, eleven doormen, fourteen waiters, thirty-six taxi-drivers and one old friend from Ypsilanti. All of these people seem to be up at all hours of the night and to have nothing in particular to do except to help somebody else get somewhere in a tremendous hurry. And from this fact, Mr. and Mrs. A. and Mr. and Mrs. B. conclude, looking back on it from Saginaw, that New York is not only a place where everybody is perpetually in a rush, but a place which is wholly, utterly, and completely devoid of all the elements of home life.

V

This is a sound observation as far as it goes. But, obviously, it does not go far beyond the cabarets. Not all New Yorkers live in taxicabs. Mr. and Mrs. A. and Mr. and Mrs. B. owe it to themselves to pay New York another visit, of a different sort. They will find much that reassures them, much that compensates them for the loss of Main Street, and much that makes them feel at home.

What is it that distinguishes Park Avenue from Main Street? A great deal of scenery, of course: brick fronts, roofs ten stories above the street, canopies running to the curb, an avalanche of motor cars, theaters around the corner, opera at Thirty-ninth Street, contact with a lively modern world, doormen with little whistles. Certainly it is another scene; but it is not necessary to argue, therefore, that it is played with wholly different people. The New York of the three great avenues has its own individuality, but it preserves its points of contact with the continent behind it. For example:

It is said of this New York that it is a sophisticated place, whereas Main Street (bless its heart) will bite on anything.—Query: is there any city in America in which people fall over themselves more rapidly than people fall over themselves in New York, to buy tickets for a charity ball the purpose of which they do not know but attendance at which will permit them to gaze upon the Grand Duchess Feodorovna, third cousin to the late Tzar of Russia? Main Street, perhaps, will bite on anything. So will New York.

It is said of New York, again, that it has outgrown back-slapping and small-town oratory, whereas Main Street dotes on after-dinner bombast and being brotherly in public.—Query: is there any other city in America except New York where an incoming Mayor is called upon to address an average of ten banquets to the week, where it is thought inhospitable not to welcome visiting celebrities by scattering paper in the streets, and where two solid columns of each morning's papers could be filled, and sometimes are, with lists of "those attending" public dinners held the night before? New York is rich in perorations. Welcoming Captain Fried of the *S. S. Roosevelt* after his rescue of a shipwrecked crew, the city chose to show its gratitude by delivering at Captain Fried no less than twenty-eight speeches all identical in content. Has Main Street ever shown more faith in the rich reward of talk?

Again, it is said of New York that it has a big-city tolerance which Main Street lacks—for want of size, if nothing else. No doubt it is true that big-city life does offer refuge. But it is worth noting that New York still has its social castes, its well-paid gossips, and its organized exterminators of heresy who keep busy hunting heads. Even those small circles of free-thinkers which are tolerant on principle and rejoice in having escaped from the narrow bigotry of Main Street into a new and wider freedom have certain standards of admission. Pity the poor lamb, professing mid-Victorianism in everything from Mendelssohn to Jonah and the whale, who ventures into a company of liberated minds. Does the poor lamb still think that woman's place is in the home, that McKinley was a statesman, that E. M. Hull is a realist, and that *David Copperfield* is a better novel than *Sons and Lovers*, of which he has not heard? It is possible to think these things; but it is not possible to think them—or to think five thousand other things—without being savagely attacked by onlookers whose professed creed in life is tolerance. Tolerance, in this case, simply means having as sharply defined a set of beliefs as anybody else and fighting like a tiger to impose these beliefs on anybody who dislikes them. This is fair enough, and strictly above-board. But it is not tolerance. Not by a jugful.

VI

We are speaking now of a New York which does not live in tenements and talk Hungarian, but a native New York which lives in apartment houses in half-sunny streets and talks slang which will be current in the Main Street drugstores in another month. And for all the sacrilege which it may involve we are suggesting that this New York is not otherworldly, but something of a one-horse town itself. Consider the tempo of its life.

It is said of one-horse towns that they are easily fooled, loquacious, and intolerant upon occasion. It is also said of them that they lack poise and are forever rushing breathlessly from fad to fad. What is cited against them is not that their enthusiasms vary. That is normal enough to human life. They are laughed at rather because their enthusiasms vary capriciously, *en masse* and with no discoverable motive for a shift in loyalty. Thus, New York smiles because Main Street is now going in wholesale for Michael Arlen, whereas one year ago crossword puzzles were the rage, and one year before that, winds and dragons, and one year before that, *If Winter Comes*. What logical line of intellectual or emotional development, it may be asked, can possibly exist between these four enthusiasms? And if it has taken Main Street four years to advance or decline from A. S. M. Hutchinson to Michael Arlen via crossword puzzles and Mah Jongg, where will Main Street be four years from now, and what in Heaven's name will it have covered in the meantime?

I refer you for an answer to Mr. Gerald Carter.

Mr. Carter is a broker, just an average New Yorker, a neighbor of Mr. Rosencrantz in Park Avenue, and at the moment when this inquiry is addressed to him is sitting down to dinner. Mr. Carter, in fact, is drinking bortch. He does not like bortch. He cordially detests it. But a company of Moscow actors is now playing to fashionable audiences in Fifty-ninth Street, there is a vogue for all things Russian, and bortch is Mr. Carter's soup. Duncan Phyfe, meantime, is Mr. Carter's chair. Mr. Carter does not like chairs by Duncan Phyfe. They make his back ache. But the Metropolitan Museum of Art has opened a new wing of early American furniture, and in the scuffle Mr. Carter lost a friendly arm-chair. He has acquired, on his right, a dinner-guest. He does not like his dinner-guest. The man is plainly crazy. But he is the

latest poet, general, or something of the sort to arrive from Poland or some other place, and at the moment is regarded as a modest catch for any dinner. Mr. Carter will take him to-night to hear Paul Robeson sing Negro spirituals. Mr. Carter does not like Negro spirituals. He does not like singing. And if he had to hear something sung it certainly would not be Negro spirituals. But if Mr. Carter does not take his guest to hear Paul Robeson sing to-night, Mrs. Carter, who also dislikes singing in general and Negro spirituals in particular, will not be taking advantage of the cultural opportunities of living in a large city. There will be time, afterwards, to drop in at the Palais d'Or. Mr. Carter does not like the Palais d'Or. He has never been inside of it, but he knows someone who has. Mr. Carter himself prefers the Terrace Garden. The tables are large and the head-waiter is a friend of his. But the Terrace Garden, it must be confessed, is old and out-of-date. It is almost three months old and almost two months out-of-date. The Palais d'Or is the latest thing in town. And Mr. Carter knows that if two weeks pass and he is still unable to agree with his friends that while the music is good the prices are outrageous, someone at the club will speak to him about it. . . . Of Mr. Carter's evening it remains to be said that upon his return home he will enjoy a cigarette in a library one of whose top shelves shelters three cross-word puzzle books and a set of Mah Jongg tiles. But Mr. Carter has forgotten that he ever wore out pencils on the one or hunted in the pockets of his smoking-jacket for missing pieces of the other. Main Street, curious place, can perhaps think back three years in things like this, but not Park Avenue. For Park Avenue has too rich a past in sudden fads, and too troublesome a future. Of all fad-ridden cities which toss restlessly on their pillows because they do not know what will be either fashionably proper or fashionably improper in the morning, New York is the most amazing.

Where will Main Street be, four years from now? Just about six months behind New York, having tried, in getting there, one-eighteenth as many starts.

VII

Lights flicker on Manhattan Bridge. The bright eyes of a Bronx local sparkle suddenly as it takes the curve at Fourteenth Street. A tug whistles to a ferryboat for right of way, in the dark river below Vesey Street. Dusk falls, and two New Yorks go home to dinner.

There is one New York which will eat in the drab rooms of the great steel barracks which house drab people living humdrum lives. Somebody will complain that the cod is burned, and somebody else will complain, in Yiddish or Italian, that his eyes ache from too much close work with the needle. The night will be hot and a child may fret. The room will smell because the sun has not peeked into it since somebody built another barracks on the other side of the narrow alley. A fat woman with her elbows pillowed on the window-sill will watch a shrill crowd in the street below, and nobody will suspect that the West worries because all the fine old things of the metropolis are now controlled by aliens. This is the foreign city.

A second New York will ride uptown in limousines—take the bus—or come home on the 5:15: to dinners at which the respective merits of goose-neck putters, congressmen, senators, Mexicans, five-tube sets, and semi-balloons are still discussed by patriots, man to man, and in the spirit of the fathers.

All is not lost. Nor is secession near at hand. Courage, brothers on the Kansas prairie. We are with you!

RESTRICTION: ENGLAND'S SOLUTION

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

IT WAS somewhere on Eccleston Square that I chanced upon a small pamphlet entitled, *Labour and the Liquor Trade. Report of the Special Committee appointed by the Labour Party to inquire into the question of the Liquor Trade.* Without further glance I laid down the modest threepence asked. An impressionistic memory of Eccleston Square records that particular rectangle of English green as charged from such batteries as Maude Royden preaching in the Guild house on one side, and Marion Phillips editing *The Labour Woman*, with Ellen Wilkinson, M. P., as leading contributor, on the other side. A report on Liquor emanating from Eccleston Square was, whether one were to agree with it or not, bound to prove interesting.

There is an introduction by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in which he frankly declares that "what is known as 'the Drink Problem' is one of the most troublesome and difficult that the honest politician has to face to-day." Then follows a keen and dispassionate survey of the pros and cons of alcoholic damage. Then, in capitals, an abrupt headline: "NO SUDDEN CHANGE PRACTICABLE."

We hasten to say that in our view, no sudden reformation, and indeed no complete change among the whole population within any brief period, is attainable. We know of no way in which, in this or in other matters, a whole people can be brought in a single year, or even in a single decade, to effect any such sweeping change in individual desires or personal habits. Least of all can we expect to effect such a sudden and simultaneous revolution merely by an Act of Parliament.

The Committee than proceeds to a review of what "some enthusiastic reformers" have been impressed by, namely, "the example of the United States," but expresses the opinion, "We see no sign that the British people are at all likely to be willing to vote, even by a mere majority, for a measure of National Prohibition, within any space of time that we can usefully consider." And it winds up with the conclusion:

"We need only say that, so far as Great Britain is concerned, we deprecate the absorption of the time and energy of reformers in what we regard as, within view, an impracticable measure."

That, in thirty-three words, is Labor's verdict. It is incisive and complete; implicit within it (or so I fancy) a delicate comment upon us, and possibly a veiled amusement at the "absorption" of energetic reformers. It could not be more succinct. And as I look back on the observations of several weeks during which I talked over the situation with social workers, public-health experts, representatives of labor and capital, of interests wet and dry, as well as with beef-and-beer workmen, charwomen, fishermen, Bobbies, donkey-cart drivers, sailors, and everybody's wife, I find the impression definitely registered that it sums up the verdict of Britain in general. To be sure, there are sanguine extremists in both directions. The National British Women's Temperance Association dreams of prohibition as a millennium,

and it is well known that certain organizations, also some distinguished individuals, are striving for it. The ultra wets, on the other hand, object strenuously to anything short of a "wide open" policy. But with a steady firmness that is essentially British, the government proceeds along the middle path of restriction. The system now obtaining was born of war and post-war exigency, bred for the strengthening of a nation in time of crucial need, and has resulted in such satisfaction as to be worth planting in tenacious British soil. Whether future generations will point to its thriving greenness as to that of an ancient oak, or whether it will wither where it falls, remains to be seen. For to-day, at least, it is highly interesting to compare it with our own ultraism. A decade or so ago we were racking our nerves and digestive machinery by a nervous consumption of hard liquor; we next swept every bottle off the board and decreed total prohibition. Meanwhile Britain tempers the prohibition of drink to the thirsty. We enact a law that is extreme and then proceed to break it; she ordains that liquor shall be sold with certain restrictions, and her people, being congenitally law-abiding, obey. Summed up in the opinion of a certain hotel porter with whom I conversed, the regulations as they stand are sometimes "hinconvenient but hunavoidable."

The height of systematic restriction has been achieved at Carlisle, which stands as the Spotless Town, the model for exhibition. Here, and for a stretch of some five hundred square miles above and below the Solway Firth, government control obtains; and the curious result is that, instead of effecting a happy compromise between the extremes of moisture and aridity, it has become the red rag of each. The Trade sees in it a threat of spreading government ownership; the extreme reformers deplore the fact that Britain sets her official seal of approval upon any drinking.

But Britain is no more lacking in subtlety of analysis than in sense of humor. Cunningly she has, instead of overtly prohibiting, applied the psychologist's theory of substitution. She has not taken away the workingman's drink—"There, there, my good man, to be sure you shall have your mug!"—But at the same time she draws his attention to a heaped plate. Food and drink together is the basis of her plot. To a detached observer, the working out of it is well worth watching.

The system's chief feature is the restriction of hours of sale to correspond with meal periods. In this matter there are local variations; but the typical public house is closed until about eleven in the morning; opened then until two or three in the afternoon; closed again until five or six. However, it remains open through the evening until ten or eleven—of which more anon. On Sunday the open periods are shortened—say twelve-thirty to two-thirty, and six to nine, or seven to ten. (Sunday closing obtains in Wales and Scotland. The latter has local option.)

To begin with, then, a ban is placed upon the little morning nip. In former days, when a man could "look in" on his way to work, he often did so much more than look that he arrived groggy at his job: or did not arrive at all. To-day he passes along a sober street in which the whilom-welcoming doors are closed against him. He goes perforce to work. He swings into the rhythm of the job. Once having swung in, he falls into the marching step. He keeps at it the forenoon through.

The same applies to the employed woman and the wife at home. Indeed, a physician and social observer of London's Public Health Department gave me it as his opinion that the late morning hour has not only wrought great reform everywhere, but has shown its most marked effect among the home-making women of the poor.

"A man may bolt his fried herring and hurry to work, too late to stop at

the tavern. But the wife at home is free to control her own hours. In old days she did not always stop to wash the frying pan before slipping out to the pub for her morning beer or spirits. Sometimes she stayed. Maybe her bosom friends would join her and treat, and a jolly good time they would have dear-dearing over their woes. Nowadays they must wait till the opening hour; meanwhile they get into their work, and if the kidney pie is in the oven at eleven, the housewife can't leave it."

At eleven o'clock, or a little earlier or later, comes the opening. Ancient shrines of hospitable tradition spring into life—The White Hart, The Boar's Head, The Red Lion, The Mitre, The Ship. A roseate countenance beams welcome in each. So little subject to mutation are England's types that if to-day her bar-men were merged into a composite portrait, it would represent a host as rotund and rubicund as one of Dickens', plying bottle and beer-engine full force.

At first glance it may seem that, although a man must wait until nearly noon to drink, he can then become as beatifically intoxicated as he desires. But here the beneficent slyness of the system begins to reveal itself. The situation is fairly summed up in the rueful comment of a London taxicab driver:

"A man can't fair henjoy gettin' sprung less so be it's on a hempty stomick," he sighed. "When bars was nothin' but bars, any cheerful-minded citizen could henjoy 'imself to the full. But now there's a luncheon set out alongside, and before you knows it you've eat a snack—jellied eel, mayhap, or a savaloy, or cockles—and then you've eat another—and by that time you don't care so hardent for the spirits, and you can't rightly drink enough to tike yourself for the Prince o' Wiles bein' received by a Hafrican potentite."

The sign, "Snacks at The Bar," is frequently seen and is the undoing of many such a "cheerful-minded citizen." The taverns of England have, to a great extent, returned to their traditional own, serving meals, tea and coffee (or, to be more accurate, that astonishing beverage known to the English as coffee, and apparently harmless to everyone and everything save the morale of the dismayed American visitor). Before the war they had sunk to mere bars, and the man who carried in his dinner-basket a portion of slack-baked bread or a clammily perspiring pork pie was wont to dispense with these and lunch on rum alone. But he no longer has any excuse for going hungry. All of the model public houses under such management as that of The People's Refreshment House Association, and The Association for the Promotion of Restaurant Public Houses in Poor Districts; also, many that are "tied" (as the majority are) to the ownership of breweries and distilleries, furnish substantial and well-cooked food, though under the modest appellation of "Snacks." The man who drops in bent on drink alone finds himself inveigled into a square meal before he knows it. The upshot is that he probably drinks less; and, even if he drinks as much, no amount of liquor can do as much damage with a meal as without it. "It get's 'em either wi," as I heard a milkcart vender declare. Miss Edith Neville, a social worker of twenty-five years' London experience and an acknowledged expert on the liquor problem, being executive chairman of the last-named association, makes the arresting statement that "a man is more sober by the end of the second sandwich."

To an American, for long accustomed to our national taboo, it was a quaintly novel experience to be conducted by this small demure Englishwoman of a very prim charm to a public house once notorious even in Mile End Road; there to be led by her behind the bar, introduced to the one-time sea captain who now presides; to be instructed in

the mechanism of the beer-engine, and asked to admire that state of orderly bliss which her association, since taking over the house, has caused to prevail among those imbibing in both the public and saloon bar.

"It is an established fact that food makes more appeal than drink to a man in normal condition," Miss Neville told me. "He may like liquor, but his irresistible craving is for food. If his wife happens to be a poor cook, he is chronically underfed and he goes on drinking to quench the pangs of hunger. But if the public house serves good food, it is soon shown which is his greater craving. We have instances of man and wife coming to our houses regularly for meals; they eat and drink together in a clean place, and they have told us that they are in better health, drink less, and have greatly increased both earnings and savings."

I heard many similar reports. Brewers of the better class are following the example of reformers, making the restaurant a means of doing away with drunkenness on their premises. This is one of the important factors that are bringing about a more sober England. The rapid increase of tea-and-sweet shops has co-operated.

Abstinence again reigns through the afternoon. The forms of bar-men loom through sepulchral dimness, wielding brooms. It appears that they approve of the regulation. "It gives us a chance to clean out and snatch a bit of a wink ourselves," one informed me. An executive of the People's Refreshment House Association considers "the best feature of the restricted hours to be the afternoon break. Men go back to work after lunch; they can't stay and soak." The man who is susceptible to the lure of either Bacchus or Bass must perforce conserve his thrippence ha'pennies until dinner time.

The early evening "permitted" period is much like that of noon—food is served, the majority finish and go home. Those who remain, however, are many, and it is from seven or eight up to the closing hour when the law meets its most difficult problem.

The crux of this problem is the lack of uniformity in closing hours as fixed by the different Licensing Benches. While six licensing districts of the City and County of London (being boroughs or parts thereof comprised therein), permit their pubs to remain open until eleven, one (the City proper) requires closing at ten-thirty, and the other eleven fix ten o'clock. In that final debated hour lies a problem with which Church, State, and the Trade, reformer and transgressor, labor and capital, Kensington and Whitechapel, the top-hatted clubman of Pall Mall and the Victoria-bonneted charwoman from East Ham are vitally concerned.

Warfare over the issue is unthreatened. A uniform closing law of ten P. M. is the aim of the social workers and their allies. The extra hour, up to eleven, is the prize apple for which the Trade is willing to climb any tree. When the battle opens there will be hot firing. For, as Miss Neville analyzes the situation:

"Ten to eleven is the worst hour of the day. There is some subtle psychological peril in it. A man may loaf, with an occasional drink, up to ten o'clock without becoming intoxicated; but by that hour he has had enough. Any drink after ten P. M. is one too many. By that time he is too tired, and the more tired he is the less self-control he has. Therefore, he drinks far more recklessly than he did in the early evening."

II

One night as I turned into Great Portland Street I had my first opportunity to observe the reaction of a certain element to this erratic ruling. Suddenly a group approached who, as they hastened toward Oxford Street, emitted such sounds as more resembled those of Apaches in pow-wow than of His Majesty's subjects. "What can be hap-

pening?" I asked anxiously of the Londoner who escorted me.

"It's only the jump," he replied casually.

"The *what?*"

"The jump." He glanced at his wrist watch: "Ten-five. You're in St. Marylebone now. Just behind you lies Holborn—a different borough. Oxford Street is the dividing line. St. Marylebone closes at ten and Holborn at eleven, and crossing Oxford Street is 'the jump'."

It opened my eyes—which observed several similar instances before the month was up. The hilarious group had collected from neighboring pubs in the borough which had just closed. Guests thus inclined to revelry will remain until put out; they then make the "jump" over to the eleven-o'clock side, and besiege the bars there for another hour. The theater-goer, too, takes advantage of the convenient arrangement. If the show he is attending happens to be in the early side, so that he is unable to get a drink at the theater after ten, he obtains a return seat-check, crosses Oxford Street, and is back in time for Act Three. On some occasions there has taken place what is known as a "rush" across the bridge for the same purpose. "Cheero! There's 'alf a hour of 'appiness if we rush it!" one of a blithe party may summon; and, "Righto!" comes the fervent rejoinder, and the Thames is crossed at a bound.

This non-uniform state of affairs leads to revel, and now and then disorder. Those who linger until they have to be turned out of a pub at ten are the sort to go across and drink all they can hold during the final hour in a spirit of daredeviltry; and to a great extent are they moved, I think, by the much-maligned British sense of humor. But for the most part the pubs do close at the decreed hours, and the subjects of King George do depart obediently. Police Commissioner Horwood of London in his report calls attention to a change that has been made from "closing" to "permitted" hours. Under the shelter of the newer phrase, licensed premises may remain open at all hours although drink may be sold only between those named. "This system is not conducive to a strict administration of the law," says the Commissioner, "and further legislation seems to be necessary." This, however, is the exception that proves the rule of that law-abidingness which is innately British.

The many social workers and public-minded citizens with whom I talked seemed to agree that this difference in hours is the greatest fault of the system. I heard it discussed by representatives of the two associations already named; by Miss Kelly of the Charity Organizations Society, who was on Mr. Lloyd George's committee appointed during the war to inquire into the matter of drunkenness among women; by Miss Willis of Toynbee Hall; by Miss Neville; by many physicians, educators, business and professional men, and others informed on social conditions. It being taken for granted that the law will, in the main, be carried out, the American is impressed by the fact that stress is laid on improving rather than enforcing that law.

The other difficulty, I am told, lies in the registered club. Here again the problem is not so much infraction of the law as its own inadequacy. When a bar is closed, it seems, the owner sometimes gets a license for a club on the same premises, hangs out a new sign such as "The Workingman's Club," and he can then legally sell liquor all the time. Commissioner Horwood says, "The ease with which new clubs can be registered . . . results in the opening of numbers of them of which the principal attraction is the supply of drink during prohibited hours." He adds that "the majority are doubtless well conducted," but in that his report of May, 1924 showed 1,510 of them in the Metropolitan District alone, it can be deduced that the minority may be large enough to prove perplexing.

These appear the patent shortcomings in Britain's system. But its general success sums itself up in records such as these:

Proceedings for drunkenness in the Metropolitan Police District in 1914 were 76,965. In 1918, when war restraint was at its height, they had dropped to 11,358; from that point they rose somewhat, but in 1923, with the War well over, they were only 32,983—less than half what they had been nine years before.

Convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales were 161,407 in 1910, and 77,789 in 1921.

Deaths from alcoholism in England and Wales were 1,831 in 1913 and 493 in 1921.

Conditions have improved in many ways. In the better public houses one finds meals served; the sign "No Drinking Outside" is posted conspicuously; women are not entertained without escort; drunkenness and rowdyism are not permitted. There is a tendency toward cleaner bars. Children are not admitted. A baby left outside in a pram may be slightly endangered, but the risk of kidnapping in districts where supply exceeds demand is so small as to be more than offset by the moral protection against a nip from the parental glass. To Lady Astor is given credit for raising the age of young persons to whom drinks may be sold. Formerly, sixteen stood as the age limit except at Carlisle; her bill, I am told, made the age of eighteen uniform throughout. Children may purchase for off-consumption liquor "not less than a reputed pint in corked and sealed vessels," the sale to take place in the "bottle and jug" department; but the assumption is that it is carried home for adult consolation.

In brief, all the better class of the tied houses are being conducted more or less along the lines of the model pubs. The Association for the Promotion of Restaurant Public Houses in Poor Districts operates without additional legislation. It claims that if there is a good atmosphere, good food, clean and comfortable bar-rooms without pens, and a good manager—one who obeys the law against serving to an intoxicated person—the end is practically achieved at the outset.

The People's Refreshment House Association, which manages 175 houses scattered over the country, puts in a manager who is not tied, gives him no profits on alcoholics, so that there is no incentive to push their sale, and arranges that he make his money from the sale of food and non-intoxicating beverages. In rough districts it employs a man and wife, because it has been found that when a drinker reaches an almost incorrigible point "a strong-minded woman knows how to make him think of his own wife." "We prefer a barman who has never been a publican," one of the executives told me. The old-time mirrors which were wont to set forth the merits of somebody's ale, the advertisements posted over doors, on windows, against walls, are all done away with, and the "pushing" is entirely in favor of the restaurant. "Ale and drinks are all on hand but we make the visitor ask for them." At a country inn patronized by carters, laborers, and artisans who had formerly been served only beer and spirits, 707 penny cups of tea were served the first year and 2,765 the second.

England's model laboratory, her experiment station, is Carlisle. It lies up near the Scottish border, just across from the Gretna Green of runaway romance. At Gretna in 1915 sprang up one of the greatest munitions plants, and men poured in from everywhere to make the war materials.

They flooded the place. They crammed the lodging houses and spilled over—upon staircases, stoops, sidewalks; a cot was often rented to three persons with a precise allowance of eight sleeping hours to each. The population of the district swelled by 15,000. And with all the crowding and excitement, the driving pressure of work, the dead-dog fatigue, and the disturbed sleep that

failed to restore breaking nerves, came the usual alleviation—getting drunk.

Worn-out men went over to Carlisle and its vicinity and turned the district riotous. While such over-drinking passed unrecorded, the cases of "convicted for drunkenness" rose from 277 in twelve months of 1915 to 564 in the first six months of 1916. The Government saw that it must do something quickly.

It began in 1916 by acquiring the licensed houses near Gretna and in Annan, and the following July it took over the entire trade of Carlisle, with a still later extension south to Maryport. The state now owned five breweries and 298 licensed premises scattered over five hundred square miles. Measures were promptly taken to reduce the number of licenses, which fell from 298 to 181 by 1920. Grocers' licenses were withdrawn, to aid in reducing the off-sale of spirits; liquor advertisements on taverns were abolished, they were made more comfortable and sanitary, the sale to young persons was drastically limited.

The result was that Carlisle's convictions for drunkenness dropped from the height of 953 in the riotous 1916, before the control had fully shown results, to 78 in 1919. Then they rose a little, the War being over and restraint somewhat lessened, but the following three years showed an average of only 128. Carlisle's mug of beer is still brewed, bottled, and purveyed by the State, and the "Carlisle experiment" has incorporated itself in history. The surrounding country being still under State control, the voters under Scotland's local option have chosen that it should continue—which is claimed by some as a significant straw by way of weather vane. But whether or not this form of control ever extends, the vote is one of many evidences of good-will toward the law.

III

There are several causes contributing to the total of betterment. Unemployment and paucity of money have curtailed drinking. The decreased strength of liquor, together with the increased price, has told—the erstwhile penny glass of beer is now threepence at the lowest, more often fourpence, the best ale has risen from two to eightpence, and the eightpence now asked for whiskey, gin, or port used to buy two or three drinks. But the widest and wisest opinion seems to conclude that the undeniable improvement is due chiefly to the system of restriction coupled with general education in self-control. It is the working of a moderate law, on the whole willingly accepted by the most of the people.

As has been set down, there are those who cherish the dream of total prohibition. But I am told that the majority of the social workers do not favor it, to say nothing of the majority of less expertly informed citizens. Someone has stated that it would be the one thing that could bring about revolution in His Majesty's realm. A Bobbie gave it to me as his opinion—and I believe it to be fairly representative—that "if a man wants to get 'ardenin' o' the harteries or go to 'ell it's his own right to do it."

It goes without saying that the restrictions cause resentment in some quarters—even English human nature is human nature still. Mrs. Applebite sighs for her oldtime morning nip at The Cock, while she rubs the small of her back over the tub in which she is washing "his" shirts and the garments of seven children. Old man Hortop, driving his Devon donkey into town of an afternoon, misses the gathering at The Lamb. Some of the poor complain that they cannot take advantage of the off-sale as the prosperous can, cannot afford to buy for home consumption. But the majority of citizens with whom I talked confessed themselves better off. "The boy's layin' by now he can't stop at the pub all afternoon. He's got more'n a hundred pound saved." "Mary used to get drunk 'cause William did—that's her

husband. But now he has to keep workin' all di, and he comes home sober to find her the sime." The opinions of such observers as Dr. T. N. Kelynack, Hon. Secretary of the Society for the Study of Inebriety; of Mr. W. Crosbie Hamilton, surgeon and public-health expert of Plymouth bear out my impression of marked improvement, although there is no doubt room for much more, and many problems are still to be solved in regard to State control or otherwise, Sunday closing, further restriction of hours, and local option.

The British attitude as expressed in the liquor situation sums itself up in the Chaucerian lines which a Londoner recently quoted to me:

> In everything, I wot, there lieth measure;
> For though a man forbid all drunkenness,
> He biddeth not that every creäture
> Be drinkless altogether, as I guess.

It is parabolic that we post an imperative command, "Keep off the Grass," while British placards make a reticent statement to the effect that it is better for the welfare of the lawn if pedestrians will refrain, and so forth. Meantime, we roll upon our park stretches and scatter peanut shells and chewing-gum wrappers, and dig our heels into the sod; while the English tread their paths with the meticulous anxiety of a rope-walker. They perhaps find it sometimes "hinconvenient but hunavoidable."

THE UNNOTICED

BY FREDERICK THAYER, JR.

I WOULD have furs and gowns
For the folk in the church to see.

I would recite my prayers
In a most amazing key.

I would be guilty of some sparkling sin,
That God might take heed of me!

THE RAVINE

A STORY

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

IT MAY be that winter sharpens our problems against the sky of our destiny as it sharpens every line of the trees. Winter was not made for concealment. It traces all shapes, stiffens color into density, the cold air makes more vivid faces and voices.

That was why Rachel Rochester quailed as she saw the man with whom she had quarreled pass her on the winter-sharp street. In spite of their separation, he was vividly her man.

The girl bit the insides of her cheeks; she tried stoutly to tell her woman's being that it had not sprung to life at sight of those shoulders, that dark chin, the spring of him as he bolted into his car. But the graphic purity of the December air was too much. Pitilessly, it revealed to her her mate, the man she had lost.

They "did not speak." Can you blame human beings for agonized wonder as to the essential worth of life if, after short witchery of knowledge of each other, tranced walks under trees, evenings on twilight paths, some inevitable anguishing thing cuts them apart and they "do not speak"?

Men take these crises in various ways, they get back to the work that holds them as long as anything holds them. But women—a bald book on the way women take the thing will some day be written. It might well be called *From Their Walled-up Cells*. For the rest, he who runs may read.

Rachel had the positive sense of social purity. She understood her job in the world. Garret Grey, fresh from modern influences, modern theories, would not offer her marriage. The man believed powerfully and reverently in their love, in their meaning as man and woman to each other. But he had had glimpses of determinism. Beyond them, he told her, stretched long years in which, he believed, he might develop, change, in which she might develop, change. Then, so he told her, any bond for them would be immoral; for him, at any rate. A great deal of what he said was the truth of human experience; the divorce courts prove that Rachel heard him only with dismay.

Young, strong, self-reliant, the two gravely searched out the question. Before their unflinching eyes trailed humanity's pitiful experience. For a long time they tried to evade any positive answer, tried to shut it out of their lovers' meetings. . . . Then one rainy November day, coming home from a mistblown walk, it suddenly reared, wound itself round them. It throttled them as, close together, they walked through streets lined with wet hedges. For years afterward Rachel remembered that walk. Lines of soft wet barberries —drops of blood and thorns! The girl had turned trembling from them to bury her face on Garret's arm.

"Oh, my dearest, we mustn't go on . . . quarreling like this. . . . We mustn't become enemies over an idea!"

But he was gloomily determined. She knew it was the best truth he had to give. She tried to convince him of her

love for him. At last she saw, with agony, that they were purposely wounding each other. . . . Drops of blood, and thorns. . . .

Fiercely the young lawyer explained the old laws which had governed marriage. "Civilization will get nothing better until men and women take it." Didn't she see where the ethic of purity originated? Military safeguarding, maintaining of aristocratic line, of tribal things? Then the church hooked it up to *her* authority . . . and then they began to make examples of women . . . weak women, so as to be sure of the tribe—Garret swallowed fiercely.

"This beautiful thing, our love, must come true," said the man stoutly, "be as square as a decent man and woman can make it. You and I couldn't help but be happier for an honest attitude toward life. What's to prevent our putting our hands in each other's and saying, 'I love you and belong to you *now*?. . . For years to come, I can't tell. I may develop into another person, that person may truly love someone else better; under these circumstances I could not be your honest mate. . . .' Well?" He threw back his head, challenging.

All she could do was to stand there in the wind-driven mist, shaking her head. Rachel could not answer philosophy with philosophy, against new systems of thought like this; she had only a tradition. Down the years back of her it was as if her ancestors, straight-backed, deep-eyed men and women came out of their old American home doors and looked at her. They said gravely "Rachel, we believe you will be true to what we believed!" She was. With a heart that bowed like an ice-laden tree, she slowly lifted her head and turned from him.

"Dear," he besought her in his dismay, "we mustn't quarrel—you—you just said so yourself!"

The miles of wet bright barberries seemed now to her to be stabbed with miles of thorns. "I shall always love you!" whispered the girl.

Love him? She turned, her young back bowed, walking straight away from him. Garret Grey did not go after her, did not call. He also saw these miles and miles of barberry bushes dripping in the November rain. Miles and miles of little drops of blood transfixed with thorns.

"Garret doesn't mean what we call honorable life," Rachel's mind told her. "We aren't animals, we are advanced scouts of life, men and women who administrate life with a duty towards society. Garret is wrong. If there were no bond our little children could never turn to *both* of us; even if happiness fails, in marriage there are loyalties."

The girl was capable of reasoning like that, capable of facing the thing, then capable through her woman's nature of utter breakdown.

All night long in curious gusts the fundamental conviction of their psychic union blew through her being until she quivered with stark vibrations like the naked trees outside her windows. Night after night in these moon-riding gusts flared her soul astream on the empty air. All Rachel had to do, to end the torture, was to write her lover one word. Rachel never wrote that word. Many women do not write that word.

At last hunger for him grew so powerful, so frightening that Rachel tried to be "sensible," to forget it in the somewhat mixed metaphor that we call Life. Social work, she thought, must be the best cure for her malady. Rachel had tried before this to help. The offices of the town's probation work had always interested her. Here was strange comment on what we accept as Life. The very building itself, Rachel thought, smelled of makeshift, of intellectual poverty that caused poverty, of the dry atmosphere of offices, the unholy smell of dentists' parlors. The rooms downstairs were used for rummage sales for the hospital; these museums especially amused her. Such triumphant exponents of the junk of existence! Jumble of old bonnets, once haughty

headgear, old books, old bedsteads, old cologne bottles, awful vases, dishes, now and then a clock of some quaint shape, or a sad little chair that got to the girl's sensitive perception. They, more than anything else, revealed the true worth of character. Rachel often brooded over some plaintive shape, her hand caressing it. . . . These little old chairs, they were torn apart with use, but they were sound; they stood wear and tear.

The Probation Society boasted a businesslike reception room where the green-shaded electric lights hung downward like stiff flowers determined to spill out their pollen. A long table was ostentatious with unrelieved piles of literature and packets of reports. At either end of this table sat the two social workers who under the probation officer ran things. The building had also a girls' club where the town's upstanding young women of very definite position were supposed to meet and entertain such of the working girls as they could cajole off the street to the club's entertainments. Rachel was chairman of this club.

While she shared vigorously in all these efforts she always wondered at their obtuseness. What could "probation officers" do against Life? What artificial diversions could hope to outrank the spontaneous diversions of the street?

Mentally, the girl reviewed this counter attraction.

The shops, like Olo Luk Oie, holding umbrellas of dream over a factory girl's imagination, saying softly, "Do you see this slender lady in the white-serge suit with the scarlet parasol and the hat with cherries walking along the silver beaches of Florida . . . ? Well, she is *you*. . . . Look at this lovely little wax person in the blue with crystal drops, see the silver slippers, ah, *you* would look even more beautiful". . . .

Such things strike home to the blood as do the other things of the street. The Word of the Pavement, that strange misrendering of life, passes from mouth to mouth until it becomes tradition. Was it any wonder that girls with quick impulse, unregistered ancestry stayed night after night to read with brooding moth-eyes of youth by the flaming torch of Sensation, the shadowy, flaring, many-languaged Book of the Street?

Rachel glanced in at the probation officers' private room. The institutional-looking woman sitting there nodded. Her thick lips smiled. On an honest moon face intended for simple, unpoetized motherhood now sat another motherhood, tragic, unintellectual service built up out of the long continued "practical" handling of certain awful things—things best hidden beneath the polite surface of contemporary life.

"Rachel Rochester, yes?"

"I came for orders. In the index room they said you wanted me to go after Sadie Tathorn."

The probation officer glimmered anxiously through enormous goggles.

"Rachel, could you, would you? It means rather steady following up; she needs to be sleuthed."

"I know. I rather hate the back-stairs, listening-in game."

"But you were so successful with Minnie Ogle! Look how you got her that waitress' job." Then, seeing reluctance on the girl's face, "You see, if *you* won't, nobody can. Sadie is positively slithery—a little candle in the wind. Miss Blair and Miss Covent have utterly given her up, but you, we thought . . . well, the girls at the Saturday-night dances always seem crazy about you."

"Because I don't try to improve them," remarked Rachel acutely. "What's all this about Sadie?"

"She must be got away from this man, this 'Shadow' Flynn."

Rachel drew her brows together. "Why are you so keen about that?"

For answer the probation officer handed over a docketed pile of reports. "These go back to October; they'll show you."

Sitting down in the dry, overpolished,

overheated room, Rachel turned over the reports. They seemed stiff, self-righteous. The girl's soft eyebrows gathered. Rachel's heart was not in this complacent spying on girl lives and girl follies. From Garret Grey she had got a sort of contempt of the idea that one "saved" girls by keeping them unrealized women. The dreariness of "saving" them to make them "good servants" got to her imagination, stuck like dust and suffocation in her throat.

The report was made out by Miss Covent, the elder social worker. Rachel knew her reports without their signature, they invariably ended with waspish suggestion of segregating the sexes.

The girl thoughtfully replaced the elastic band round the little packet of slips.

"What good can I do?" she asked. "A girl like Sadie is really wiser than I. She knows what she wants. After all, it's what people *want* that *makes* life, isn't it? Sadie wants life, fun; if I save her from this man some other man will get her when she's bitter and broken. Now she's glad to be alive, like a little thing just out of a cocoon, a silly little thing; why should I take her away from this Shadow person? She seems really to care for him."

The probation officer heard patiently. Big, slightly obtuse, looking something like the Cumæan Sibyl in an unbecoming blouse, her large seamed face was very grave.

"Rachel," she said reprovingly, "isn't it our duty as good women to teach these girls . . . better?"

Rachel was moody. "It looks to me as if we tried to make them believe what really isn't true, that men and women can do without one another. Every woman needs a man, every man needs a woman!" Rachel repeated that truism a little drearily. . . . "Different ways, perhaps," she added thoughtfully, "but, they do need one another."

"Have you a headache, dear?" inquired the woman sitting there.

Miss Grodge was full of these little solicitudes for her workers. She "felt strong" always, she said, and did strong-sounding capable-looking things. But was she really so strong? Rachel suspected that under certain temptations which would never come to her, facing certain problems that had never been her personal problems, she might prove rather insecure; "wobbly" would be a good word for it.

After all, administrating a Social Point of View did not take great personal strength.

"Miss Blair and Miss Covent have all the facts about Sadie."

Rachel looked at her watch.

"All right, I'm on; from now on Sadie is watched."

In the main office the two women at either end of the table looked up.

"Morning, Miss Rochester." Miss Covent's thin hands paused in their shuffling of documents. Her wrist bones were haloed, one with a braceleted watch, the other with a worn silver circle. She was a screwed-up rigid woman hung about with fountain pens and eyeglass trolleys; she ran confidently like a ticking clock—tick, a dictated letter, tock, a telephone. Efficient, sufficient, limited. The world for her was divided very simply: good people, bad people!

Miss Blair was different. She gave one the impression of being tucked and gathered like an old-style skirt. She was thick and obstinate with a soft smothered voice that rolled its rrrs. She was sycophantic without knowing what the word meant. She supposed that all virtuous people rode in shiny limousines, the next virtuous in roadsters, the next in Fords, and so on; when one got down to no automobile at all, there was very little chance of virtue. If anyone suggested to Miss Blair that there were yet books to be added to the Bible she looked frightened; if anyone spoke to her of Birth Control she registered that person as "nasty-minded."

"Have you anything to suggest about the Sadie Tathorn case?" asked the Rochester girl.

Both women looked communicative.

"Oh, Miss Rochester, you are going after Sadie! You can do her so much good!" The chorus was patronizingly flattering.

Rachel raised her eyebrows, her upper lip took on perversity.

"Maybe Sadie can do *me* good. Why are we all so complacent, anyway? I'm not a bit sure that the Sadie kind of girl isn't—well—honester than we are; she goes for what she wants, we pretend that we don't want—we get set in a queer pattern and we call that virtue . . ." The voice paused on a perverse note as Rachel mused—

"I suppose Sadie loves that purple-necktie-thing."

"Why, Rachel Rochester, she couldn't love him! He hangs round the hotel. He doesn't mean to marry her. It's—it's disgusting, they are inseparable."

Rachel nodded. "I know."

"They have been seen in the Ravine at night."

"The Ravine!" It was spring now. That cleft through the hills outside the town of Origen must be very beautiful. Walls of red sandstone topped by hemlock and cedar; water coursing through a stone bed where ferns shimmered and mosses clung; through budding bushes and screens of young birch and sassafras, the falling sparkle of a tiny cascade. The very place for things to be said which no one else must hear, the old secret of the birds and the flowers.

"I know." She made a slight movement with a hand that had otherwise been quiet. It went involuntarily to her slender throat. At the word "Ravine" that hand, remembering its natural home, had started to feel for Garret's hand. Now there was no man's hand to meet it . . . it fluttered to the lips that must, it seemed, call his name.

Rachel could see the Ravine, see these two young things—the Tathorn girl, blue-eyed, lissome, with dawning beauty, not yet clouded by coarseness, taking for her natural food the words and caresses of this flashy youth whose talent ran to feeble songs like this:

> You and I in purple weather, love,
> You and I in castles fair in Spain;
> You and I in love that's pledged above,
> You and I in sunshine and in rain.

"What's your plan for Sadie?" Rachel demanded. "If I can, as you propose, break up her own handling of her life, get her away from this Shadow, what do *you* propose for her?"

Miss Covent began superciliously snapping rubber bands onto slim packages of documents.

"What she was born for! Work, domestic service of some kind. The same work that she would do for him, provided he pays her the compliment of marrying her."

"But she's a child, she's a butterfly, looking for gardens. . . . You want her to get right into harness, poor butterfly . . . to grow old in service—without romance, without life."

Rachel got up restlessly, she went to the window and looked out. The spring sun was spilling over. It splashed the prosperous looking autos that moved up and down the principal street that ran crossways from the street on which the Probation House was situated.

"Even . . . even if he doesn't marry her, she'll have been through him more of a woman than any of us three! We have theories about life. She'll have some woman-memories, she will be sorrowful, maybe; despairing, a true woman, whom life crucifies. . . . We are nothing. Incomplete. . . .

"Rachel!" Miss Blair's dull eyes looked frightened rebuke. Her hands trembled slightly; she made a curious gesture, a slight furtive pressing of the breast.

"H'm!" snapped Miss Covent. She flicked on another rubber band. "A little advanced, aren't you, my dear? Please don't get queer and disgusting . . . not . . . *here*."

A slow flush went over the face of the girl staring at them.

"It seems—like that—to you? But even you," Rachel faced them, "don't think that to talk of the mating of men and women is 'advanced' or 'queer' when you can do it over a railroad track of five thousand boxes of fruit cake tied up with a few miles of narrow white satin ribbon."

Miss Blair looked discreetly down. Miss Covent looked sharply up. This woman was a nice example of spiritual metallurgy. All the hard traits fused into one steely personality. Miss Covent was clad in a curious grim costume that looked like figured oilcloth. She was, people said, "a born organizer." And, like many of us, in following her prerogatives, she was forced to let a deal of lovely understanding go.

Now she spoke sharply to the girl standing irresolute by the window.

"No wonder Garret Grey got frightened" (shrugging significant shoulders) . . .

Rachel laughed.

With quiet which to an imaginative person might have seemed dangerous, she took down the necessary data. She was to keep Sadie Tathorn from going with "Shadow" to the Ravine.

Yes?

To break up gradually their association; if possible, to get "Shadow" fined and sent from the town.

"Um."

To get Sadie away from the idea of having a "friend"; to lend her improving books, get her to save her money and to train for lifelong domestic work instead of the spasmodic factory work.

"Uh-huh." Rachel, her dark eyes veiled, busily jotted down the recommendations while she listened to the acid comment.

By this comment she saw herself a "saved" woman—she who had by sheer force of character and awareness of tradition pulled herself back from, ah, yes, from the Ravine! A little dreamy smile of remembrance played over her lips. With automatic pencil she made pictures of tree-boughs with stars shining through . . . The great dark beautiful Ravine of Life! Well, she ought to be happy, she had not walked into it, she had turned from it! Then the slow reproach of her nature rose like a tide.

It was simple to bid the two social workers sprightly "Good morning," and turn away. But Rachel carried that picture of the Ravine with her. In the Ravine, at least, everybody was true to Life.

Lit with its wild sweet glamours of primal things, it was in the Ravine that the torch of the Life-dream was handed on by men and women. Many of these men and women cried in Rachel now; she felt them surging up, speaking to her in myriad voices, trembling, fateful human voices.

A few days later came her opportunity to talk with Sadie Tathorn.

The girl was intent on the window of the millinery department of Origen's Big Store. Sadie's eyes were fixed on a turban-shaped affair with a gold-bullion tassel.

Rachel joined her.

"Spring hats?" The Girls' Club Chairman put her hands on Sadie's shoulders.

Sadie, with a little gesture of excitement, turned. "Look at that New Blue. Did you notice how they use wings nowadays, just as if the hats flew?"

"You ought to be a milliner yourself." Rachel's thoughtful eyes were on the girl. "You could sing all your songs in hats; you know more about pretty things than lots of us do."

Rachel herself happened to be wearing a rather charming hat. Sadie looked knowingly at it.

"*You* know enough to pick them out!"

Rachel stole glances at the little chin, the gentian-blue eyes, heirloom dimple, fatal gold in the over-curling hair. Sadie's mouth had a slight droop at the corners, her eyelids were full, there was soft sensuousness in the face.

"That gold tassel, don't it get you? And the New Blue just in front . . ." She spoke radiantly. "I'm saving for

that hat, my gentleman friend loves me in blue."

Rachel pulled herself together. Here was her job. To begin to draw Sadie away from this happiness.

"Oh, Sadie, you aren't going to marry that—that man?"

"We ain't spoke about marriage yet." The girl looked coolly with what might or might not have been comprehension into her friend's eyes. "We just *go together*," she explained loftily. "Mr. Shade G. Flynn, that's his name, is agent for a New York music company, and he plays lovely on his mandolin up to the hotel dances. He's a perfect gentleman, has went everywhere, and knows everybody. Him and me was to the Ravine last Sunday night, he played to me by the waterfall. Oh, Miss Rochester, don't you love music? Shade plays all them pieces into the Sunday Supplements. Do you know 'Amber Jade'?" asked Sadie impressively.

Rachel confessed ignorance of this masterpiece.

Standing with the plate-glass window full of hats for background, Sadie took a half-dancing, half-strutting attitude; hands on hips, she hummed in repressed tremolo:

"Amber Jade, of you I'm 'fraid,
My shining yellow queen;
Your golden hair, your baby stare
Makes all my heart careen.
No star can shine too bright
For us this summer night;
But you're too bright, I ween,
For you've caught me, I'm the happy fly
In the amber, Amber Queen."

The next time Rachel saw Sadie it was with the gold tassel hanging over the curled puff of her yellow hair, and feet spectacularly shod. She wore a tan-silk dress, perhaps borrowed or rented, surely not all paid for. She and "Shadow" Flynn and the "mandolin" were strolling in the dusk toward the Ravine.

Wistfully, the Chairman of the Girls' Club watched them. Rachel made no effort to detain. "Why should I stop Sadie?" she hotly inquired of herself. "She's walking toward that same thing which made Watteau and Fragonard, and Abelard and Heloise, and even Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King'; the awe and wonder and joy and mystery that men and women hold for one another." And the Ravine was the arras, the great tapestry of nature across which such figures moved. Sadie was walking through an entranced story book of life where all her ancestors, some of them poets and troubadours under their squalor and ignorance, were speaking within her. But in the Ravine there would come a time when only one ancestor would speak. . . .

That time had come to Rachel! Only one of Rachel's ancestors had spoken. He had happened to be a man of stern principle and austere vision. He had spoken so powerfully and commandingly that, with all her woman's weakness, she could not fail to obey; she felt somehow that against all her other voices this ancestor *knew*. . . .

Now, night after night as summer advanced, Rachel lay fighting, in addition to her own proud battle, that other battle, watching with a sense of fatality that light lithe butterfly figure which walked toward Romance. . . . "I can't stop it," muttered Rachel.

It was June, a rather ideal sort of morning with the little rows of red and yellow tulips fringing the narrow borders of the Probation House. Miss Covent was starch from neck to common-sense white-canvas shoes. The eyeglass trolleys were affixed now to white-enamel fixtures, and this time the oilcloth hat was white.

Miss Covent grasped Rachel's elbows, the light shot across her bracelets. "Are you keeping your eye on Sadie Tathorn?" As Miss Covent asked this she kept her own eye with its wrinkled burrowings on Rachel.

This young person, however, was not awed. "Not open to interview," was the evasive answer. "I make reports to the probation officer, not to the social workers."

The other tried to hide the look that made her mouth match the bracelet. "Miss Grodge is away on her vacation and" (dryly) "in her absence I am supposed to look over all reports." Then after a pause, "You may think you can dilly dally over this thing, Rachel Rochester; you may have all these disgusting Freudian notions, but God is watching you play with a human soul. . . ." Miss Covent gasped sensationally "That man, Shade G. Flynn, has a room somewhere in this town—girls have been enticed there. . . ."

There was a lot more; the girl noticed that Miss Covent seemed to gloat over the matters she deplored. Her mind was preoccupied with these details.

"Most of that isn't true," remarked Rachel, as the social worker ended. "I have had someone who knows about this poor donkey look him up. He's utterly worthless, I admit, a sappy little cad with no backbone, but he isn't vicious."

There was a short silence. Miss Covent primped her mouth. "I suppose you mean by that to imply that he won't ruin Sadie." She spoke baldly.

Rachel's lips curled.

"Ruin!" It was all so inevitable, true to tradition, this trembling, awe-struck spinster with her word "ruin." Well, of course, poor little Sadie would be ruined . . . but not so much by "Shadow Flynn," as by the Misses Covent of this world.

Rachel, not very wisely, tried to forecast this; the other woman drew herself up, a strange, hateful look on her face.

"I thought you were a pure girl!" She sucked the words back as soon as she had uttered them, not because she regretted them but because it was not politic to antagonize Rachel Rochester. But the words were said. Their effect, however, was not dramatic. Rachel had an almost interested look. "Poor thing," thought the Rochester girl, "whatever comes, I mustn't let myself grow like *that*."

She flashed a profound glance of compassionate fellowship on the other and was gone.

Near the Probation House there was a lunch room where many workers of the town slipped in for the noon meal. It was a pleasant sort of room run by a young Austrian, who knew enough to have strange old prints of his own homeland hung on the walls.

A rose-breasted parrakeet muttered a parrakeet's observations from a clean cage between frilled white curtains; little bowls of garden flowers were set upon the white tables.

A rubber plant had never set its cloven hoof in this establishment. This showed that the young proprietor had a stout heart which could defy precedent. So thought Garret Grey, who sometimes came in here for the square meal which made it possible for his brain to keep up its fierce gnawing at the Gordian knots so securely tied by the Conservative until he must come crying to his despised brother, the Radical, for help to untie them.

The lawyer, taking up his napkin, glanced mechanically about the room. The few people sitting at the tables were mostly unknown to him, but his quick eyes caught the pinched profile of Miss Covent. The social worker bowed. Garret nodded cordially back. He looked thoughtfully a second time at the rigidities of this institutional personality.

This was Rachel's *confrère;* he wondered how the two got on.

He watched the steely-looking bracelets flash as Miss Covent broke her bread; noting the set lines round cheeks and mouth, mournfully he associated her with his girl, his mate, who had defied him.

Well, he had given Rachel his best truth, what he really believed, and he knew more about it than she did! He, looking into the dark secret chambers of tortured and undeveloped lives of men and women. . . he *knew* . . . !

Damn the whole pompous, untrue, old-woman scheme!

After luncheon he got up. He went over to Miss Covent's table. He was received with the austere bridling of the species.

"In spite of your radical theories you eat like the rest of us," the social worker observed. What Miss Covent meant was, "In spite of the fact that you have come a heart-cropper, you eat!"

"You, guardians of the public virtue, eat, too," remarked the young lawyer. His gray, slightly mocking eyes dwelt with good fellowship upon her.

"In spite of our knowledge of men and events!" she stung.

"Have you actually that knowledge? Omniscience?" he teased. Then Grey looked more closely at her; the mockery died out of his eyes.

"By Jove, it is a wonder you can eat!" He was gentle, almost tender, saying, "What you have to face! . . . Women aren't trained for the revelations you must have every day."

The lawyer was genuinely touched by the sudden thought of women's minds meant for love, beauty, and creative life confronted with sordid social revelations. He considered this one, searching her face for the subtle loveliness of human sorrow. . . . "I suppose," he hesitated rather boyishly, "that even at that—knowing the whole game—you'd be the first one to fight the solutions some of us propose."

Her eyes in their wrinkled settings sprang to vigilance.

"Such as?"

"Well," shrugging his shoulders, "for instance, the removing of spiritual stigma from illicit association. Penalizing it with money, taxes, maybe, but not with the tax of human ostracism."

"You mean," Miss Covent was on her guard now, fixing him with all her knowledge of grim example, "You mean" (she smote with the flat of the sword) "such 'freedom' as has been observed by our friends, the Halities?"—mentioning a degenerate family long the town's sorest problem.

Involuntarily, the man shuddered.

"No, dear woman." He said it very gently. As a lawyer he was impressed by the nerve torture he could discern underlying the spinster's bravado. "No, please understand . . . "

The man stood there, leaning upon the table, looking wistfully at her, insisting . . . . "We *are* half animals actually. Some of us, because of high development, are trying to get wholly away from the animal, but in our effort to do this haven't we psychologically landed upon ourselves worse than pure animalism—the distrust of essential humanity, the condemnation of lovely human things? In the end don't we send humanity lower than the animals?"

Miss Covent did not understand him. But the powerful, masculine figure bending toward her, the gray eyes and that "dear woman"! For just one instant the social worker conscientiously averted her gaze.

"I . . . I . . . see what you mean, but I guess that would be a dangerous thing to think, wouldn't it?—anyway, we've begun another way: we have to keep on."

Suddenly she lost the troubled woman-look.

"Is that the rock you and Rachel Rochester split on?"

He started. It was the woman whose ruthless hand turns the combination to the heart's most secret chamber, opening it when she pleases to read the documents hidden there. Grey straightened, the name had been flung at him baldly, distinctly in this public restaurant! He was furious; he guessed that, besides all the other misery he had brought upon his dear girl, he brought this annoyance, to have these rummaging females discuss their severed relations.

Then the control which made him an outstanding lawyer became his and Rachel's armor. "I fancy I could split on many a rock with you." He put his man's quizzical look on her, watching for results. When she winced, said grimly to himself, "All right, my friend, I had tenderness for you, a decent man's,

a brother's effort to understand and help . . . now I'll let you feel the lash."

(But he got the lash first.)

"We are thinking of asking Rachel to resign from the Probation Office. She's hardly—er—*thorough* enough for our work. . . . Dear dreamer! She has these easy-going idealistic notions."

Grey raised his eyebrows. "Really? I had been hearing of her success. The Steckovi family and that little pyromaniac, Jack Cooley—she really got hold of that demon; I have him in my office now, underfoot generally, but as yet no *feux de joies*."

"She's letting Sadie Tathorn, deliberately *letting her go* . . ." Miss Covent set her jaw.

"To the devil?" questioned the lawyer easily. His laugh was enigmatic. "Well" (ironically), "isn't that rather nice of Rachel? So many of us long to go to the devil but we won't be let. . . . You pillars of society make things so unattractive for us, you see." He smiled, his eyes bitter on this woman.

Grey paused, gathering up his hat and gloves. He stood there by Miss Covent's table a good build of well-muscled thinness. His hair dark, unflecked yet, but he looked like one who had known starved days and nights. The man's profile betrayed hours spent in too intense orgies with these solemn gentlemen of whom Mr. Blackstone leads the procession. Veblen and Bertrand Russell had built for him dreams that made him writhe on his gridiron of precedent. Now he opened lips purposely wary.

"You don't approve of Rachel's 'rescues'?" Grey called up some recent vision of Sadie Tathorn, that most predestined little figure in its fawn silk and blue hat with the curled yellow hair bunched over the ears. . . . "Little Mayfly Sadie," he said softly. "She dives rather fiercely into her day of youth!"

For answer, Miss Covent took up a black-and-steel bead bag. She consulted her wrist watch. "It's a pity you and Rachel have stopped seeing each other," she observed, "you have . . . so much . . . in common!"

It was her way of snubbing the lawyer and what he stood for. Miss Covent knew she was doing right; she was Virtue putting down Vice. She set her chair neatly back to the table and, straightening, bowed. Grey saw the niggard movement of her figure as she walked to the door.

The red and yellow tulips that edged the narrow borders leading up to the steps of the Probation House were little things, ragged and nipped. As Grey's car whizzed by he thought they seemed to be blowing thin trumpets of warning. But they made him know that he couldn't read Mr. Blackstone any longer; he treated his car as a small boy treats a bathtub, he turned on everything.

Away out into the spring countryside he fared, moodily glaring ahead of him. Miles and miles of tender growing things, soft willows tinting the ways of woodland brooks, smell of warm budding, rods of trees where the sap crowded to spurts of life. Garret Grey rode on and on. . . . It was winter for him, November, miles and miles of barberry hedges, red berries like drops of blood!

Every once in a while a town like Origen, probably because of politics, permits an orgy. It does it because it has to, because whether the town knows it or not, there is orgy hidden in its breast (though it doesn't *call* it orgy).

That summer Origen had one of these queer affairs which begin with an opening prayer by leading politicians and end with lawsuits by reigning stenographers. When this orgy was being planned the officers of the Probation House merely folded their hands. They folded their hands and waited. There was to be a platform for dancing; booths, fortune-telling, a ferris wheel, and swings at Fantasy Island, where you went either by bus, or by scurrilous little motor boats.

Rachel heard all about it from Sadie

Tathorn, and in her capacity of lady sleuth advised the girl not to go. To her surprise her ward remarked:

"Me and Mr. Flynn hasn't no intention of going. We like to be by ourselves. We dance a lot in the Ravine, we practice together; do you know that new song 'My Potato Peel'?

"Spiel, spiel, my potato peel,
You are the cutest little rag,
After you I'll tag,
For we dance till we reel
And our senses keel.
Tag—Tag—Tag—you're It!
My Po-ta-aaaaaaaaay-to-Peel.

"Ain't it cute?" demanded Sadie. Her inflection was indescribable. "Sort of humorous, you know."

Veneer of screen and gramophone! Such strange film of modern sophistication laid over an entire fundamental ignorance, an almost animal being! Yet, Sadie, little victim of the mechanical and commercial age, was not doing so badly. If the purpose of life is pursuit of happiness, she was pursuing, even laying hold on it! She had a look of pride as she did her Potato Peel song and dance. Evidently the ennuied Flynn so far regarded her merely as an apt pupil and was shaping her for business; there was as yet no offering on any altar of emotion.

"So you're not going to the Fantasy Island picnic?" For the moment Rachel's brow lost its anxious line.

The girl laughed, she was even patronizing. "Oh, Miss Rochester, them picnics is so common! The way the girls go on with their gentlemen friends! I and Mr. Flynn wouldn't go if you was to serve us spun-glass strawberries and pearl-necklace ice cream."

"Spun-glass strawberries with pearl-necklace ice cream," Rachel's eyes showed interest; the other girl saw that she had made an impression.

"It's Shade's talk," she explained, adding with proud deprecation. "If I was to *tell* you the way he talks . . . like an advertisement, so fancy and yet refined!" Something almost patronizing crept into the tone. Rachel knew that inflection—that of the woman who makes allowances for the extravagances of her lover. Sadie plainly pitied a woman who had no Mr. Shade G. Flynn to talk to her like that.

So that was the key-note . . . well . . . perhaps . . .

Rachel hesitated. She laid her hand on that hand trifling with a neck-chain of blue beads. . . . "Sadie, be careful." The dark-haired girl hesitated, then said very simply, "It looks as if sometimes, because of the future, we have to turn our backs on things . . . just because they *are* so sweet!"

The Club's Chairman, this straight, strong Rachel Rochester, said slowly, "The thing I've got to say to you, or I shouldn't be fit to live, is that some night in the Ravine, the loveliness of it all—the smells of the plants and the trees and the sound of the water and the way a man's voice sounds—sometimes these things will get like a drug—too strong—a girl is apt to get sort of unable to think—it's like *fire*— It's all beautiful—all true," said Rachel; she bit her lips, "but . . ."

"What d'yer mean?" asked Sadie.

The sweet blue eyes looked sulky suspicion.

The Club Chairman stammered. "You see, it's my job to be a friend to girls . . . and I want to be a real friend. . . . I can't follow you up as if you were . . . common . . . you're not; you're just a lovely little woman thing that wants life . . . and, life deals hardest with those . . . *who want* it . . . Sadie!"

The Rochester girl paused. Her ancestors and Sadie's were at grips now; it seemed that she could not make hers come forward in their nobility and calm. They seemed—evil-minded! What *her* ancestors said sounded cheap and commonplace as she tried for clarity and directness with that small figure so elusive in its pliable vagaries.

The Rochester girl stood there helpless in her grave wish to truly help the other.

. . . "I wouldn't go to the Ravine too much," she urged this in a stifled voice. "I wouldn't go there to-morrow night, when . . . when everyone else is away. . . . Come to my house with your, with Mr. Flynn, we'll have some music, ice cream." Eagerly Rachel urged the thing.

Then she saw her mistake, for the other with the air of a duchess turned. There was something strangely reserved in her inflection.

"Well, of course, I know you're lonesome, Miss Rochester—" Sadie's tone was laughably significant—"but me and my gentleman friend have this *engagement.*"

It was superb; *noli me tangere.* . . . There are things certain kinds of people cannot do, but Sadie could; her little jab, absurd as it was, was well aimed!

The Club Chairman held out her hand. "Forgive me, Sadie, I didn't mean to interfere. Honestly, it would make me very happy if you *would* come to-morrow night. I shan't ask you again." Then the girl said that one thing she knew she must say, "If you ever need a friend . . ."

Oh, it was sordid, somehow; Sadie must have thought so. With a slight twitch of her scant skirts, she walked grandly away.

All the next day, hot, heavy leaved, great buses full of village families ran in the direction of Fantasy Island; the scurrilous motor boats could be heard going and coming.

Rachel, her head aching with the summer heat, saw the thing as one might have seen tumbrils going to and fro from some great scaffold of Humbug. She had the etched, detached view of the person who remains at home and sees only the drawbacks. For as evening came and the auto jitneys returned, full of sleepy children and mothers whose feet hurt them, she caught at straws of criticism. Now as darkness swallowed the town she knew that things at Fantasy Island were really on; the strange sense of what slumbered in human beings reached out and laid hands on her. The Ravine. . . . Her thoughts turned to that dark cool stretch of woods; idly, she wondered if there were water in the brook now when everything seemed so dry. . . . Did the scent of mint and birches come as strongly to the nostrils? She pictured that little couple of the "Potato Peel Rag" wandering there this midsummer night, played upon by a thousand age-old things.

As the girl lay listless in her canvas hammock, staring into the hollow depth of summer night, she saw a familiar gray car glide by. A man with dark head and big chin leaned to look; he planted his gaze directly at her corner, at the white figure prone in the shadowed swing. This man, Rachel could see, wore white trousers and a dark blue belted coat—a coat she knew—she saw his hands on the wheel . . .

Miles and miles of barberry bushes with their thorns and drops of blood!

The car went very slowly, the man leaned as if hoping for a sign, a hand-wave, even a raised head. It was the night of Dionysia, all young things were so many torches to one another! But—but here was a torch turned down.

At about ten o'clock, when the last respectables of the Fantasy Islanders were returning home, the telephone rang sharply. Rachel heard Miss Covent's voice.

"Please listen attentively. I thought you ought to know. I learned at the drug store to-day that 'Shadow' Flynn frequently buys drugs. I saw him to-night with Sadie, making for the Ravine. You understand?"

"Yes!" The answering voice was cool.

"Rachel, this is your job! If you will go down there now I will go with you. *Drag* her away from him!"

The girl at the telephone stiffened at the theatrical note. "Oh, aren't you a little premature? If you were in the Ravine to-night would you be obliged

to anyone that 'dragged you away'?" Rachel smiled naughtily; the answer rapped back:

"Your own attitude is not the thing. Some of us may go too far and, losing a man's respect, become callous. . . ."

There was silence, then Miss Covent added in meaning tones, "I saw Garret Grey the other day, he was asking about you. I told him of some of your notions. Even he, a Radical, doesn't agree with you about Sadie."

The shaft struck home! Rachel was still a moment. Then, like a creature rising after a vital stab, "That is interesting!"

"To get back to business," came the decisive voice at the other end, "there is no doubt as to the outcome of this . . . Sadie's soul, her very life is in your hands!"

"Her . . . *life* . . . ! (Yes, I know.)"

"I can't order you." Miss Covent's voice showed how she regretted this. "I can't order you to go down there to the Ravine after her. I can't go myself, for it's not my job and I have no power over Sadie."

"No—" the younger woman almost laughed.

There was a moment's silence, then . . . "Yes or No, will you save this poor child, will you let her go to everlasting misery?"

Rachel's eyes widened. The Club Chairman got a glimpse of that other woman sitting at the end of the telephone this summer night, the night of Dionysia, of Life in its hundred forms and guises. She saw Miss Covent, rigid, denied, atrophied; strange, fugitive Seed lost forever, with all that lay within her, out of the great dream of physical creation, of realization—the girl's voice broke piteously, her hand passed swiftly over her young breast; she became suddenly motherly, tender, to another frustrated woman.

"Oh, my dear!" she called softly through the darkness, then strangely tender again, "Yes, Miss Covent, I will save Sadie, I will *save her* from . . . no, don't worry any more, good-night—go to bed . . . I will save her!"

The connection was suddenly broken off. . . . Rachel sat, her face in her hands.

The clock struck the half hour after eleven; the girl rose and went to the window, looking out on the calm summer night. . . . Only three blocks away at the end of the town stretched the glimmering white path to the Ravine. The long lines of black evergreen trees were massed in solemn wall against moonlit sky. . . . Rachel looked for a long time at that mysterious shadow of that wall.

She dragged herself upstairs. All the house was quiet, the family asleep. Her aunt and cousin, the little maid, all single women, and she, a single woman, going to her virgin room! There in that room which had witnessed all her mental struggles, she went to a drawer and took out a photograph of Garret. She bowed her tense face on the man's pictured face; with the strength of her imagination gave herself to him she had denied. In the dark she undressed and lay down.

Twelve o'clock! Heavily, like a stone sinking through the ethereal summer night, the girl lay there, hearing little sounds in the trees, in the deep tide of the grasses. Sometimes along the leaves came the faint splurge of the band at Fantasy Island, sometimes laughing cries and, once or twice, those not laughing. Once, with straining sense, she thought she heard the dry little tinkle of a mandolin, but it might have been a cricket at his glassy dance. Once a firefly came by the window; it paused as if caught in the netting, showing obstinately its tiny pagan light.

The town clock struck one; the great ball of sound dropped like a plummet through the midnight.

Rachel lay staring at the shadow of a leaf branch on the white wall of her room. It swayed mystically. In the Ravine now there must be many fireflies, little pagan lights wayward on the

darkness. The tinkling mandolin must long ago have stopped and the glimmering faces and forms of two young things must long ago have merged into the great dream, the great processional Intention. . . .

Even now, with the pathetic, the unconquerable sense of failure and tragedy upon her, she could not tell exactly what she had done. For who knew? Who could know until all the Sadies in the world stood in their broken line, saying simply to their Creator, "Lord, we did but take the Life thou gavest us!"

Now to the girl lying there the thought of morning became a slow glittering terror. When morning came she must arise and face herself, seeing in her mirror not that one she had been used to seeing, Rachel Rochester, frank woman who handled realities and faced problems, but a veiled and terrible priestess, who had let a little bewildered lamb run straight on the Knife. . . . And yet, and yet . . . Rachel with a moan gazed at that moon-branch pattern on the white wall; she clenched her hands.

Two o'clock. . . . Great stillness—a strange stir of sorrow in the leaves. Three o'clock. . . . Opaque, a light through which blind dreams trembled, the strange other side of the Wall of Life! Four o'clock. . . . The wondering note of a sleepy bird, a muffled misty dawn, furtive like one who would rather not bring back many sleepers from their walks of Dream. Then warm yellow morning filled the air. There was feverish stir of birds, light through leaves. Five o'clock. Six o'clock. Morning.

FROM HER THAT HATH

BEAUTY: ASSET OR LIABILITY?

ANONYMOUS

For many years the author of this article has been engaged in business with considerable success. Under the cover of anonymity, she has consented to write frankly, out of her own experiences, upon the difficult situation in which an attractive woman finds herself in the modern business world, at a time when women are invading business offices in increasing numbers but when nearly all the positions of authority are still held by the other sex.—*The Editors.*

NOT long ago a woman who had made an unsuccessful attempt to find work in New York came to me to complain. "It seems to me," she said, "that with the introductions you have given me and with my record for ability at home I should have found something here long before this."

I tried to explain that introductions, after all, are only a means of entrée, and that in coming to a strange city one has to blaze one's own trail. "I had to do it," I declared.

"You?" she questioned, with a show of scorn. "You never had to blaze a trail in your life. You're so good-looking that men are always ready to give you a chance."

"You mean," I interrupted, "that I have no ability?"

"Oh, no," she hastened to assure me. "You have that—loads of it. But you know that men take to you."

"I know nothing of the sort," I replied, emphasizing my declaration with vigorous details of the struggle every woman must go through to achieve success.

She remained unconvinced, and departed, petulant with a Creator who had made her plain and others attractive.

Often during my working years this accusation—or implication—has been hurled at me by less successful women and even by disgruntled men. Often I have been told directly, or the innuendo has been repeated to me, that I secured jobs and held them because some man of power in the office took a personal interest in me. From the heart, and even with bitter memories, I can say that this is not true, either of myself or of many successful women I know who also happen to have been given that peculiar charm which bids men pay them attention. My own fifteen years' experience in the business world, and that of other women as well, has convinced me that this attraction is not so much of an asset as it is an added responsibility and even a liability for the woman who must earn her own living.

It is true that if a woman is handsome and smartly dressed she may be accorded a more cordial reception when she enters an office. She may even obtain a job more readily than a less gifted sister. But once the job is hers, she finds herself the object of constant scrutiny and criticism on the part of the women about her. Even large-minded women find it difficult not to be suspicious of pretty women. Even some men—small ones—are antogonistic towards those of the opposite sex who outdistance them on the road to success. Should those women have beauty added to their ability, they do not escape the petty insinuations and intrigues to be found in some degree in all offices. At first the

work of the attractive woman is the center of attack. The slightest mistake is made an unpardonable error. If her efficiency is above reproach, her personal character, and even her morals, are put under the microscope of their envy and discontent. Only too often, whatever her capacity for hard work and for accuracy and for achievement, her success is attributed to some particular fascination she may have for the men higher up in the office. Just as often their suspicions and their imaginations run riot to the point of disaster.

II

I learned this after I had been working only a short while. When I came to work I was not self-conscious about men. Women who are used to their attentions seldom are. Besides, the men I had known were of a good sort, and I met them on the basis of understanding and friendship. I had known only the women of my own circumscribed set. They, too, were of fine caliber. Therefore, I thought that human beings in general were the same. My first job almost destroyed my illusions.

I had secured this job through a close friend of an official of the company. Knowing nothing about business practice, I did not realize that anyone who is placed in an office over the head of the department chief is from the start an object of prejudice and antagonism. The office manager taught me this at once. I made a few mistakes as I was new to the work, and he called my attention to my slightest errors in a voice and manner which made me the center of observation of the entire office. There was, however, as his assistant a younger man of less acerbity. One day when I had made a minor mistake in judgment, and the office manager had shouted at me down the entire row of desks, this lad came back to me and said, "Don't mind what he says. Your work is splendid. You have brains. That's more than can be said of your predecessor." A few weeks later the office manager went out and the younger man took his place.

Things changed for me at once. I was given every opportunity to get ahead and also that appreciation which inspires one to take pains with one's slightest task. In another department in the same office was an older woman who had been in the field many years and who occupied an enviable position both as to opportunity and salary. She had often gone out of her way to praise and encourage me. We soon became the best of friends. One day a difficult and unusual piece of work came into the office. She suggested that I should be given a chance to do it. My efforts were satisfactory and I received a raise in salary and was placed, also by this woman's suggestion, in her department in a position second only to hers. Then she was taken ill. For nearly five months her duties devolved upon me. During that time I came in direct daily contact with the office manager. He often talked with me about my work, sometimes consulting me about other departments. When the woman came back I was automatically relieved of her duties. During her absence, with the approval of the office manager and the board of directors, I had made some innovations in the department which had considerably increased the volume of business. She took up this work, complimenting my initiative, and suggesting to the office manager that I be given a vacation. When I returned she barely spoke to me.

I could not imagine what it was all about. When I questioned her she said with an enigmatic tightening of her lips, "I do not have to tell you. You know what's the matter—not with me but with you." Soon I noticed that the rest of the force in the department seemed afraid to have anything to say to me; and that when the office manager came to my desk for a word or sent for me to come to his desk all heads were turned in our direction.

Then one day he sent for me to tell me that I must go. He said, "I have never had to do a thing like this before. Your work has been a hundred per cent efficient. But Mrs. X, as you know, is close to the president. She has been with the firm for over twenty years. She knows all its secrets. Lately you have incurred her dislike. It may be partly my fault. When she took over the work of the new bureau which you started in her absence she did not take the trouble to acquaint herself with its details. She has made several grave mistakes. Protests came in from our clientèle. These were taken up at a directors' meeting. Unwisely, I fear, I recommended that you be given full charge of that particular bureau as it was your idea. When I told Mrs. X that it might be better for her to turn the work over to you or to consult you about it, she was furious. The president was here the other day and she had a long talk with him. The result is that you must go."

Naturally, I was crestfallen, as I had worked very hard and I knew that I had done good work. When my week was ended and I was leaving, just as I was getting out of the elevator, I ran into Mrs. X. She stopped me and very cordially asked me if I would run around the corner and have a cup of tea with her. I was astonished at the invitation but accepted it. She drank four cups of tea and, without any solicitation on my part, went round and round the reason for my dismissal, her explanations growing vaguer and vaguer until finally she blurted out, "My dear, let me give you a little friendly advice. In your next job don't have a love affair with the office manager. It doesn't pay."

There is only one word to express how I felt—flabbergasted. The office manager was the last person in the world for whom I could have had a personal liking. While a brilliant young man and an excellent employer, because he was not afraid to give praise when it was due, he was crude and often uncouth, and it was sometimes difficult for me to hide a certain aversion I felt towards him. As he had behaved so finely toward me I could not tell Mrs. X this, but I did tell her what she already knew—that he was not the sort of man who could possibly attract me. And then came her flagrant betrayal of herself. "My dear," she asked me, "why did you inaugurate that bureau? The department was acquitting itself admirably enough. You only made more work for us and it has brought us little credit."

"That's not so," I declared. "It has increased the volume of business, or at least it had up to the time you took it over. I don't know what's happened since, as I haven't seen figures on it."

She hesitated, embarrassed, I could see, and then said, "Well, maybe so. But we don't need any more business. We've got all we can reasonably handle now." For that I had no argument. I already knew why I had lost my job.

I did not see the office manager for several years. One week-end when I was at home on a visit his wife asked me down to their place in the country. On Monday morning when he was driving me back to town, he slowed down, looked at me quizzically for a second, and said, "I'm going to tell you something that I am sure you never knew. I was very much in love with you when you were in my office. I had an awful fight with myself, and for several reasons. In the first place, I am very fond of my wife and I would not want to do anything to hurt her. In the second place, I knew that you did not give a hang about me. But you can't imagine what I went through for a while there."

Here I interrupted him. "I'm sorry you have told me this," I said. "I always thought you gave me a chance to get ahead because I had ability—"

"You have ability," he explained hastily, "but you have so many other things besides. Of course, I knew you would never look at me. I was not your kind. That only made it harder for me. I've got over it—maybe because I

haven't seen you for so long. But it was difficult while it lasted."

Now it seems to me that here I was working under a distinct disadvantage. While I, myself, was unaware that this man cared for me in any way, as he never made the slightest attempt to assume a personal friendship with me, there must have been something in his attitude towards me upon which Mrs. X based her insinuations. It might be said that, jealous of my ability, she would have resorted to some other fabrication in order to get rid of me. But there was no other available material. My work was good. I was punctual. I was subordinate. I attended to my own affairs. I did not play office politics. I am quite sure if I had happened to be entirely plain the office manager's praise of my work would not have been misconstrued.

The worst of this experience was that it did not end with my departure from that office. Mrs. X had to justify herself, and she did not hesitate to do so at my expense. Clever enough not to attack me in any particular spot, she told those who questioned her about me, even volunteering to those who did not question, that I had been let out because I was really not the sort of woman who worked well with other people. "She has ability," she would declare, "but she ought not to be working at all. She should be married to a very wealthy man who could give her a beautiful home in which to entertain on a large scale. That's what she is cut out for."

The city where this occurred was a fairly large one, but as I had been born there and my father had held high public positions in the state, I was not entirely obscure. Therefore, her barbed shafts took good effect. Wherever I went to seek for work, by some hint or questioning I knew she had hit the mark of the employers' business sagacity. Often indefinite excuses which I saw to be evasions or subterfuges were given for refusing to take me on. More often the excuses were not so indefinite. One man said to me, "You know you were never made to work in an office. Your husband has been dead several years. Why don't you marry again?" Another, quite as direct, but of far coarser grain, remarked, "Why do you work? A woman as pretty as you are doesn't have to work." The appraisal in his eye compelled me to walk out of the office without replying. Yet another said, "The woman who gets this job has to assure me that she will stay and grow up with the business. You're bound to marry again." I assured him that marriage was no temptation to me. He only smiled. I was sure he had some other reason for refusing to consider my application. My intuition was correct. I knew his wife, a talkative, tactless little creature. Sitting next to me at luncheon one day, she said, "My dear, I have a compliment for you. My husband said you were in looking for a job and that he just couldn't bear to let you go, but that he couldn't have you in his office. Some man would be sure to fall in love with you."

At the time this seemed as absurd as it was unfair to me. What I did not know then but know now is that there are men of temperament and imagination to whom the propinquity of an attractive woman is disturbing and dangerous—especially if the woman herself is susceptible. I have seen deep attachments formed between such men and women in offices. In some instances they have been carried on with dignity and fineness. In others they have ended in confusion for the woman. Looking back with larger vision down the vista of my business years, I realize that this man, generally speaking, was justified. On the other hand, his decision points to a considerable stumbling block in the progress of the attractive woman. Men place themselves on the defensive against her. Either they fear that they may grow to like her too well; or, this having come to pass, they resent it; or, if not resenting it, they wish to protect her, and themselves as well, from the

comment of those about them. Men, ordinarily courteous, are sometimes deliberately curt and even rude to such a woman. Rather than meet her glances or lend themselves as prey to her beguilements, they turn their backs upon her or walk away from her before she has finished what it has been necessary for her to say to them. For fear of being accused of favoritism, they are swift to criticize her slightest error of judgment; or they are niggardly in their praise for work well done.

A charming and lovely woman with unusual ability, who sometimes confides in me, once asked me if I knew of a good job as she wanted to make a change. I was somewhat amazed, as the quality of her work was such that she was considered an incalculable asset to her firm. I knew, also, that one of its high officials thought very well of her. When I expressed my surprise she replied, "It isn't that I am not interested in my work. It satisfies me thoroughly. But I am not getting anywhere with it. I know Mr. Brown likes me. And that's the bad part of it. In the beginning his attitude towards me was obviously one of admiration. But I am used to being casual with men, and that didn't signify much to me. So when he was generous in praising my work, or came often to my desk to talk with me, I thought nothing of it. He has a quick ready mind, to which mine reacts as readily. I enjoyed mental tilts with him. I suppose our attitude towards each other excited comment in the office. He must have heard of it. Now he rarely speaks to me. When it is necessary for me to confer with him, he scarcely answers me. My work is infinitely better than it used to be, for I take it seriously and I am constantly studying to improve it. If suggestions of mine come up before the various committees, he does not advocate them until someone else takes the initiative. If the department over which I preside comes in for a share of praise, he remains silent. If there is a discussion or difference of opinion between me and anyone else in the office and the decision is up to him, he always takes the side of those who oppose me. I have not had an increase in salary for over four years. Others in the office, with less standing and in really subordinate positions, have been raised again and again until they are higher paid than I am. When I ask him for more money he shrugs his shoulders, makes some inadequate excuse, and gives me an indefinite promise which never materializes. I know he likes me, for when I meet him outside of the office—as I do once in a while, for we have a few mutual friends—he is attention itself. He dances with me much oftener than is necessary. He seeks me as a dinner partner. He gives every evidence of enjoying my company. The next day in the office he is as distant as the peaks of the Himalayas."

I gave her some advice. The next time I saw her she told me that she had had a raise, received only after she had received an offer from a rival firm at a much larger salary. She said the president had sent for her and asked her why she was leaving. She told him it was purely a matter of appreciation and salary. He replied, "But Mr. Brown has never asked for an increase for you. I thought you were satisfied. As for appreciation, there is scarcely a directors' meeting at which your work is not highly spoken of." I know of many similar instances.

III

Life sometimes plays grim jokes upon these women with a native appeal. They are thrown into situations from which they extricate themselves with difficulty, and often with unhappy and even tragic consequences. They may be emotionally well balanced. They may be impervious to the attentions of men in general. But it may happen as well, as it sometimes does, that in an office they may meet the one man who strikes the actual spark, and they are then but the puppets of a fate not always beneficent.

Illuminating proof of this is the story

of a woman who was publicity director for a large financial corporation in the Middle West. One of its vice-presidents was a man of attainment and wide appeal. He was considered the most charming and the most eligible bachelor in society. Women were quite mad about him. A man's man as well, he spent most of his leisure at his club, on the golf links or at his hunting lodge. While he did not by any means shun the society of women, his attitude towards them was one of amused tolerance. As often happens to the impervious male, one day the one woman entered the field of his complacency. It was the new publicity director. Supervision of the publicity department was one of his duties. Dissatisfied with the man who had been handling it, he had heard of this woman when he was on a business trip to New York. Returning home he had written to her, negotiating for her services entirely by mail.

She had not been with the firm a week when everyone in the office saw what was happening. Ordinarily, when he wished to communicate with his subordinates he had done so by memoranda, or had sent his office boy or secretary to call them to his office. Now, on the most trivial excuse—and he found many such during the day—he was at the publicity director's desk. When he talked with her his eyes devoured her. He began at once to extoll her ability to the other officials. Never at any time personally solicitous about the working conditions in the office, he became remarkably so about hers. He used to inspect the radiator in her office to see that it was giving off enough heat. He had her desk moved so that she would have the proper light to work by. He found out that she sometimes stayed after hours to finish up odds and ends. At five o'clock every evening he came in and ordered her to go home. One morning when she came into the office on her desk was a majolica bowl filled with American Beauty roses. As long as she was in the office the bowl was kept filled with flowers. Soon the latest books appeared as a morning greeting. They bore no card. But she knew who put them there. Women know such things, especially if the attraction is mutual. And this was. When she realized it she tried to struggle against it. Her efforts might have been successful had they not met unexpectedly at dinner at a friend's house one evening. He took her in to dinner. They found that they had many tastes in common. They liked the same books, enjoyed the same music. They had many identical faiths and ideals. The man, except for the social amenities of chatting casually with his hostess and an old friend or two, paid attention to no one else. They were both completely engrossed in each other. He asked if he might call upon her. She knew she should have made some excuse. But she was caught up in an eddy whose swirl was stronger than her self-control. And then they both threw their logic and their sense of values to the four winds.

Things might have gone differently if the Chairman of the Board of Directors, who was an absentee, had not sent an order to place a protégé of his, a young boy, in the Publicity Department as an assistant. The woman did not mind this in the least. The boy meant well enough, but he was stupid and inefficient. The orders were that he was to learn the work from the ground up. He was utterly incapable of learning anything. Like most of the unintelligent he was sly. The woman was patient and painstaking with him, as she felt it was part of her work to teach him what she could. But the Vice-President resented his being there. He felt that the boy was put in for the purpose of learning the job and replacing the woman. He did not hesitate to make things most uncomfortable for the lad. And then one day when the woman returned from luncheon earlier than usual she heard the boy talking in the next office with the Vice-President's secretary. "They get away with murder," was what the boy said. The secretary's reply was, "I am so sick

of hearing how wonderful she is. Everything she does is gone over and over with bursts of praise. I can work like a slave and all I get is a grunt and a five-dollar raise in three years." There were other remarks of a much less pleasant nature. As the woman was not an eavesdropper she closed the door. She had heard enough.

That night, after a vigil with her soul, she knew what to do. She cared too deeply for the man to jeopardize his standing and integrity. A few days later he went away on a trip. During his absence she resigned. When he returned he was astounded. His questioning brought only the response that she was homesick and wanted to go back East again. He tried to dissuade her, but she was adamant. When she returned East, he followed her. They would have been married, but he was taken ill and developed double pneumonia. In less than a month he was dead. The woman was so stricken that it took her a long time to recover. As a matter of course her work suffered. She was in no condition to take a job as exacting as the one she had. So for several years she filled subordinate positions, gradually working back again. In the meantime she had had to draw upon her savings, and through the decrease in her salary was out several thousand dollars.

Now the practical ones of this world may accord her little sympathy. Castigation falls glibly from the tongues of the complacent. But the inner defenses of the mind are as tissue paper ramparts before the whirlwind of unexpected emotions. I have seen men of high character, and women too, go down before them. One thing, however, is patent. Had this woman been plain and without that subtle essence which, even more than mere beauty, makes women captivating to men, her ability would by now have brought her to the top of her profession with an established competency greeting her middle years. Instead of which she is just now picking up again.

IV

Instances of this sort are rare, owing I think, to the paramount fastidiousness of the gifted woman. She is usually at work because she wants to work. The work, for this reason, occupies the larger area of her mind. Because men may be to her just episodes in the wide horizon, only a man of unusual attainments can win and hold any real place in her life. And this is another handicap in her progress, for her indifference is bound sometime or other to antagonize men whose attention she flouts. The male of the species does not relish being made ridiculous.

Recently a man who employs many women in his office, in discussing this question with me asked, "But isn't it true that women are pretty well able to protect themselves from unwelcome attentions from the men in the offices where they work?"

I replied, "Women are always able to protect themselves from unwanted attentions wherever they may be. But they cannot always forestall disagreeable presumptions on the part of the men." And this is so. American men, as a rule, are splendid in their attitude towards women who work for them. By the time they have arrived at an age to occupy positions of standing they usually have homes and families of their own. While some of them are willing to be knights errant, they are not anxious to have their office régime disrupted. But there are men, coarse-grained, and without sensitiveness or sensibilities, who cannot recognize these qualities in others. To them the woman who attracts their eye is so much natural prey. When it is necessary for a woman in the employ of such a man to put him in his place, being of small caliber, like as not he will resent it. If so, she might as well look for another job. Even captains of industry may be less than lance corporals when it comes to taste and perspicacity.

An amusing experience of this sort happened to a friend of mine, a woman

of real attraction. Having heard that a large brokerage firm in her city was looking for a woman to sell bonds in the country districts, she applied for the job. In due course she received a letter from the General Manager asking her to call upon him. After he had questioned her as to her education and experience he decided she was just the person he needed for the work. He said he wanted a woman of pleasing appearance, who was used to meeting people, and who could talk convincingly. Not exactly committing himself, he asked her to drop in again in a few days. The next time she called he riveted his eyes upon her in a way in which made her ill at ease. As she rose to go, he said he would let her know definitely in a few days. One evening shortly after dinner her doorbell rang. She opened the door and there stood this man. Astounded, she asked him in, as there was nothing else for her to do. The man informed her that he had come to tell her that he had decided to give her the job. He stayed on and on and she had a difficult time to make conversation. Finally he asked her if she would go to dinner with him. Not wishing to offend him she excused herself on the plea of another engagement. Later she received a letter asking her to come to work the following Monday. Saturday evening he appeared again. Again he asked her to dine with him. She told him it was quite out of the question. Then he tried to take her in his arms. Having a volatile temper, she was not sparing in what she said to him. He had a temper, too. "You needn't bother about coming in on Monday morning," he said. "The woman who gets this job has to go out a good deal among men. If they ask her to dine or to take a run out to the beach for a dance and for supper, she must be ready to do so. I see you would never do."

"Decidedly not," she agreed with him.

As he was leaving he shook his finger at her and said, "Young lady, your greatest asset is your beauty. If you expect to get along in the business world you've got to learn to unbend. Some day you'll find this out. If you don't you'll fail."

Some years after she was dining in a club in New York when this man came in and sat down at an adjoining table. She hoped he would not recognize her, but he did. Later in the evening he came over to the table. "I want to congratulate you on your success," he said to her. "I have been hearing a great deal about you and how well you are doing."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," she replied. "It may be interesting for you to know that I have succeeded without following your advice."

"Unusual for such a pretty woman," he laughed back, uncomfortable though he looked. His idea that a woman can succeed best by capitalizing her personal appeal was completely wrong. No woman, I believe, goes very far who tries to do so. She survives only so long as her beauty—and nothing is so evanescent as that—unless with it go intelligence, talent, and the capacity for hard work. The majority of business men look for efficiency in their employees. If they do favor a pretty woman they are quick to discern a lack of intelligence or effort or efficiency on her part. If they do not see it themselves, someone else in the office will be sure to do so, and her career will suffer.

I once knew a girl who had not only real beauty but charm and verve and more than a fair degree of intelligence. At college she was a reigning belle and, what was unusual for one so popular, excelled in scholarship. After graduating she did not return to the town where she was reared, but went to a larger city to go into business. She took up salesmanship and started out with some success. What she lacked was a real sense of values. Carried away by the adulation she received on all sides, she was not discriminating in the attentions which she allowed men to pay her. Unable to divorce the personal and the business relationships—a capacity which every-

one who succeeds must have—she capitalized her attractiveness. Her candle was ever burning at both ends, until one was tempted to wonder if her work were not just a cloak behind which to hide her flamboyant digressions. Long before she was thirty her beauty was on the wane. At thirty-five scarcely a vestige of it remained. When a woman has depended so largely on her personal appeal to carry her along, she is bound to go under when that fails her. Gradually this girl lost her hold. Intelligent enough to understand what had happened to her, she had not the resilience nor the inward resources to rehabilitate herself. Finally she married a kind but uncultivated and inadequate man whom she would never have considered in her youth. She had compromised with life; now it has lost its color for her, and she has become a drab household drudge, with no outlook but that of perpetually having to make the best of a bad bargain.

There are among those who occupy the more subordinate positions in offices pretty and attractive girls who do, perhaps, benefit because they are appealing. But only in small ways. They may, occasionally, excite the interest of their employers to the extent of getting slight raises in salaries; but even this is more or less contingent upon their ability. The business world is cold toward those who have no real diligence. The routine jobs, such as stenography, filing, and clerical work, are exacting in their demands. Those who occupy them are judged and rewarded according to the quantity and quality of their accomplishment. Sooner or later the girl who concentrates on extraneous effects rather than upon the work at hand comes to an impasse. I have never seen it fail.

Looking back from the portals of middle-age to the years in which I have climbed to some success, I cannot say, either of myself or of other women of the same endowments, that any interest men have taken in us because of them has helped us on the way. The fact that we did have to struggle against our own liking for admiration or against the superfluous attentions of men, may have strengthened us in our purpose to achieve through the sheer force of our talents. It may have developed our tact. It may have given us poise. It may have taught us real values. Certainly it has taught us that what really count in life are diligence, self-control, and a high knowledge of the essentials of true living. But it has made our business life more difficult, more uncertain. It has been said, "To him that hath shall be given." Of the woman whose heritage is beauty, or charm, or whatever it is that makes her captivating, and whose destiny it is to be Saturday's child, it might also be said, "From her that hath shall be taken away."

The Lion's Mouth

GOLDEN DAYS AT ROYAL COURTS

BY PHILIP CURTISS

WHEN "The Lion's Mouth" was very young and I was at least younger than I am now, I crept up, one quiet evening, and slipped in a contribution in which I confessed my love for the handbook, for those instructive and cheery little volumes which go forth under such names as *Trout Flies for Northern Waters, Our Leading Orchids*, and *Master Billiards*.

To this early affection I am still constant at heart. Volumes on gardens, on horsemanship, and on bell-ringing for sextons still form an indispensable part of my library, but through the subtle suggestion of these I have now worked back to an older, more serious love—a love for memoirs.

That in this greater passion I am not alone I need no reassurance, for one of the amazing phenomena of the literary world in the last few years has been the avidity with which the public has seized upon a new flood of memoirs, a kind of production which, it was supposed, had reached its apex with Lady Burton and Madame Waddington. Week after week the reviews are swamped by fresh *Memories of The Sixties, The Eighties, The Nineties* and even *The Nineteen Hundreds*. It only remains, ere the year is out, for some youngster, dreaming and sighing at a table in The Algonquin, to put forth a volume entitled *Fading Figures of Nineteen-Twenty-Six*. And if he does, I shall read it faithfully, understanding completely the mellow spirit in which it was conceived.

To a writer of fiction the present stampede for memoirs must be highly ominous, but to one who is not only a writer of fiction in his professional hours but a lover of memoirs in his own private evenings, the reason for it is painfully apparent. Memoirs, biographies, and reminiscences are giving to a restless world something for which it ardently hungers but which fiction, most stupidly, refuses to supply.

Memoirs, in short, have all the desirable qualities of fiction with the disagreeable parts left out. What the human soul craves at the present moment is security, warmth, and a certain luxury—to which, of course, may be added color and charm. And it is into an atmosphere of precisely this sort that a reader of memoirs is instantly plunged.

Fiction, on the other hand, has become the slave of a foolish and tasteless tradition which, to a gentle mind, passes comprehension. It has been decreed by the high gods of literature that the essence of fiction shall be "conflict" or "clash." To this has been added "action," which is usually taken to mean unpleasant action. As a result, the mind of a reader, in approaching a "story," is jumpy and ill-at-ease. He knows that the author will build up his card houses only in order to knock them down again in the next chapter. If the story opens on a delightful picture of home life, it is a virtual certainty that, at nightfall, the head of the house will come home and announce that he is broke. Youth will strive only to find disappointment, and lovers will marry only to fight.

Let us take, for example, the same events and the same set of characters and see how they would be treated by an author of fiction and a writer of memoirs. A luxuriant scene in the tropics will best suit our purpose, as both classes of writers have a peculiar fondness for palm trees and colonial life.

To begin with, the scene would be laid out in almost identical terms. We should have, let us say, a delightful garden party in the afternoon, decorated by a native band, by British officers in full uniform, and honored by the governor general and his wife. There would be, in both books, the interesting blonde lady, "just out from home," and the handsome young officer who was gambling away his pay. In the opal sunset the characters would drive home to their baths and their punkahs and all the rest of their oriental luxury in order to dress for the formal dinner and grand ball at Government House.

It would be, in short, exactly such a scene as any of us would delight in sharing; and up to this point the two authors would treat it exactly alike. But in the book of memoirs I, at least, should enjoy every word of that opening chapter. In the book of fiction I should not. For I should know that, inside of fifty pages, the young officer would blow his brains out, the handsome blonde lady would marry the worst rotter in the book, the hill tribes would rise and kidnap the hero, and one of the native servants would go around saying, "Yes, Sahib," and putting fine drops of snake poison in each of the liqueurs.

Now there may be persons who like to dine under such circumstances, but I am not one of them. When I settle down for an evening's pleasure I like it to last. And how much more delightfully a book of memoirs would bring it off:

> . . . Towards ten o'clock there broke out a most indescribable tumult in the native quarters, a shouting, a wailing, a beating of tom-toms and shrieks to wake the dead. One or two of the ladies looked anxious, but Captain Smith-Simmons, the adjutant, only smiled. At midnight, when the outburst was actually interfering with the music of the orchestra, the officer of the guard sent down an Irish sergeant who came back with a broad grin and three frightened Chinamen. It seems that the child of one of them had discovered an old silk hat belonging to a Jumpah woman. Hence the outcry. For my part the evening was particularly memorable because it was the last occasion on which I saw Mr. Joseph Choate.

From the pleasure they give and the calm maturity with which they are written it would seem, at first glance, that the writing of memoirs calls for a higher talent than the writing of fiction, but this is disproved by the endless numbers of first-class memoirs. There are, I am sure, a dozen excellent memoirs for one excellent novel. It is not, indeed, so much a question of talent as of being born to the atmosphere, or else of having had marvelous luck. Unlike a novel, a book of memoirs must not only "come out all right in the end," but it must start all right and continue all right, all the way through.

To do the thing properly, a writer of memoirs should not only be born in comfortable circumstances but he should begin to build up a wide calling list at the age of three. An Englishman has not much chance at this happy profession unless he can have had personal, childhood memories of Gladstone, Disraeli, the Duke of Devonshire, and, if possible, the great Wellington. An American writer had better seek some other trade unless he can say:

> But among all our visitors, that winter in Boston, my own favorite was Longfellow . . .

From his own writings I had never thought of Longfellow as a man about town, but I have read at least two hundred memoirs in which the writer belonged to a household at which Longfellow dropped in regularly every Friday night.

With such a start it goes without say-

ing that one will have influential relatives. If any event is called in question it can always be verified by "my sister Lily who afterwards married the Duc de Pau." Nor is a wearisome education at all necessary. Roaming for six or eight years all over the continent of Europe will fit one much better for the part. Nevertheless, one must be incessantly on the alert. From the earliest age one must be prepared to start at an instant's notice for the most remote quarter of the globe in order to be there at the exact moment when all the other celebrities are there. Once arrived, no time need be lost in making acquaintances, for whether it is a question of a prime minister or a great violinist, "he had known my father twelve years before in New Orleans and took me at once into his intimate circle"; but just the same the mere task of meeting so many important persons in a given lifetime requires a genius of no common sort.

Most writers of memoirs apparently solve this problem by going into the diplomatic service. But *such* a delightful view is given of foreign affairs! As for example:

. . . The mention of wines reminds me of a most ludicrous incident.

The British ambassador at that time was Sir Maurice Hill. One night I had taken off my evening gown after a fancy dress party when I heard some one stumbling around the compound and, supposing that it was Arthur, I went out just as I was.

As I reached the veranda, whom should I meet but Sir Maurice. On his head was a paper foolscap, which he had acquired at the party, and in his hand was a huge sack from which were issuing a dozen live serpents.

It seems that that irrepressible Szlenzo, the Austrian attaché, suspecting that Arthur might underestimate the strength of the port and burgundy, had hired a native to catch him a dozen harmless but most repulsive reptiles which he had then left on our front veranda. Arthur, as it proved, was to return home later with a perfectly clear head but Sir Maurice, dropping in from a little chat, had stepped squarely into the lot.

Seizing the embroidered cover of a divan, I hastily wrapped it over my déshabille, but twenty-five years later when I met Sir Maurice, then Lord Chelsea, at Buckingham palace, his first words were, "Don't worry. I haven't brought any snakes!"

It must not be thought that writers of memoirs never have any troubles. Of course they do, but the jaunty air with which they face them is one of the very things that most captures my imagination.

The following year (they write) was one of the saddest of my whole life. After a lingering illness, my dear father died and it was unhappily discovered that almost his entire fortune had been allowed to slip away through his regal generosity and unbusinesslike habits. My cousin Cyril came down from London and we had a serious family conference after which it was decided that Lily had best remain in Rome, where she took the tiny Lescova palace, with only a few of our old servants. My mother went up to Scotland with Lady Bang, while "Tu-Tu" and I, as the youngest, were sent to Switzerland with only our nurses and Sir Gerry Scott, who had promised to keep an eye on us all.

Yes, it was *sad*, that part, but wasn't it better than having Lily take up stenography and getting Tu-Tu a job in a bank? Yet that is what would have happened in fiction. Lily would have gone to the bad and then to the good again and then, when Tu-Tu had foiled the bank robbers and married some wholly preposterous person, the whole thing would have been put on the screen as "The Sweetest Story Ever Told."

But not for me. I vote for Switzerland and Sir Gerry Scott. Homer and Milton may have needed a "clash" to bring out their genius and modern criticism may require that a novelist drag his protagonists through all the misfortune of two hemispheres to give them "dramatic power." Well, let them do it. Let those who will read their fine fancies of gloom and disaster.

But as for me, leave me in peace with my cheery memoirs and their simple, unvarnished chronicles of everyday life.

FOOTNOTE IN FILAGREE

For a Biological Encyclopedia

BY NIVEN BUSCH

(*Oysters reared in sea-water incubators at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, exhibited, when grown, a penchant for bachelordom.*—News Item.)

UNLIKE the newt, the scallop, or the snail—
Creatures that clip and breed in every spate—
Your inbred oyster cherishes the frail
Remunerations of a celibate.
He does not lurch through deep-sea aisles to sate
His pinquid hungers, nor does he bewail
The flinty shell whose hard crystalline pale
Derides his shy advances to a mate.
But while the rhythms of the breeding sea
Incite crustacean rakes to headlong orgy,
He views life's purposeless prolixity
With measured horror, thinking, "Though I am
Unloved, I'd rather shut up like a clam
Than cast my pearls, perhaps, before a porgy."

STUDY IN BLACK LACQUER AND RUST

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

"AFORD," said Phineas, "will run whenever a quorum of its parts is present."

Phineas was not joking. We were chugging up the side of a perpendicular ridge in the Alleghenies when he spoke, having come thither from Cape Cod, New London, Perth Amboy, Caledonia, Seven Stars, and Gap; so that just what constituted a quorum was important to decide.

Our vehicle suddenly decided for us. With its nose in the air at the steepest grade above the Old Well in the Wall, it stopped going forward and began to go backward, in spite of all clutches, all brakes. Not rapidly backward, but backward, if I make myself clear. Phineas was diligently working all devices for retarding this form of motion. It was not the sort of road where one willingly takes to the ditch.

"Do you suppose you could get out *carefully*," inquired Phineas between his teeth, "and find a big stone?"

Out I slid, reversing the correct position for leaving a street-car in motion, and sped to the precipice near by. Two good slabs of granite suitable for paving stones I seized, and ran to the aid of my retreating spouse. As I ran my brain repeated that cheerful motto, "It gets you there, it gets you back." Just now for the moment it was getting us back. Dashing well to the rear of the down-sliding machine, I placed my stones and hopped aside. The slim wheels of our frail Juggernaut felt of the obstructions, jounced a little, threatened uneasily to mount over them, and lodged.

"Very good!" said Phineas, "we'll let the engine cool."

While it cooled he sat within our phaeton, holding tightly all the brakes. I removed my suitcase from the back seat and sat on it to wait.

"When you start," said I firmly, "I shall follow on foot, bringing this suitcase and a stone."

Phineas protested but he was in no position to coerce. I took up my traveling bag and my running position in the rear, and waited for the starter's gun. A few false beginnings, a few lingering deaths of the engine, and we began to move, at a snail's pace first, next with unsnail-like coughs and jerks, and then more steadily so that I had to quicken my gait a trifle to keep up.

I had adjured Phineas not to stop for me but to husband carefully all spare momentum for the final spurt. The grade was now so steep that it tilted our vehicle unnaturally on end and made me, in my capacity as trailer, puff. Through the window in the rear curtain I could see the dogmatic set of Phineas's ears as he drove rigidly on, and uncontrollably I began to laugh. Trotting ardently behind our own conveyance, with a suitcase in one hand and a paving stone in the other, I made a fetching picture for tourists coming down. But I could not stop until, triumphant, we reached the crest. Then I rejoined Phineas, and gravely we shook hands.

I do not tell this story in disparagement of our Car. The least criticism would seem to me disloyal to the vows I plighted on my wedding day. The sturdy Ford was already getting along in years when I married into it. Hither and yon it had conveyed its master Phineas in the excursions of his bachelor days—an aggregate jaunty distance of nearly twice around the world. One can understand that it was by the time I met it a confirmed bachelor Ford. It and its owner knew all each other's little ways. I think I detected a trace of the Centaur motif in their complete at-oneness. If anything, it was I who was on probation, received into their long companionship as a new element, spiritually, an addition to their projects and no great burden to the springs, but still an extra passenger taken on. By way of propitiation, on long trips I learned to pack my belongings light and to offer the hospitality of my hat-box to the Centaur's panama.

From the first also I learned to refrain from comment, allowing car and master to work out the route together as in other days, while I, upon request, unfolded fluttering square yards of map against the wind and preserved the high impersonal behavior of a guide. This absolved me from responsibility, and from broils.

Once or twice, to be sure, I have been known to ask a leading question, as when, one early Sunday morning, we were skimming through the city of Washington, past the Naval Observatory and down Massachusetts Avenue. We turned at a spanking clip around Dupont Circle, when suddenly out from behind us came bowling a detached automobile wheel, running briskly by itself, about to pass us on the left.

"Some poor duck," mentioned Phineas, "has lost a wheel." Our own car at this moment was sagging gently in the back.

"You don't suppose," I ventured, "that it is ours?"

At this, our left-hand hindmost brake-drum settled down. With no further parley Phineas leaped out and ran after his own rear wheel, looking like a vivacious advertising poster of "Time to Re-Tire." Miraculously, our wheel went tooling along under its own power ahead of him, well balanced, hooplike, gravely steering a true course. Through Dupont it sped, veered around the corner of Connecticut Avenue, rolled smoothly down Connecticut toward the White House, with Phineas hard after it, and was still going nicely when he laid a detaining hand on its shoulder, as it were. When Phineas and the wheel came back again, hand in hand, I was seriously jacking up our rear.

One can plainly see that I am a model wife. I vary from the politest stranger only in that I am handy with the jack, know how to find the tools, and can take the brunt of conversations with talkative standers-by when Phineas makes repairs.

When other topics of comment have been covered, our highway friends turn their attention to our instrument board. Time was when Phineas spent his days testing and developing aircraft-instruments for measuring altitude, direction, and speed. He has an assortment of such devices attached to the machine, some of them gifts from manufacturers, some of them home-made—altimeters, gauges, high-speed indicators, airplane-engine thermometers with dial reading, a

watch, a compass, and even a thermometer in our roof. With so many dials and mercury-threads registering all around us, we can feel as up-to-the-minute as if we were in the cockpit of a plane. At least, Phineas can feel that way. As for me, I am never sure that I am reading the instruments aright. I have learned, for example, that the altimeter is really a barometer at heart; when the pointer is up, you can never be sure whether it means that you are on high ground, or that it is going to rain. If the dial-reading suddenly advances more than a thousand feet, however, Phineas assures me, I may be comparatively confident that we are going up.

Garage-men and hotel-people never fail to appreciate the discrepancy between our scientific equipment and our material wheel-base—such delicate instruments on so indelicate a car. Said one meditative Yankee at a filling station in the Berkshires as he saw us off, "I should calculate that what ye've got on that there dashboard is wuth more than everything else in the hull car."

To Phineas, I think, it is. The dials have measured for us many a variant temperature, many an up and down. Sometimes we wonder if there might be also a sensitive dial to register our joys: to record the loveliness of a morning mist rising off Long Island; the glory of autumn trees alongside Jacob's Ladder at sunset on the Mohawk Trail; or the afternoon lights on the peach blossoms around a certain valley that Phineas calls Nook Hollow, halfway between Fox Chapel and Harmarville, on a deserted woodland road. If we could devise an indicator for these it would afford fresh topics for our friendly passers-by.

The car now bears such marks of travel that we have little fear of thieves and need no longer reckon in "depreciation" when we figure up its annual cost. We have already depreciated practically all we shall. We do not expect to sell at a profit or trade it in. Another year, we plan to pension it and let it spend its last of life at the family's summer home near Buzzard's Bay. There, with all the tribal mechanicians to attend it, it will have pleasant vacation jaunts from house to bathing-beach. It will feel once more the salt of fishing-creels and clam-baskets in its tonneau; and we shall be in the market for another kind of car.

But when we get into our dapper little Priceler and drive away, leaving our true old steed behind us in its stall, I think it will be a long time before we feel quite like ourselves again. We shall look more presentable, but we shall not feel more gay. And when, of an April twilight, we are loitering back from an afternoon tramp around Nook Hollow on one of our deserted woodland roads, I know I shall glance down under our favorite parking tree, half-expecting to see there waiting for us that high old flaring top. It will not be there, any more. We shall step into our suitable motor car and drive smoothly off, and it will run easily. But on the highways of remembrance there will be traveling still a certain homely vehicle that we shall not forget. It will jog along companionably in retrospect over many a bumpy road, its thermometers set for July weather and its altimeter set for rain, behaving competently in our memories and transacting business in parliamentary form, with a full and adequate quorum of all its parts.

Editor's Easy Chair

NEIGHBORS, RUM, AND LOVE OF MONEY

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

DOES it matter at all to us of the United States what sort of people inhabit the earth outside of this country; what varieties of them increase and flourish? Does it make any difference about neighbors? Have we any choice about them? Do we think of some as good, and of others as not so good? Have we any concern that people of derivation more or less like our own shall continue healthy and powerful in the world, and not suffer unduly from the pressure of other peoples of quite different derivation?

This concern about our neighbors can be overdone of course, but it has some importance. Are we doing anything about it—doing anything we ought not to do, neglecting anything that we ought to do? Take our nearest neighbor, Canada. Canadian prosperity, which was going strong up to 1914, has not recovered yet since the war. Population does not increase yet. Business is no better than it should be. One particular reason is that the great prosperity of this country has been sucking away population and energy from Canada. Perhaps we can't help that, yet we have not even kept hands off, but have made a tariff which makes it difficult for Canada to pay in goods and raw materials for what she buys from us. That seems rather mean, but, of course, it is a way nations have in this world; but does it make any difference to us whether Canada prospers or not, whether her population increases or not, whether her people live comfortably or not? Does it matter whether the United States has a prosperous neighbor or not on this northern boundary? Of course, it matters greatly, but when we make a tariff we don't seem to think of it.

Does it matter to the United States whether Great Britain survives or not; whether she prospers, goes strong, holds her own in the world?

One would never think so when he observes how hard-pinched England is nowadays and how much our Uncle Sam is taking out of her for the war debts. All the same, to the United States as a country of English-speaking people, of laws based on the common law of England, of a literature so considerably British, the prosperity of the British races is a concern of intimate importance. Does anyone suppose that, if the traditional sun which never sets on the British Empire should show obvious signs of setting, the prestige and welfare of the United States would be unaffected? Of course, they would be affected! The purposes of the United States and of the British Empire as factors for civilization are very like. Their security is promoted and their service to the world is vastly bettered and increased by co-operation. Neither could view in these days without worriment the deterioration of the other.

Consider France! Would it be nothing to the United States that France should go to pot? One reads, not knowing how large a proportion of it is

gossip, that the disposition of France to lean on black soldiers for military protection is producing overmuch mulatto population in France. Now in this country the sentiment is strong that when a white stock of the human race runs to colors it is deteriorating. Would it be nothing to the United States if this process should seem to be in operation in France? Is it more to the United States to collect war debts from France than that the purity of the French population should be maintained?

France and Great Britain are the countries mainly concerned in these considerations because we have negotiated deals (some of which at this writing still hang fire in the Senate) about debts with Italy and most of the others that owe us. But about all people with whom we are concerned at all—and that means the whole world—the thought is pressing: does it make a difference to us whether we have good neighbors or not in this world, and if it does, are we doing what we can to have good neighbors, and avoiding so far as possible what might hinder it?

THE detail of our dealings with our neighbors most discussed is this one about the war debts. We are thought to be much too solicitous to collect what on paper is due us. Our government borrowed money of its people to put into the war. It lent some of that money to the Allies. It was a matter of life and death to them to have it. From the time we entered the war until we were able to send over troops in important numbers—a period of considerably more than a year—it was largely by use of American money and American credits that the Allies were able to do what they did in holding their lines and continuing their operations. What has been hard to make a large proportion of the American people realize is that from the time in 1917 when we declared war on Germany we were in the war, and that this money we borrowed and lent was our fighting force, and for a good while the only one outside of our Navy that we could furnish. After the war had been won and as it gradually appeared that the world was not completely saved, this idea, common enough in 1917, that we were fighting with our money fell out of notice to be succeeded by the observation that we had the notes of various foreign countries for very large sums, that we were paying interest on the money we borrowed and lent, and that no one seemed disposed to pay us back anything. So considerable energy was spent on the labors of collection. The arrangement with England was made by which we have been getting considerably more money out of the British taxpayers than they can safely spare us; and we have haggled with the other countries—Belgium, France, Italy, and the rest—and, as said, have made settlements with some of them, and it has not been for nothing; for out of the haggling and all that have gradually come increasing doubts whether these collections were wise; whether indeed they would ever pay us even if we got the money that was promised us; and out of these reflections seems to be emerging the conclusion that as between the United States and any other country which owes war debts the thing most important to consider is the economic condition of the debtor country and what, if anything, it can afford to pay. In other words, we are making progress towards the conviction that it is important to have good neighbors in the world; more important indeed than to collect war debts which the nations that owe them cannot afford to pay.

When Mr. Mellon came out the other day with the flat assertion that prosperous countries to trade with were worth more to us in dollars and cents than all the war debts due us, that was something. It showed progress, not necessarily in Mr. Mellon's own mind—for he may have been of this opinion for a long time—but progress in that he thought the public mind had reached such a point that his thought could be imparted

without too great shock. So later, when Senator Smoot said that the money we had loaned and were loaning in Europe would never be paid back to us so long as the money center of the world continued to be in the United States, that also was interesting, and showed progress towards the idea of what our present office in the world now is, and what are the obligations of it.

Evidently they are not merely to collect money from Europe and keep it in bank vaults: evidently not to contribute to the distress of struggling nations already hard put to it by over-eager efforts to collect dues from them. Probably in the end we shall do what we ought to do about these European debts. When it came to an arrangement with Italy a new principle in collections began to show itself, and in due time, perhaps in overdue time, that spirit still further developed will probably govern.

THE love of money! The love of money! Verily, it is the root of all evil, as Scripture says. It seems to bedevil the minds of men, make them see things big that they ought to see small, make them see things small that they ought to see big. In this matter of the debts of Europe the thing to do is to see Europe big and the debts little. The thing that our cash-register patriots have been too apt to do has been to see the debts big and Europe negligible.

And consider Prohibition. What primarily have the prohibitionists been fighting? Most of them think they have been fighting rum, but they have not; not primarily. What the Anti-Saloon League really lined up against was the love of money. It was that which was the root of most of the rum evil, and not mere rum. It was the love of money that made the liquor traffic, that tried to sell whiskey like soap, and beer like breakfast food, that crowded intoxicants by every available means, by advertising, by solicitation, by political influence, on an impressionable public. And it should be noted that all this ardor in the liquor traffic was stimulated by Government Taxation. Our government, by putting heavy taxes on whiskey, beer, and wines, and by finding increased revenue in increased sales, did its share to stimulate more sales. In so far as the Anti-Saloon League and the Prohibition movement generally have beaten the love of money in the liquor business, and broken the Government of the habit of relying on revenue from it, they have done well and the results of their efforts should not be lost. Where they have failed has been in trying to coerce drinkers. They have fought the reasonable rights of orderly human beings. They have tried to make crimes of practices that in themselves were innocent. They have tried to change by force the habits and usages of the American people, and have prescribed for all of them details of conduct that to a large proportion of them were not acceptable or even desirable. They have attempted to impose upon great centers of population restrictions well enough adapted to rural communities but not to cities. They have tried to eliminate the principle of local option from the liquor laws and fasten upon the East restrictions suitable perhaps to Kansas, but highly unsuitable and very harmful to cities like New York and Chicago. So the job is not good and has got to be tinkered; and success in tinkering it will turn considerably on the ability of the doctors to distinguish between the love of money and the love of rum. The former of these affections is by far the more formidable. Pinch that into tolerable dimensions, and the other trouble will pretty much take care of itself.

Meanwhile the great rum fight is changing its character. Nowadays it is not primarily a fight for whiskey or for beer or for light wines, but a fight for the reasonable control of the conduct of life by people who actually live the lives controlled. The embattled Wets include plenty of selfish and unintelligent fighters, but they also include a fair

infusion of sincere friends of human liberty, fired with an intense conviction that the over-regulation of individual life is a disastrous proceeding that must be checked. So the laws which are to help us to a control of rum that will not do more harm than good will be laws which will control in that direction the love of money.

AND it is the same about peace. The understanding of life and of the true interest of nations that will bring world peace, if it ever comes, will be an understanding that will diminish the love of money by making other things seem more important than money-getting. The Great War was essentially a fight for commercial supremacy. Commercialism, industrial development, markets were at the bottom of it. The same elements enter into the clashes that at this writing have lately developed at Geneva. They are not so powerful yet as they were in and before 1914, but they do operate. The rivalries of nations are still predominantly rivalries in money-getting—that is the form their competitions take. To be sure, these current troubles are based on jealousies of sentiment besides, but still they are due to the fear of one lot of peoples or states that another lot will control the earth and its opportunities and make an unfair distribution of riches and power. Inasmuch as the countries that control the League of Nations are impoverished and scrambling pretty hard for national salvation, their economic fears are comprehensible enough; but it is those fears primarily that must be medicated. If that can be done, existing hatreds and jealousies may cool to the point requisite to the maintenance of peace.

It begins to be disclosed that new groups of nations are forming in the world. What happened at Geneva in March was very suggestive of that. In the vision attributed to Tolstoi—a remarkable document quite widely printed just before the war—the war was forecast and described as the fruit of commercialism. Its course was indicated and also its results. One of them was to be the United States of Europe and still later than that the division of the earth between the four great families—the Anglo Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs, and the Mongolians. The disposition shown at Geneva of the Latins to get together was well adapted to recall this document to anyone familiar with it. The Latins seem to be the weakest of the families suggested; but after all, if one counts in all the people who speak Spanish, there are a good many of them; and if the French and the Italians are to be bunched in with this family, it will contain due provision of high intelligence. If the suggestion works out, there will doubtless be added to each family elements not related to it by blood but only by politics. But altogether the world of the four families is an interesting subject for contemplation, and there never were times in which this terrestrial conception looked more likely to come true. Mussolini, with nose bandaged in token of his most fortunate escape from an assassin's bullet, exhorts his Italians at inspection of a new battleship "to render homage to our glorious navy whereon our best hopes for the future are founded." That means colonies. Well, Italy has an urgent population problem and her leader may think colonies without blame. But rather ominously it recalls the Kaiser, and that report attributed to Ambassador Houghton that Europe distrusts Mussolini and is worried by his utterances which promote turmoil and thoughts of war.

So they do, but so doing they may prove a timely stimulation to the search for remedies, just as sickness proverbially stimulates piety in a well-known character.

Personal and Otherwise

CALIFORNIAN by birth, resident of Tahiti by preference, aviator, novelist, short-story writer, and co-author (with his friend James Norman Hall) of *Faery Lands of the South Seas*, ***Charles Nordhoff*** presents in the leading article of the month a picture of a native South Sea Island type combined with a delightful account of a fishing adventure.

Elmer Davis went to Oxford in 1911 as a Rhodes Scholar from Indiana, was for many years an exceptionally able reporter for the New York *Times*, and more recently has written three witty novels (*Times Have Changed*, *I'll Show You the Town*, and *Friends of Mr. Sweeney*) as well as many stories and articles for the magazines. He lives on Morningside Heights in New York City, not far from the Cathedral whose builder he portrays.

"The Matchmaker" brings about the first appearance in the Magazine of ***Martin Armstrong,*** the distinguished British short-story writer, whose novel *At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses* was published last fall by Harper & Brothers.

To the November issue of the Magazine, ***Duncan Aikman,*** a member of the editorial staff of the El Paso *Morning Times*, contributed an article called "The Home-Town Mind" (a title, by the way, which has also been given to a volume of his essays recently published by Minton, Balch & Company). In that article he made a passing reference to the flapper as the leader of a new revolt against the standardizing tendencies in American life. Now he develops the idea more fully, interpreting a type which may not be wholly lovely but for which, in his opinion, there is something quite definite to be said.

When we accepted ***Gustav Eckstein's*** manuscript we put to Doctor Eckstein, who is an instructor at the Medical College of the University of Cincinnati, a natural inquiry: to what extent was the account of the two rats based on fact? He replied, "You want to know if the *Two* were real. Yes, very real, more real than I have been able to make them, and much loved. There was a cat too, and she was much loved, and one of these days I shall tell of a point where all our lives crossed, with a curious consequence, for the cat."

Last month we published a clear explanation of the nature of behaviorism by ***John B. Watson.*** In this issue Doctor Watson enters the battlefield between the behaviorists and their opponents with a study of the process of human thought as it is viewed by his school of psychology (and be it understood that behaviorism is making such rapid headway that, if we are correctly informed, nearly half the psychological instruction in American universities now recognizes behaviorist principles). Doctor Watson, formerly a professor at Johns Hopkins University, is one of the foremost exponents of behaviorism in the world.

Not since ***Alice Brown*** won a first prize in our Short Story Contest nearly two years ago have we had the privilege of publishing a story from her pen. Miss Brown lives in Boston and is, as everyone even superficially acquainted with American literature knows, the author of a long and imposing list of novels and collections of short stories.

In his explosive article on the militia as a feeble arm of our national defense, ***Stuart Rose*** speaks from varied military experience. He spent about eight years in the National Guard, serving on the Mexican Border, in France, and at home after the War. He has been a private, a non-commissioned, and a commissioned officer. Resigning his commission in 1924, he became a member of the Organized Reserves. Mr. Rose is a graduate of several war-time service schools, and of the

United States Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas. He is a contributor to various magazines.

Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, of New York, which is now building a new house for itself hard by the Union Theological Seminary, has been a regular contributor to HARPER'S since last September.

The middle class is being pushed to the wall and thousands of its members find themselves unable any longer to afford the decencies of life: such was the contention of Katharine Fullerton Gerould in her paper, "The Plight of the Genteel," in our February issue. The article provoked a storm of comment. Substantially the same problem is presented from an entirely different point of view in the article which we publish this month by ***Cornelia James Cannon*** of Cambridge, who has written many papers for the *Atlantic* and other magazines, and is the wife of Professor Walter B. Cannon of the Harvard Medical School, the distinguished investigator of surgical shock and of the activities of the endocrine glands.

We notice a tendency among HARPER writers to depict characters with certain startling resemblances to themselves. A month or two ago, Mr. Dwight portrayed a gentleman of New England ancestry who was born neither north or south of the Potomac, and we were reminded that Mr. Dwight himself, also of New England ancestry, was born in Constantinople. Now we discover in ***George Boas's*** amusing study of collegiate hospitality a man who says that he is not related to the anthropologist. Neither, we understand, is Mr. Boas himself. He is a member of the Department of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University and has recently written for the Lion's Mouth.

Occasionally writers for the Magazine speak slightingly of cities other than New York, and we are made to understand by indignant readers that New York is not wholly a center of sweetness, light, wisdom, and tolerance—as if we ever supposed it was! These indignant readers will be glad to see that ***Charles Merz,*** a native of Sandusky, Ohio, is permitted to be disrespectful to Manhattan: in fact, to say some things which might prove salutary reading for some of our metropolitan friends. Mr. Merz, a Yale graduate and former editor of the *New Republic*, now an editorial writer for the New York *World*, writes frequently for HARPER'S.

The article on the English treatment of the liquor problem contributed by ***Sarah Comstock,*** a reliable American journalist, is based on a careful study of the situation made during a recent visit to England.

Edwina Stanton Babcock, the author of the final story of the month, has written many stories for HARPER'S MAGAZINE; she divides her time between Nantucket and Nyack, New York.

The author of "From Her That Hath" prefers to remain anonymous. We should add, however, that she is known to us personally and that her article follows fact except in a few places where insignificant changes were necessary to disguise her identity.

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No less than six poets appear in the Magazine this month: ***Vilda S. Owens*** (Mrs. R. E. Owens) of Cortland, New York, author of "Not the Hushed Grave" in our issue for last November; ***Jean M. Batchelor,*** a new contributor from Narberth, Pennsylvania; ***A. A. Milne,*** who first delighted a small audience with his humorous articles for *Punch*, then a larger audience with his comedies ("The Dover Road", "Mr. Pim Passes By", etc.), and then a still larger one with *When We Were Very Young*, and whose new Christopher Robin poems now appear regularly in HARPER'S; ***Ada Alden,*** widow of the late Henry Mills Alden, long the Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE; ***Ruth Fitch Bartlett*** (Mrs. Walter S. Bartlett) of New York, a Vassar graduate and former resident of Milwaukee, whose sonnets frequently appear in our pages; and ***Frederick Thayer, Jr.,*** of Oakland, Maryland, another newcomer to the Magazine.

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The Lion is fed by ***Philip Curtiss,*** who does his reading of memoirs at Norfolk, Connecticut, where he combines literary work with farming; ***Niven Busch,*** a young New York journalist who writes on sports for *Time;*

and ***Frances Lester Warner*** (Mrs. M. D. Hersey) formerly of the editorial staff of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of the English Department of Wellesley College, who now keeps her flivver in Pittsburgh.

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Julian Lamar, whose portrait of Mrs. Francis H. Whitten appears as the frontispiece of this issue, is a young American artist who began his career at the age of eleven at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, continued his preparation in Florence under William Chase, in Paris, and at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; went to West Point and was graduated a Cadet Captain in June, 1918; and left the army in 1919 after having served overseas. His success as a portrait painter was immediate: three of his pictures were accepted and hung in the Chicago Art Institute in 1920, only a few months after he had begun to paint professionally. Princeton men will be interested to know that he is a nephew of the late "Tilly" Lamar, of the Class of '86, who made the famous run which won the Yale game of November 21, 1885.

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Before these pages appear in print the Harper Intercollegiate Literary Contest will have closed and the judges, William McFee, Christopher Morley, and Zona Gale, will have begun the task of picking the prize-winners. As we go to press, sixty-seven colleges and universities have entered the Contest; the list of competitors includes Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, the University of Michigan, the University of Wisconsin, the University of Indiana, the University of Illinois, the University of Pennsylvania, Leland-Stanford, Wellesley, Radcliffe, Vassar, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Smith, and most of the other important institutions of higher education in the country. In each of these colleges the head of the English Department, or someone authorized to act in his place, is selecting, from among the manuscripts submitted to him by undergraduate students, the best five to send on to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, in competition for a first prize of $500, a second prize of $300, and a third prize of $200.

We have been impressed with the enthusiasm with which the colleges have responded to the idea of an intercollegiate contest in prose-writing sponsored by the Magazine. The feeling seems to be general that such a contest will do much to stimulate among undergraduates creative writing of the best type.

Before the next issue of the Magazine appears, we hope to be able to announce the names of the winners; and in an early issue we plan to publish the story, essay, or article which wins first prize.

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Since the publication of Professor Faulkner's recent article on "Perverted American History," which referred in some detail to the projected American Legion history, we have been informed that as long ago as June, 1925, the National Executive Committee of the American Legion voted to abrogate its contract with the History Publishing Company and to receive no financial benefit from the sale of the history, although permitting the publishing company to carry on its title page the fact that the publication is at the suggestion of the American Legion. This vote, we are informed, was carried by a vote of 46 to 11, the opposing votes being not against the abrogation of the contract but against giving permission to the publishing company to refer to the Legion in any way. Professor Faulkner was not aware of this action of the Executive Committee of the Legion when he wrote his article, for the very good reason that no announcement of it had been made. In fact, so far as we are aware, the withdrawal of the Legion has never been made public until now.

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Ever since the appearance of "The Plight of the Genteel," several months ago, we have been hoping for an opportunity to print a brief human document which came to us in response to Mrs. Gerould. It is written by the wife of a high-school teacher in a New England city, a woman of college training, an ex-teacher, who "is not even the mistress of one washwoman for three hours a week." We are making space to quote from it this

month as Mrs. Cannon reopens the subject of the status of the professional classes; for we feel that here is one who, spiritually at least, has passed the test of the genteel.

I humbly confess that not only are our two children strongly tainted with an ungenteel hankering after money and comforts, not to say luxuries, but I am not even sure I am properly sorry. They have had daily to see the struggle to keep the family's head above water on a salary adequate for one unmarried woman teacher, but simply not adequate for two adults and two young people of college age and ambitions. The latter are both firmly resolved to do something, anything in life, that will bring in more cash than teaching, and I cannot honestly say that I have discouraged that idea. Our daughter when nine years old declared, "I think I will be a surgeon and squeeze money from the rich." Such a resolution is, for a child of the genteel, terrible but hardly surprising.

Yet we have not lived at any time on the ragged edge. Our New England ancestors within us forbid that. Instead, we trim down life to the bare bones, devise a budget to fit that pruned way of living, and proceed to live that way. It is a matter of resolution. When our genteel instincts drive us to face certain extra-budget and forbidden wants, we burn the candle at both ends, which means for my husband night-school, lecturing, coaching plays, and tutoring, and in my case substituting or part-time teaching. If the extra money is not forthcoming then we put that fiery want down in the hold and batten down the hatches. The hold of our ship is full of unsatisfied wants smouldering away. Often, however, the blaze dies out altogether, and we happily forget that particular longing.

Our furniture is plain and battered, our rugs are worn, our dishes scarred. We do not possess an automobile, or perhaps I should say, an automobile does not possess us. Our clothing has to be simple and serviceable and tenderly cared for. But we have in our cellar plenty of good anthracite coal, paid for last June. We have a house of our own, also paid for, overflowing with books and song and sunshine and jokes, with a wide lawn, a beloved garden, and a very large elm tree two hundred years old. Our children have been prepared for college in the excellent public high schools. All these things are luxuries in 1926 (except the songs and the jokes) according to Mrs. Gerould. Lines on our faces and many gray hairs show how hardly most of these luxuries have been won, though, after all, as many wrinkles have come from much laughter as from worry. The next five years will make yet deeper marks. We shall then have got our young folks, by hook or by crook, through college and launched. All this makes life intensely interesting. At the present moment, we do not know exactly where the money to meet the college expenses is coming from, but come it shall.

If you are unconventional and have a strong sense of humor, you can, in a way, enjoy the oddities of experience in a life such as ours. Then too a genteel mother likes to feel how capable she is. She knows she would not be at a loss keeping house for Robinson Crusoe. When I imagine myself changing places with more prosperous and generally more conventional acquaintances, I see clearly that I should be bored to death. Besides, I should be hopelessly ignorant about the lives of all that big group below the genteel. Having tried my hand at almost everything,—potato raising, store-keeping, nursing, painting and varnishing, setting glass, dress-making, carpentry, teaching at an hour's notice any subject taught in the city high schools—I am on easy terms of freemasonry with workers in all these lines, and a number of others. Women who can afford one servant, or two, are shut out in the outer cold, poor things. They are very seldom among the initiated, to whom self-service is an instinct, and economy bred in the bone.

As I look back over our life campaign, I see that certain battles stand out—the Battle of Bottle-Feeding, the Adenoid-Tonsil Battle, the Silk-Stocking and Must-Be-Dressed-Like-the-Rest Battle, the Battle of Buying the House. Now before us lies the most dubious and sanguinary battle of all, the Battle of Going to College. If we survive that, we shall be much-scarred veterans, about ready to retire from the dust and turmoil of the struggle for existence, to that two-room shack in the woods, where with a garden and hens we may possibly keep body and soul together on our teacher's annuity, till we get our summons hence. No doubt we shall be tutoring, coaching and all the rest of it, when our last tooth is gone. Well, it must be ghastly to feel you are of no use in the world, even if your hands are smooth and pretty and your face unlined. On the whole, I do not regret that my lot has been cast, for better or worse, with the shabby genteel.

C. M. P.